McCALL'S

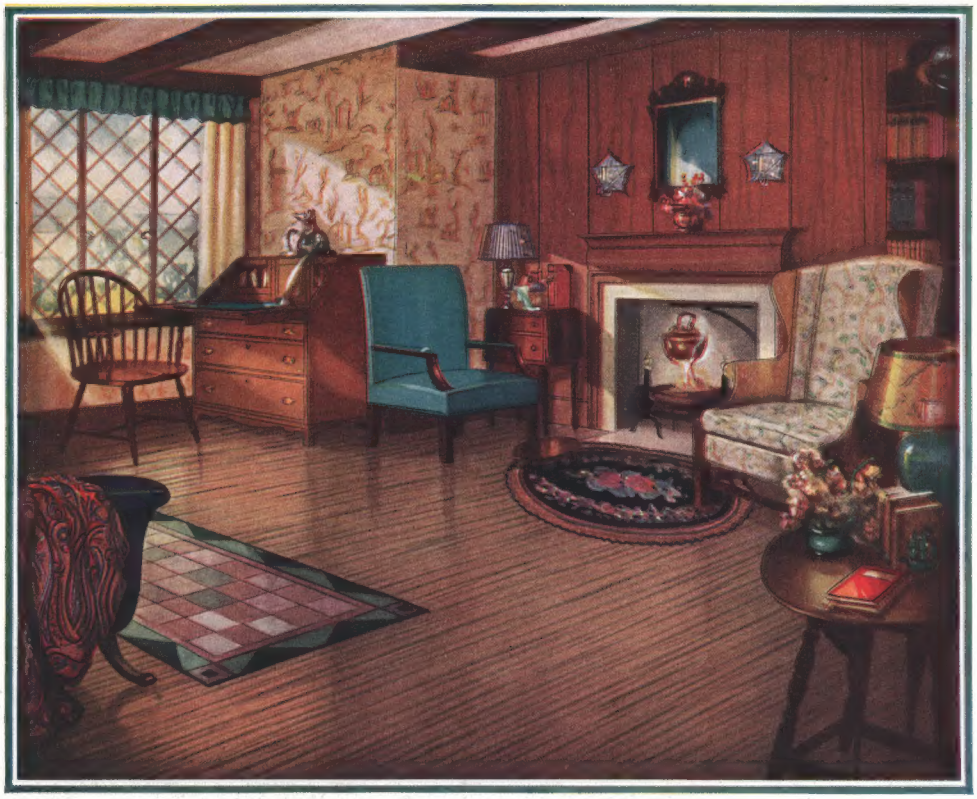
MAY 1927 ★ TEN CENTS

The TENTH ANNIVERSARY *of* AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO *the* WORLD WAR

COMMEMORATED IN THIS SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY ISSUE

LADY ASTOR WRITES A MESSAGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN IN THIS ISSUE

FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES
—BELINDA—
The Fourth of a Series Being Painted by Neysa McMein — — *See page 32*



Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

This Brown Jaspé Linoleum, pattern No. 17, makes a colorful floor of pleasing good taste for any room of your house. It satisfies the woman who wants something different, yet who desires her floors to meet with the hearty approval of her most fastidious guest.

Brown Jaspé

a floor of correct color for every room in your house

The delicate grainings of prized jasper stone, the soft brown blends of sunlit heather—here is fresh, modern beauty for the floors of your home. It is a beauty, too, approved by critical decorators for every type of interior

MANY women like the floors in their homes to be of one color tone throughout. They want something modern, something truly decorative. And they seek floors that will look equally effective in dining-room, living-room, and bedroom. A difficult task . . . unless they have seen a floor like that in the living-room above.

Brown Jaspé, it is called. To both the eye and the touch, this modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is unlike any of the old-type floors you might think of. It is as smooth as a table-top, to begin with. The eye detects no cracks, no gaping seams. Yet this one-piece floor of brown Jaspé actually has the appearance of a rich, softly textured surface.

To this unusual "jasper" effect have been added the mellow blends of heather brown. The result is a color tone that harmonizes in good taste with almost every type of room decoration. Skilled decorators have chosen it as a correct floor color for upstairs suites, libraries, solariums, living-rooms. And home-owners find that their floors of Armstrong's Brown Jaspé Linoleum have that feeling and appearance of quality which instantly wins the approval of their most critical friends.

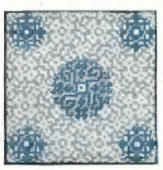
Such floors are "cemented in place" over heavy builders' deadening felt. This means *built in* to last as long as the doors, windows, and woodwork—a permanent beauty that never needs renewing.

How are floors of Armstrong's Linoleum cleaned? With much less effort and time than other floors require, for all these modern Armstrong Floors ever need is a waxing and polishing once or twice a year, and a dry-mopping on cleaning days.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

This attractive design in Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum, No. 79, will add an effect of spaciousness to your entrance hall.



An inexpensive but long-wearing design in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, No. 8322. Ideal for an attic bedroom or maid's room.

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ EMBOSSED JASPÉ ~ ARABESQ ~ PRINTED

* * *

You wonder, "What does all this up-to-date floor beauty, comfort, and cleaning ease cost?" Surprisingly little when your Armstrong Floor is installed; nothing at all as the years roll by.

Your local department, furniture, or linoleum store merchant will show you Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum in two tones of brown. There you will also see Jaspé effects in green, blue, and gray, as well as scores of other new floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. Just tell the merchant the size of the room you want refloored. He will give you the exact price of installing as a permanent, built-in floor any pattern you select.

Hazel Dell Brown will help you

Our decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, has written a new 24-page book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." In this book she tells you how to plan interior decoration step by step. Different types of well-planned rooms, special color scheme set-ups, and the new Armstrong floor designs are illustrated in full color. This book also contains a special "Decorator's Data Sheet" and an offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. It will be sent to anyone for 10 cents (in Canada, 20c). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2655 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a protest from over-coddled gums

Our gums are soft—sometimes they bleed—for their health has been impaired by lack of stimulation from our food

HAVE you ever noticed as you brush your teeth, a tinge of pink upon the bristles of your brush?

If you have, it is a sign that your gums need your immediate attention. It does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it certainly does indicate that you should at once begin to look after the health of your gums.

Why gum troubles are so prevalent today

Most cases of "pink tooth brush" and other troubles of the gums can be traced to a dormant condition of the gum tissue, to a lack of exercise and of stimulation.

Our diet is soft and creamy, we eat too quickly. Our teeth and gums do not get enough rough, hard chewing that coarser fare gives. And circulation within the gums walls becomes sluggish and slow. The gingival tissues lose their tone, they grow soft and tender to the brush. They bleed—the first warning of more serious troubles to come—of gingivitis—Vincent's infection or even, perhaps, the dread pyorrhea.

To change the culinary habits of our households is a task too radical to attempt. Servants would leave. Guests might not enjoy it.

How Ipana and massage repair the damage soft food does

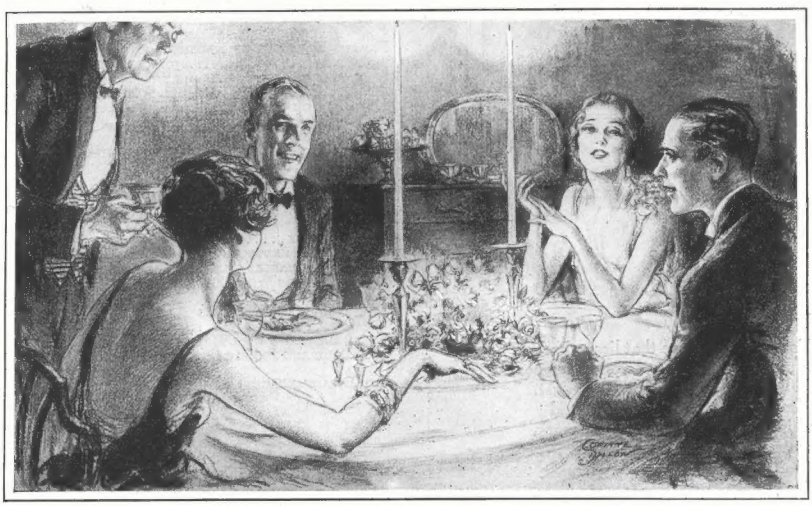
But it is simple, as any dentist will inform you, to keep the gums in health.

Massage is one great aid. Ipana Tooth Paste is another. A gentle frictionizing takes but a minute morning and night and helps to restore the normal circulation, to relieve congestion and to bring the gums back to a healthy state.

As one authority says:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance."*

And this frictionizing, or massage, is all the better if Ipana Tooth Paste is the agent. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by the dental profession for many years. This ziratol content gives Ipana its remarkable power to aid the massage in toning the gums and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to infection.



A quiet dinner at home, a formal party, a hurried luncheon—wherever or whenever we dine our food is soft, over-refined, stripped of its roughage and fibre. Small wonder that gums grow soft and tender—prey to a long list of troubles. This page explains the simple method dentists recommend to offset the lack in our diet, and to keep teeth and gums in health.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

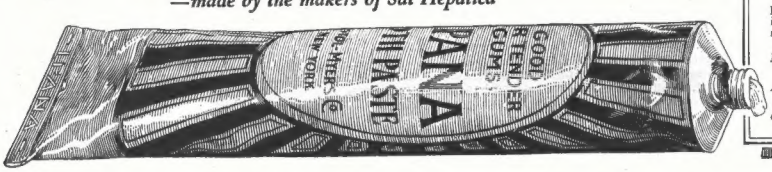
The coupon in the corner will bring you a ten-day tube—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delicious flavor and its unexcelled cleansing and polishing properties. Indeed, thousands use it for these virtues alone.

But the full-size tube from the drug store, providing more than a hundred brushings, makes a fairer and more thorough test of its good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full 30 days' trial and see if you, too, do not decide that this is the tooth paste you want to use for the rest of your life.

* From a standard text-book on preventive dentistry

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E 57
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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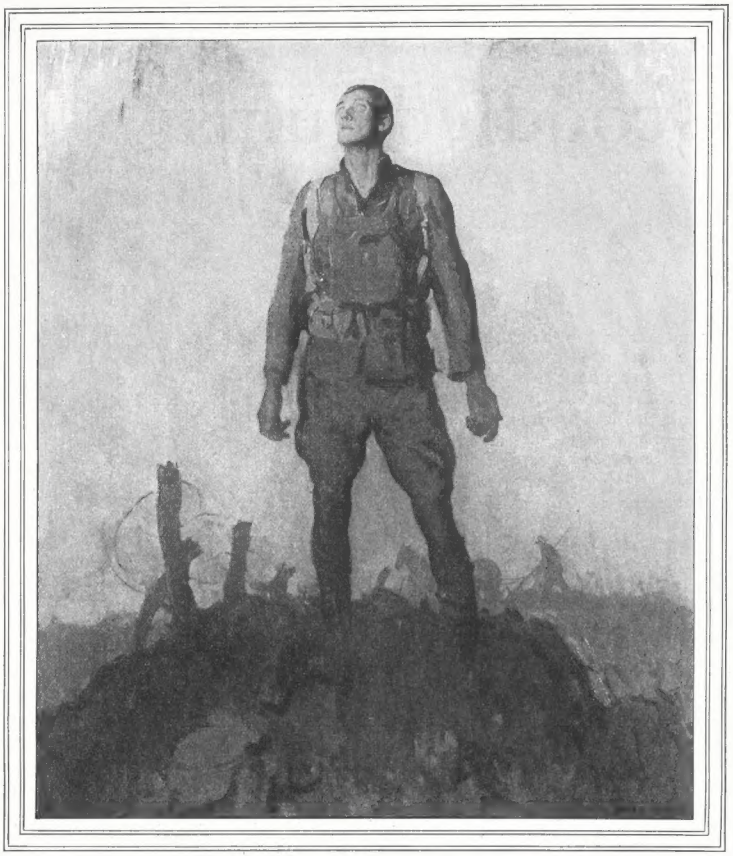

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THE SOLDIER

BY
ROBERT FROST

ILLUSTRATED BY
PRUETT CARTER

HE is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,
That lies unlifted now, come dew come rust,
But still lies pointed as it plowed the dust.
If we who sight along it round the world
See nothing worthy to have been its mark,
It is because like men we look too near,
Forgetting that as fitted to the sphere
Our missiles always make too short an arc.
They fall, they rip the grass, they intersect
The curve of earth and striking break their own.
They make us cringe for metal point on stone.
But this we know, the obstacle that checked
And tripped the body shot the spirit on
Further than target ever showed or shone.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE—May, 1927. Volume LIV, Number 8. $1.00 Per Year. Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents .Publication Office :McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices: 208-211 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 81 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London, W. 1, England. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer. Francis Hutter, Secretary. John C. Sterling, Vice-President. H. P. Burton, Editor.—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING—McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company.—ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION—If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

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Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

The Sedan
$695
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

True Distinction

The Most Beautiful SEDAN *in Chevrolet History*

—at these low prices

The COACH	$595
The COUPE	$625
The SEDAN	$695
The Sport CABRIOLET	$715
The LANDAU	$745
The TOURING	$525
The ROADSTER	$525
1-Ton Truck *(Chassis Only)*	$495
½-Ton Truck *(Chassis Only)*	$395

Balloon tires standard equipment on all models. *Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

A masterly example of the coachmakers' art, the Chevrolet Sedan, with its Body by Fisher, reveals a distinction characteristic of the costliest custom-built creations. It is literally true that no four-door enclosed car, priced so low, ever exhibited such sheer beauty of line and color or such flawlessly executed details. Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. You need only to *see* this new and supremely beautiful sedan with its host of mechanical improvements, to realize what an amazing value it represents.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

$500.00 stockings? There really are!

AND THIS IS THE *EXTRA*-CARE THEY NEED, ACCORDING TO A FAMOUS SHOP

"DO you *sell* any of these stockings?" we marveled, as the manager of a famous Fifth Avenue shop recently showed us hosiery priced at $50, $150, $250, *$500 a pair!* "Do women really *wear* them and wash them like other stockings?"

"We *do* sell them," he affirmed. "And they are worn and washed too. Of course, they need special care."

Those almost magical silken treasures! Spun of the clearest silk. Enriched with inserts of frost-like lace upon which a woman in France had worked for nearly a year. Flawless and delicate—they seemed designed for only fairy-tale princesses.

And the special care?

The most gentle handling, said the manager, and cleansing in the mildest possible cool suds. He suggested *Ivory.*

Your own stockings need the same safe care!

Ivory was recommended for these rare stockings because Ivory is pure, mild, gentle. For the same reasons it is recommended everywhere by manufacturers and salespeople of all kinds of fine hosiery. For actually, whether stockings cost $2 or $500, the silk of which they are fashioned is amazingly sensitive. It is quickly injured by hot water, perspiration, and by soaps which are not-quite-safe.

For longest wear, *all* silk stockings should be washed after every wearing. *And the soap should be the purest:* otherwise, such frequent cleansing with even a slightly harsh soap weakens the silken fibers.

Ivory, of course, is so pure and safe that doctors everywhere recommend it to bathe tiny new babies. Naturally, it is safe for any fabric which pure water will not harm. With an Ivory cleansing after every wearing you can be sure that your own stockings will wear their longest—for Ivory gives to all delicate silks the *extra*-protection of a fine face soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory is kind to everything it touches

IVORY FLAKES IS
PURE IVORY SOAP

McCALL'S
MEMORIAL DAY
NUMBER
MAY · · · MCMXXVII

WAR or PEACE or BOTH?

BY LADY ASTOR, M.P.

The women of the world will be responsible for the next war—if there is one—writes Lady Astor in this great message commemorating the tenth anniversary of America's entry into the world war on April 7, 1917.

ONE of the greatest novels in the world is called *War and Peace*. When I read it as a girl I looked on wars as remote, unthinkable things among civilized peoples, but they are neither remote nor unthinkable; they are even certain unless people begin to think very seriously about the whole question of war. I know the world is full of people who do not want war, but what we want and what we get are often worlds apart.

Not many people in Europe wanted war in 1914 and there were some who had realized that it would come unless something definite were done to prevent it. I remember very well an old Scottish friend of mine, a man ninety years old, warning me in 1912 as we sat on the peaceful terrace of his home overlooking the North Sea, that across that sea the Germans would come and that England would not be prepared. I thought at the time: "Young men see visions and old men dream dreams." But the young men were not seeing visions in those days nor the old dreaming dreams. War there was and war there will be unless we make it impossible.

Mercifully it looks as if war were making itself impossible; nations are finding that it does not bring peace and that there are no victors in a modern war. Perhaps these facts will put a stop to warfare, for people generally fight to win and few men nowadays fight for the mere fun of it. No one could like fighting under modern conditions. It is not much sport to oppose an enemy you cannot see, or to be bombed from the clouds or gassed. All this I have seen men endure but what they went through during the Great War is nothing to the horrors we may expect in the next conflict; or to what the women who wait and watch have always to endure. It is so much easier for a woman to suffer herself than to see her child suffer; that is why I am hoping women will soon start thinking quite clearly about the question of war. Thinking is, of course, the hardest thing we have to do; that is why so few people do it. I never try to think without discovering a dozen other things that I try to convince myself I ought to be doing and in this I suppose I am like many other women.

We all know what a Christian should be like and how a Christian should act. It is no use my saying that a Christian people would stop a war. A really Christian people would not have to stop a war. Their consciousness would be lifted out of such gross materialism. But let us try to think what a people who profess Christianity should do about this question of war. It is no use approaching it with the declaration that we are ready to turn the other cheek. That would not be honest.

Portrait by Dorothy Wilding

LADY ASTOR, M.P.

Let us try to be both honest and practical; so let me write about some practical steps for stopping war, for practical steps, perhaps even to end war, are being taken in Europe today.

America is suspicious because Europe is taking so long to settle down after the war. When I get discouraged about the European situation, I remember our own situation after the Civil War. It was a family war. We spoke the same language; we all had the same form of government and laws, and a great many of us had the same common ancestors. Yet for ten years after that war ended the South was not represented in the government of the country, for no one could call the carpet-baggers from the North representatives of the South. It took ten years to make simple Anglo-Saxon people see reason together. Think how much longer it should take European countries to get together with their different customs, religions, laws, outlook and languages. Yet here is Europe striving hard to form a League which will protect her against war.

Her striving has not been in vain for today Europe has a League with Germany in it—no small achievement—only a short eight years after the Great War. Compare this with Europe after the War of 1870. Then the countries of Europe ranged themselves into two military groups, which obviously anticipated another war. Today within eight years of the ending of a far fiercer conflict all Europe (except Russia) and most of the world's great powers outside Europe are endeavoring by membership in one union to prevent a future war. We have passed from entangling alliances to one disentangling alliance. It is no use for America to make a bugbear of Europe. It may flatter a country to tell it how bad another country is, but it is not the way to peace, and it is peace we want.

Consider what the League of Nations has done and is doing. Take the Disarmament Conference. True it has not yet succeeded but it has not failed. Nor need it fail—not if the women of the different countries determine and vote that it shall not! Remember nations arm through fear. But the more the other countries of the world do as we did at the Washington Conference of 1922, the less will the small countries have to fear. By "we" I mean chiefly the British Commonwealth and America! Britain willingly surrendered her long and illustrious ruling of the waves; America, growing strong and wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, refused to use her great power to build up a navy superior to Britain's. Truly both countries may be proud of their common sense and of what this action accomplished for the welfare of humanity.

At the Washington Conference a new world policy was founded. It is as important as the League of Nations and must be continued and expanded. President Coolidge's action in suspending what might be considered a new naval competition proves how genuinely he desires peace based on small armies and navies. Great Britain naturally longs for peace. Her social expansion is crippled by heavy taxation. America is supposed to be overtaxed and overburdened in spite of her increased prosperity. Every [*Turn to page 133*]

AFTER YOU WERE KILLED AND I STOOD OVER YOUR BODY, IT SEEMED TO ME QUITE FINE AND GLOWING THAT THIS SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU

"And I to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail that rendezvous"

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

No one has done as much as Laurence Stallings to destroy the false glamor and the bitter vanity of war. "What Price Glory?", "Plumes" and even "The Big Parade" were sardonic commentaries upon the futile hatreds of human kind. But in this article, which marks the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War, Laurence Stallings—once Captain Stallings of the United States Marine Corps—discloses that there is even in war a glory which can never tarnish, a dignity and a grandeur which cannot fade—but this dignity and this grandeur, he would have us know, are to be sought not in the fanfare of military triumphs but in the unchanging and unchangeable human heart, tender, courageous, restrained. These words of his are written to a brother officer, whom Stallings was to have met on this tenth anniversary. So might a hero of Homer have addressed a comrade fallen on the plains of windy Troy; so might he have kept his rendezvous.

DEAR HARRY:

On chance that you do not remember, let me remind you that I was the lad you were to meet in Cairo, on April 6, 1927. Not that either of us had ever visited Cairo. But the city sounded romantic as a place-name, for the promise was made before the day of Luxor tourists eager to pull King Tut to tatters. The meeting place was to be Shepheard's hotel. This, you may recall, was a piece of swank. In any story of the East, the British army officer inevitably meets the dangerous lady at Shepheard's.

The time of our meeting was chosen for ten years after our entry into the war. In case you cannot recall which war, I remind you that it was a "world war" and the battlefields were in Northern France for the most part. Thus we were to meet at Cairo ten years after, each scarred from many moving accidents twixt flood and field. For, at the time of our pact, we were agreed that wars and rumors of wars were to attend us where we went, and we were to know the services of many armies and remember the echoes of many a parade ground cadence of marching feet. War as an ancient and lovely thing, filled with rough humors and gallant sacrifices, valiant men and yielding women.

We had first met walking down the road from a railway station one chilly morning. We were both in khaki, if you recall, for we were from sub-tropic regions. Both had on duty belts, and fell into step over a discussion as to whether we should wear swords when reporting to the general commanding. Neither had ever reported to a general. It was very exciting. We strode in smartly, minus the swords, saluted the officer of the day and were escorted into the Presence. We were filled with a sense of physical attainment, of bodily well-being. We had been trained down fine. I recall that, on the way to the general's quarters, we both discovered that each was twenty pounds lighter than football weight, which we had regarded as the pink itself. You had a disfiguring scar on your right cheek, a relic of high school hockey. One of the things you said you expected to lie about romantically in after years was this scar. Whenever some trembling girl would ask if this too was a scar from one of your many wars, you were to say that it was done by a bit of barbed wire one night around Verdun. I recall how stiffly we stood before that general, who himself looked droll and played our game with spirit. We enunciated the formulae due upon such an occasion, as did he, with great military snap. Then we were escorted back into the street. From then on, our only concern was a fear lest all the glory be distributed before we could manage to get to the front. From that morning, when we made the pact to meet in Cairo.

But we cannot meet in Cairo ever, for some of the glory was distributed in the first attack. Your share, you may not recollect now, was multiple gunshot wounds in head and

body, and you were buried temporarily where you fell some pitifully few feet from three heavy Maxim machine guns. They stood guard clumsily over the place for some days afterwards, glittering belts and disused water cans beneath them. I think you were named, among others of your kind, in a brigade order which perfunctorily covered the scope of the action. You also got one line of type in all American newspapers, under the heading *Killed in Action*. Doubtless there was a longer tribute in your college weekly that your mother still saves.

I would that we were to meet at Shepheard's hotel in Cairo. Dead or living, we would both become mildly muddled on Scotch whiskey, for we liked drinking, best of all soldierly pleasures, and liquor wore well with our friendship. Each seemed wittier with every drink. Failing this meeting, I wish there were mails to Valhalla. Even though there is little news to send in a letter.

I will not risk insulting you by writing how sorry I am that you were cheated out of life by so scurvy a thing as a machine gun. You might disagree violently, and argue that you were happy to be rid of the thing I call life. I know that you would insist that the Shades were more pleasant anyway; that the soldiers there were bigger liars, the women jollier companions, and the regulations less severe than on this planet. I take for granted you are in the Shades. For I doubt that any parson would visa your passports to Paradise, even if in some moment of indecision you elected to claim your share of the wedding-cake eternity the preachers all promised us lads in khaki in 1917.

I despair of sending news from this planet. Then too, I am aware that ten years is a long time. You may not remember me even after this remembrance of things past.

After you were killed and I stood over your body, it seemed to me quite fine and glowing that this should have happened to you. It was, we had agreed, the only way to go out. Passages from many poets (none of whom had tried death at the time) glowed in my retentive mind. I thought of an Athenian tomb whereon is graven the image of an athlete departing for the honorable Shades. About him his mother and father bid him decorous farewell, the nobility of imperious grief writ upon their calm features. Only the little brother is weeping at the knee of the athlete. He is crying because, the Greek sculptor intimates, he is childish and does not comprehend the beauty of youth dying.

You have a headstone now among the many that lie under the eminence of Belleau. Half of these

headstones are white, set into green turf and littered with the faded blossoms of the Spring. The other half are black, the grim black of wood soaked in creosote picked out with white stencillings of Teutonic names, and set in the choppy sea of red loam. A white fence surrounds your half, a barbed wire barricades the other. I am not sure but that you might think the black more appropriate to the gesture.

There is no other news. This planet swims on through the same old space at the identical rate of speed. I doubt if you are interested to know that our war here failed to make the world safe for democracy. It never occurred to either of us in 1917 that the world was going to be made safe for democracy. If at that time we had been confronted with the prospect of a world made *safe* for anything, we should have straightway asked for service on some other planet. Nor is it safe now. China, India, Nicaragua, Mesopotamia, much of the Near East, Northern Africa and Mexico are not at all salutary at this time. Your old brigade is attempting to settle the dust in some of these places, but I doubt that the dust is settled in the next few hundred years. At any rate, the children of your friends here are not involved as yet, for they are much too young. When the time comes they will probably toss their lives away as easily as you did; if such a prospect cheers you where you are. They go about their school histories much as you did, and

probably hope to lie romantically about their hockey scars. It might amuse you, whether sardonically or otherwise, to see them at their little flag and bayonet drills. They are chips off the old planet.

Because my friendship with you extended only through a war year, I find it difficult to search out any other common topic between us. And it is even difficult to recall how many, if any, aftermaths of war we ever discussed beyond that hope of meeting at Cairo all covered with scars and glory. Except for occasional meetings where we ex-soldiers get together to brag and lie felicitously about old days, one rarely hears of our adventure. The only great topic left over is the debt it incurred. Are you interested in money matters? For the sake of thoroughness I might mention that we are trying to collect all those dollars we lent Europe ten years ago.

Can you recall those loans? I have heard so much about them in recent years that I almost imagine that I recall them at that time. It seems that among all the stacks of shells and parks of guns and storerooms of potatoes we saw scattered about France, there were a great many bought from us with money we lent to pay for them. We did not make enough profit out of the transaction. (I dare say you made no profit at all.) So we are now sending regularly monthly bills to Europe. England has paid us a few dollars on account, and promises us to pay the whole thing in sixty

or a hundred years if we will go easy and give the children time enough to reach an age suitable for work in her cotton mills and coal mines. I am afraid that this sort of news from your old home will make you angry. Please forgive me for literally dragging it in. And you may take some comfort from the fact that France and Italy have not paid anything much as yet. France promises to pay as soon as she can collect from Germany. It will amuse you to learn that France wants the German kids to pay for the fun their fathers had in 1914-18. France sends her bills to Germany regularly, and the Germans say politely that they are broke. But the French collectors wear such a tough look that the Germans, just to show there are no hard feelings, invite the Frenchmen to go back in the garden and select a few vegetables to take home to the missus. I see little sense in the whole situation, but all our steel and munition makers insist that Europe must pay back the money it spent over here for steel and munitions. Even such a sentence sounds rather queer. I cannot untangle it though.

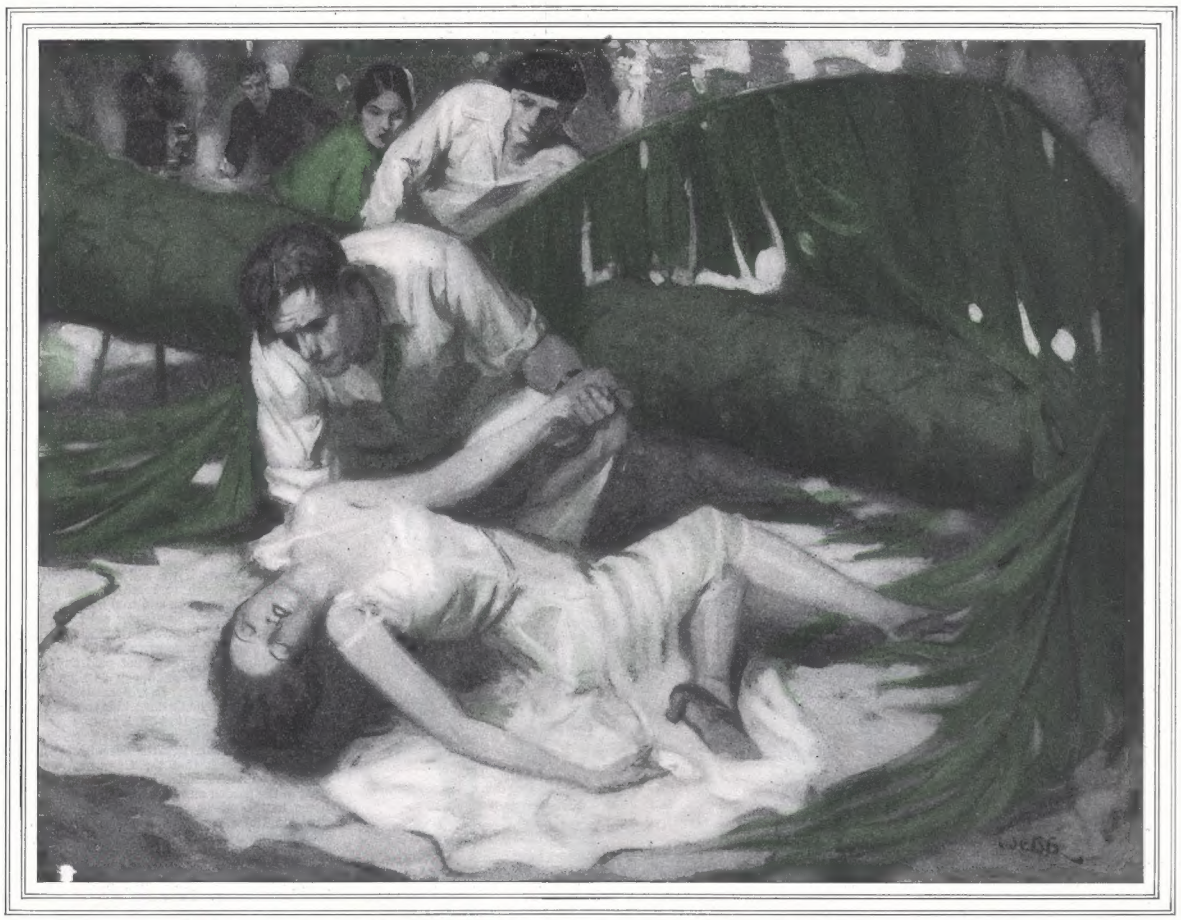
By the way, Harry, have you seen anything of Woodrow Wilson? I saw him just before he left for your part of the universe, and thought him a rather pitiable object. If you should see Woodrow Wilson, you might say to him that his speeches about self-determination and the rights of small nations have kicked up an almighty row all over this terrestrial ball. Where there are white men governing yellow or black men, there you will find his phrases being mouthed at council boards. It is a curious reverse they have met with, these phrases. For they are being used by the yellows and the blacks more than by the whites. And it is said by wise men that there will be the deuce to pay before it is all over.

Reading in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* the other night, I came upon a scene that made me wish to see you and other friends. It is where Ulysses has descended to the Shades hoping to find Teiresias, who will give him counsel on how he may lead his companions back to his home in Ithaca. Do you recall that scene? Where he meets dead Achilles whom he had last seen on the windy plains of Troy? *Thou, Achilles, art the most blessed of men that have been or shall be hereafter; for aforetime, in thy life, we Argives honored thee like the gods, and now thou art a great prince here among the dead. Therefore, grieve not that thou art dead, Achilles.* Now this is in the manner that I should greet you in the Shades, were it not that I remembered the answer of the sad Achilles. For he had said to Ulysses after his consolation: *Seek not to console me, glorious Odysseus. I would rather be on earth as the hired servant of another, in the house of a landless man with little to live upon, than be king over all the dead.*

It cannot be so bad as that, Harry? I send you all the cheer of all your companions here.

Your old shipmate, L.S.

Is love always a jest in Hollywood—the land where most everything else at least, is only make-believe?



WITH A CRY HE WAS AFTER HER—SNATCHING HER BACK FROM THE FLAMES—PULLING HER OWN SMOKING COAT FROM HER

TRINKET

BY VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS WEBB

THEY called her Trinket. It was all she had for a name. Come out of nobody knew where. With a heart like a bit of laughter and a philosophy founded on highways and byways. Blue blood or bad in her veins, it mattered little to Trinket. She neither knew nor cared from what she had sprung. She'd an eye for bright colors, a tongue for sweets and an ear for music. She asked just three things of life; a bed when she was sleepy, food when she was hungry and music to quicken the pulse-beat of her heart. She was true to just three things in life; herself, the call of "Camera!" and the wishes of Kerrin Storm.

Into the swirl and tumult of Hollywood she had been flung, like a bright ribbon into a bazaar of brilliants. And out from the vast army of "extras" she had emerged, with a swagger for her impudence, a flirt of her brief little skirts for her audacity and a gamin-like smile for her luck. Small Trinket, with no age save youth; no fortune save the nimbleness of her two pretty feet.

The first time that Kerrin Storm laid eyes upon her, she was the tempestuous center of a heated argument. And because, in spite of the fact that he was one of the best known directors in the business and had made at least three stars famous, Kerrin Storm was still in his early thirties, he stood off and grinned at the spectacle of Trinket, stamping her tiny feet, tossing her angry head in a frenzy of rage.

She was tossing it at Jimmy Durkee, who was signing up a dozen girls for a musical comedy picture chorus and who happened, quite by chance, to be Storm's assistant. But it was plain to see that he was *not* signing up the rebellious little creature who was raging at him.

Kerrin Storm stood it as long as he could, then wandered Jimmy's way.

"Trouble?" he asked. But his eyes were on Trinket's face and it seemed as if he found her scowl diverting.

Jimmy threw up expressive hands. "Say—am I hirin' these extras—or are they hirin' themselves!"

Now Trinket had no intention of being silent under such a thrust. She had no idea under the sun who Kerrin Storm might be. After all, she was defending her two pretty feet, and Kerrin was to learn that of all the things in the world, Trinket cherished her dancing feet the most.

"How *can* the man hire, when he's no intelligence!" she cried, for Trinket's vocabulary, picked up as it was from street corners, magazines and papers, was equal to any need she might put upon it. "Why—it's clothes he's arguing

about!" and she stamped one small foot, shabbily shod, as Kerrin Storm noted. "He's turning me down because of my clothes! If it's clothes he wants to do his dancing for him, why doesn't he use one of the wardrobes back yonder? *They* wouldn't cost him anything!"

Kerrin's eyes twinkled, but his lips were quite serious. "Can you dance?" he asked briefly.

Trinket was broke. She was also three days acquaintance from a square meal. If he'd asked if she could stand on her head, she'd have said yes. And done it, too. But as it happened, she *could* dance. So that even Jimmy Durkee's eyes widened, and Storm's became suddenly alert. Like wind across the hilltops, she danced, with an art learned on street corners and an ecstasy that touched her slim young body to immeasurable beauty. In rags or in velvets, Trinket could dance! And did!

When she stopped, Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. "Say—" and he turned to Storm, "how could I guess she could dance, with a get-up like hers?"

Kerrin Storm turned to her. "Where did you learn to dance like that?" he asked, and because he said it with the admiration of an artist for something rarely beautiful, Trinket answered him.

"In a circus—with a Carnival—and in my heart."

And Kerrin Storm questioned her no further. But Barry Nelson did. That is, Barry questioned Kerrin. Barry was Kerrin's leading man, by reason of his profile and that look of youthful audacity about him. But Barry's questioning was all before he had seen Trinket dance—and when he learned that Storm was going to give her a feature bit.

"That skinny little peanut?" Barry demanded. "Man, you'll have to put a black drop behind her or she'll be lost in the scenery. There's nothing to her!"

Trinket heard him. She lifted her tip-tilted nose. "Neither is there to chloroform," she reminded him tartly, "but it would lay *you* out!"

Whereupon she tore into her dance with such a frenzy of passion that *she* nearly laid Barry out with the magic of it, and Kerrin Storm flung him a cocky, elated smile.

Nobody questioned Trinket after that. She was accepted—accepted as Kerrin Storm's new find. And Kerrin Storm's find she remained. For, with a strange flair of loyalty and a stubborn refusal to be moved, even by Storm himself, she wouldn't work for another director. Which bothered that young gentleman not a little. For Trinket had the look about her of needing food, and she exasperated Kerrin because she wouldn't take all the things her dancing might have brought her. If she'd only been pretty, he told himself, as the screen catalogued prettiness, he could have kept her busy. For Trinket had those traits of flash and flame that Kerrin Storm looked for in his people. But no one director could keep a dancer busy all the time, no matter how good she was. And Trinket, whose mop of shining curls were like a flash of autumn sunlight, was possessed of a pointed, elfin face that wouldn't screen for two cents—and no art of Kerrin Storm's wielding could change that face.

As for Trinket, she worried very little about anything; her future or her art. She danced because she could no more have kept from dancing than she could from breathing. And she worshipped Kerrin Storm with an intensity half a child's and half a woman's, because he was the first man who had ever responded to the intangible beauty of her dancing.

DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED —WEEKS OF PAIN AND TORTURE FOR TRINKET, FROM HEAVY CASTS AND IRON WEIGHTS AND TORN NERVES— KERRIN STORM WAS OFTEN AT HER SIDE. TRINKET WANTED HIM MORE THAN ANYONE, FOR SHE SEEMED TO KNOW THAT, OF ALL WHO CAME TO BRING HER SYMPATHY, KERRIN ALONE KNEW THE DREAD THAT LAY ON HER HEART

What simpler then, to Trinket, than that she dance for him alone. It was her way of serving him. Trinket's way. Trinket, who had neither age nor name nor any beauty to offer save that in her lovely feet.

It was Kerrin Storm who could not see things her way.

"Trinket, you'll have to go to some other lot when this picture is finished!" he protested at last, upon a certain night when he was working his cast late. "I couldn't wedge in a dancing bear in the next two pictures I'm shooting."

Kerrin Storm thrust impotent hands into his pockets. He wished he didn't feel so responsible for Trinket. But, darn it, she was such a little thing! Such a crazy little kid! And she *could* dance!

"Why won't you?" he demanded. "Why on earth won't you?"

"I don't want to," she returned calmly, and her tone told him that that settled the matter.

Kerrin rose to go. But as a last parting shot, he said, "Then you probably won't! But I wish I could prove you were under age—so I could spank you! Or put you into a school!"

Trinket looked after him as he strode away. "Golly," she sighed, "how I love that man! And does he want an age to me? Goodness knows, I'd like one myself this minute. For how can I tell I'm even old enough to love him, with not a glimmer of an idea when I was born!"

Down in her rugs cuddled Trinket, and the hours stretched into the night. Again and again she rose, to enter the circle of light and give her dance. And each time she went back to her pile of rugs, fainter with weariness. She sat alone. Nobody paid much attention to her except when she danced. When she danced she caught and held their eyes.

The night wore on. There was a midnight call to coffee and sandwiches, but Trinket did not heed it. She was too tired to eat. She told no one how weary she was. She couldn't explain that this was a dance [*Turn to page 78*]

THE LATE CZARINA OF RUSSIA FAMED FOR HER BEAUTY AND INTRIGUE
(International Newsreel Photo)

Is the DAUGHTER

BY HARRIET VON RATHLEF-KEILMANN

Is a daughter of the Czar alive today? Is "The Invalid of Berlin" she? If not, how account for the remarkable resemblance and the

HAVE you ever heard that a daughter of the Russian Czar is living?"

This question was asked me by Dr. Sonnenschein, head of the Berlin Social Service Secretarial Work in June, 1925. Surprised, I answered "No," whereupon he gave me a letter signed by the police commissioner. I read in part:

"On the 22nd of February 1920, a young girl was rescued from the Landwehr Canal in attempting to commit suicide by drowning. When she refused to answer any questions she was brought, apparently insane, to the asylum in Dalldorf, Wittenau, where she remained about two years without giving any material information about herself.

"Insisting always that she was Anastasia, daughter of the Czar, she said that on the night of the massacre, Abraham Jurowski, who has become notorious for his bestial treatment of the Imperial family, accompanied by the other murderers stormed into the room where the anxious family was staying. She remembers that Jurowski personally shot her father through the head. Thereafter the other Bolshevists began a general riot of shooting and butchery. Strangely enough she can still describe the tapestries of the murder room correctly and precisely.

"Some weeks later she came to herself in a peasant's wagon and learned that among the murderers was a Pole, von Tschaikowsky, who had been dragged in by the Bolshevists from his small peasant farm near Katherinenburg. Having noticed signs of life in Anastasia's body at the time of the murder, he had used the general confusion to wrap her in a cover and flee to his home. Then in fear of the Bolshevists, he with his parents, brothers and sisters took flight in his peasant's wagon to the Roumanian border. Anastasia's wounds (a club blow on the skull and a bayonet cut on her hand) were treated with cold water. The Roumanian border was secretly passed and the family took up its residence in Bucharest. Of the first few months there she can remember nothing, and when her shattered memory returned she was a mother. After the birth of the child, christened Alexis, she married the father, von Tschaikowsky. She remembers she was married as Anastasia Romanow, but she fails to recall the cathedral where the ceremony took place.

"She has no papers, not even a marriage license, to confirm anything that she said, but in my opinion she is not, as has been suggested, an insane woman who imagines that she is the Russian Czar's daughter. After months of observing her, following her removal from the Dalldorf asylum, I have come to the firm conclusion that she may well have been a lady in the highest circles of society—even a Prince's child.

With highest respect,
—G." Berlin, July 19, 1925.

As a result of this letter I went to see the mysterious, poverty-stricken Russian lady with self-contradictory feelings. The whole story seemed to me too fantastic. I had waited only a few minutes when she stepped into the room. Her movements and manners were those of a lady of the highest Russian circles. She was small, very slender and looked ill. She was dressed like an old woman, and when she greeted me I saw that all the front teeth in her upper jaw were gone, so that she seemed much older then she really was. A wound on her arm too, needed attention, so I arranged at once to have her sent to the Marien hospital under Dr. Sonnenschein's care.

There were fifty women of the lower classes in the same hospital ward and it was frightfully difficult for the Invalid to adjust herself. As she lay in bed with her face turned to the wall and her pillow ranged so as to separate herself from the others, I became impressed with the aristocratic fineness of her personality and the deep sorrow that subdued her whole being. She answered all my questions in a straightforward, honest way, but every time we had such conversations she broke down and dropped into profound melancholy for the rest of the day.

Gradually I learned that following her rescue by the two soldiers who called themselves Tschaikowsky and during the week-long journey to Roumania she was ill all of the time. At first she suffered from the frightful pains of her head wounds; later in Roumania she succumbed to brain fever.

ANASTASIA, THE YOUNGEST OF THE FOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF CZAR NICHOLAS II WHO THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE SUGGESTS MAY BE "THE INVALID" DESCRIBED

FIGURE ONE

COMPARE IN FIGURES ONE AND TWO THE POSITION OF THE EYES AND NOSE; THE SHAPE OF THE EYES; THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE EYEBROWS AND THE EYES, AND THE LIKENESS BETWEEN THE OVAL OF THE TWO FACES

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE TWO FACES ARE DUE ONLY TO THE NERVOUS EXPRESSION OF THE EYES AND THE EYEBROWS IN THE LOWER PICTURE

FIGURE TWO

of the CZAR ALIVE?

many proofs here assembled? If so, how did she escape when the other members of the royal family were slaughtered and why is she not recognized today by her relatives on other thrones of Europe? ❧ ❧ ❧ No more thrilling or romantic story than this was ever told. McCall's does not declare its truth, but it believes the statements here set forth deserve consideration.

THE ILL-FATED NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS
(International Newsreel Photo)

"THE INVALID" AFTER HER RELEASE FROM THE MOMMSEN SANATORIUM IN THE SUMMER OF 1926. HER IDENTITY HAS NOT YET BEEN ESTABLISHED

It was then that the child of Alexander Tschaikowsky was born to her, and upon her recovery she demanded a marriage with her betrayer.

Soon after this marriage her husband was shot down in the streets. She supposed that the Bolshevists had killed him in revenge for saving her. By Christmas 1920 she felt so much better that she resolved to travel to Germany to seek out her Godmother, the Princess Irene of Prussia. She remembered that when they arrived in Berlin her brother-in-law asked for a hotel but she could not remember the name of the place where they stayed. She had been dreadfully exhausted by the trip for they had been weeks on the way. At night she walked up and down her room in anxiety and desperation, reliving past horrors. She was even more fearful of what must still come—her admission to her Aunt Irene of having had a child in Roumania. Half crazy with misery and bewilderment she left her room in the night and soon stood by the waters from which the police saved her. She herself could not understand why she was still alive when they brought her back to reality.

"Since my journey through Russia in the peasant wagon I have never been free of the fear that I might be recognized and handed over to the Soviet Government," she confessed. "I lived in this continual fear while I was in Roumania, and I never left my room but twice—for the marriage and the burial. I still feel this haunting fear in me."

Of her stay in the asylum she said, "I am surprised that I did not go insane. If you could but know what it is to live with twenty insane people in the third class room of an insane asylum for two and a half years! The awful horrors that I saw there I can never forget.

"During the last months of my stay in Dalldorf there was a woman of the upper classes coming to the same room for treatments who stared at me in a strange way. One day she suddenly rushed up to me and cried out: 'I know you! You're the Czar's daughter!' I had never told her who I was. Soon after she was dismissed and some Russian emigrants who came to see me brought a picture of my grandmother. That was the first time I forgot my caution, and I cried out, in surprise, 'My Grandmother!'"

(This story is confirmed by the records of the Dalldorf asylum, a sister being present at the time.)

"Other emigrants came. I do not know who they were but they were all Russians. One lady repeatedly urged me to leave the insane asylum and go to an emigrant family who offered me shelter. I hesitated a long time; at last I gave in.

"Today I repent it. I have repented it a thousand times, for if I had stayed in the asylum I should be dead now without knowing all the humiliations, disappointments and agonies that I have had to live through since. From the moment I left the insane asylum till the moment you came I was passed from hand to hand, a mere spectacle for people to build selfish plans around. And when their plans were not realized they dropped me, caring not whether I lay in the streets or died of want."

"THE INVALID" UNDER OBSERVATION DURING HER LONG STAY IN THE MOMMSEN SANATORIUM

These pathetic confidences moved me to communicate with His Royal Highness, the Grandduke von Hessen, an uncle of Anastasia's, in the hope of bringing him personally to see the Invalid so that he might convince himself about her identity. The attempt failed; perhaps because my letter was a bit premature, or perhaps because so many false rumors about the Imperial family were current at the time.

The whole situation was changed however, with the arrival of the Danish Ambassador commissioned by Prince Waldemar of Denmark, a brother of the Czar's mother, to investigate the affair of the Invalid unofficially. The Kammerdiener Wolkow, one of the faithful who had been exiled to Siberia with the Czar's family but who had escaped, accompanied Ambassador Zahle. The Invalid knew nothing of this visit before it took place.

Herr Wolkow although disappointed in his first impression declared he could *not positively say that Frau von Tschaikowsky was not the Grandduchess.* As for Anastasia, she seemed to be seeking convulsively for memory. Finally she leaned back on the sofa exhausted and said in a bewildered way, "I cannot straighten it out."

When his Excellency, the Danish Ambassador, told the Invalid that Wolkow came from Copenhagen he also showed her the letter of Prince Waldemar. This letter carried a mourning band and we all noticed that when the Invalid took it she looked up with a frightened glance and asked, "Who is dead in Copenhagen? I was so [*Turn to page 47*]

EVERY TURN BROUGHT HIM UNDER A DIVING FOKKER. HIS OWN GUNS SPAT BACK STREAMING DEFIANCE

"CIRCLE WIDE— WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS"

BY STEPHEN AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO, *former member Royal Flying Corps*

Stephen Avery, author of this ringing story of an air-fight in the World War, became a celebrated American airman during the hostilities. He was First Lieutenant of the 13th Aero Squadron, 2nd Pursuit Group of the A. E. F. and officially credited with shooting down two enemy Fokkers during the Argonne offensive. Therefore this story has historical accuracy as well as a fine romantic appeal.

HE looked at the hazy outline of Rheims. Rheims was forty miles away. Thirty miles in the opposite direction was Conflans, and he could see Conflans too. He was nearly four miles high.

He was riding a few wired-together sticks and strips of linen nearly four miles in the air. He flew a single seater Spad scout plane two and one-half miles a minute through the blue and golden air—although, except for the terrific drive of the propeller, the rip and tear of wind and the pulse of two hundred and twenty horsepower in front of his knees, he seemed to be motionless, suspended by some thread attached to the ridgepole of the universe. Behind him and above, each in its position in the formation and the green, brown, buff camouflaging of each marked with the blue stripe and the running skeleton-with-scythe insignia which identified the Squadron, hung six more Spads.

He was worried about those six Spads, some of them anyway. Some of those fellows were new, inexperienced, filling the places of the fifteen pilots the Thirteenth had already lost. They didn't know yet how fast a flock of checkerboard Fokkers could fall out of the sun and put a tracer bullet through the back of your neck before you knew you were fighting. Well, it was up to him as Flight Commander to see that it didn't happen. It was his job to bring his Spad down on the Fokkers' backs instead.

He lead them along the sector, weaving and searching, five or six miles beyond the enemy's front lines. The twenty-five miles from the Argonne Forest to the winding Meuse seemed no more than a few yards wide. They passed through a thin veil of white cloud, transforming the bright planes into wraith-like ghost birds, disappearing, appearing, disappearing, finally out into the blue again.

Sometimes on high patrol he felt that he wasn't really above the sector, or above France, or anywhere. He felt that he had become altogether detached from the entire planet and, gazing down at its bulging, blue and purple bulk, he fancied he could see it spin. So he was a god, and it was rather absurd to imagine that a mere German Fokker could shoot down a god. A sudden burst of black puffballs reminded him that enemy anti-aircraft gunners did not believe in gods, and he changed altitude slightly and shifted a few points in direction.

The change brought a strange black silhouette into the arc of his vision and he recognized it at once as a German observation plane, a Rumpler, heading home with information. It would have been an easy mark—if he had not noticed at the same time a dozen tiny black specks deep in Germanland, hovering, and he knew how quickly black specks turned into Fokkers.

He wanted that Rumpler. If Cagey Red Stiles, or Stivers, or some of the old ones had been with him, he would have risked knocking it and getting out from under before the Fokkers arrived. Maybe he ought to risk it anyway. That's what they were here for after all, these fellows. Some of them might get killed. Well, what if a few more got killed? He couldn't go on breaking his heart every time the Squadron lost a man. They teased him enough as it was about his trying to protect the rest of them. What if he got killed himself? What would it feel like to be sent hurtling down—but if you spend your time thinking about that sort of thing, you go off your nut. Time enough to find out how that felt.

The gentle pressure of fingers and foot on control stick and rudder bar rocked his plane slowly to signal the attack and he turned upon the fleeing [*Turn to page 50*]

The Story of Frances Hodgson Burnett

"DEAREST"

BY VIVIAN BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

"Dearest" he called her—the most adorable mother any little boy ever had, and the most adorable mother in all literature. Two generations of children have pored over that immortal classic, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in which she sheds her shining presence. "Dearest" was truly a person, no less a personage in fact than the famous author of the story herself, Frances Hodgson Burnett, who also wrote Sarah Crewe, T. Tembarom, and a dozen other fiction successes. She was as well the most fascinating woman in the international literary world of her day, and is here revealed in vivid and dramatic detail by her son and biographer who was in his own little boyhood the original inspiration for Little Lord Fauntleroy. Here then is the story of "Dearest" written by "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—as true a document as was the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" written years ago by "Dearest."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AT THE BEGINNING OF HER LITERARY CAREER

A CLEAR voice from under the cushion said—'Listen to the story of . . . .'"

(Granny's Wonderful Chair)

ELSIE LESLIE AS FAUNTLEROY IN THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF THE IMMORTAL PLAY

SOMETHING more than mortal, surely intimate touch with the world of Fairy must have been hers. How else could she have sung, through all her days, with such undaunted belief, as a minstrel of the Fairy Kingdom? By what magic came it that all she met in this workaday world so glowed to her that it immediately became Romance, and slipped into Story? Was she, perhaps, really one of the Fairies' Own?

In her earliest childhood there was a book she treasured. A small volume, bound in green cloth with bold floral decorations in black and silver. The title—*Granny's Wonderful Chair*. When you opened its covers the first thing to greet you was the picture of a little girl, barefooted and bareheaded, seated in a chair, surrounded by fairies, peacocks, butterflies, gnomes, Indians, and all this gay party traveling swiftly through the air.

On the opposite page the Story began with these entrancing words: "In an old time, long ago, when the fairies were in the world, there lived a little girl so uncommonly fair and pleasant to look upon that they called her Snowflower." Snowflower, you found, as you read on, had only to lay her head upon the seat of the chair, saying, "Chair of my Grandmother, tell me a story," when a clear, small voice from under the cushion would begin: "Listen to the story of——"

Undoubtedly the Frances Broone, whose name was given upon the title page as the author, was also one of the Fairies' really own, and her volume, given at a nursery school as a "Reward for politeness and good behavior," was not only a thrillingly delightful book to the small owner Frances Hodgson, but an influence that set aflame the imagination of a new one in the royal line.

And this new one—how did she come to us? And where did she get her seeing eyes and feeling heart?

Let the Fairies themselves answer through that beloved "clear small voice from under the cushion."

Once upon a time—and this was not so very long ago, nor in a very far country—a little princess was born. Her parents were king and queen in a realm of love—not a very large kingdom, but one over which they ruled with quiet and kindly power. The queen's name was Eliza, and her subjects most often called her "Dear Mamma." The king's name was "Dear Edwin." The palace—it must have been a palace, since a princess was being born there, yet, those who might have been passing

ABOVE: DR. JOHN BURNETT, ONE OF THE FINE, OLD TIME COUNTRY PHYSICIANS AND A GENEROUS FRIEND TO THE HODGSON GIRLS, ESPECIALLY TO FRANCES. RIGHT: YOUNG SWAN BURNETT FOLLOWED IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. BETWEEN HIM AND FRANCES SPRANG UP A FRIENDSHIP WHICH CULMINATED IN ROMANCE

the unpretentious brick dwelling in Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England, on the afternoon of November 24, 1849, would probably not have given a second glance to that particular house.

It is the fairies' hour. For just those magic minutes she belongs all to them, and in that bustling, little conclave at the foot of the bed lies the fate of her future.

One speaks up: "My gift of love to her shall be a strong body and a fair face." "A fine dower to begin with," says she of the brown-gold garments, advancing. "My gift shall be a heart to feel deeply and truly. With that she should never go astray."

"And for hearts you need courage," says she with wings colored like a lake under moonbeams. "I give her courage." She lays her wand upon the dimpled fists. They seem to move as if to grasp and tighten around it.

"And what is the strength of courage but hope?" says she in scarlet and gold. "I give her the power to hope and remain undismayed." Her wand falls upon the little shoulders.

The pale green one steals softly to the bedside. "The little eyes are closed now," she murmurs as she waves her star-clustered wand, "but they shall see, oh, how deeply they shall see."

"And she shall understand," chimes in the gray one, reaching over to touch ever so gently the little forehead, round, and high with something more than a baby bigness.

"She shall understand, yes, even to understanding and bearing good fortune," says the sprite in deep blue. "That is my dower to her."

"And I add to it a desire to divide her gifts of fortune with others," puts in the grass-green one.

"Ah, yes, and my gift goes with that, too," tinkles another.

"A glad soul to see happiness everywhere, to rejoice in it with everyone."

And the one shining like the rainbow, stepping up, says: "Mine shall be the gift of words so that the gladness she thinks and sees and understands she can put into stories, coin into wit, and thus share it with everyone; the power to put fairy wings on her pen, so that no realm can be a stranger to it, and what it writes will speak the language of all hearts, whatsoever their land or station. And with it I give a tongue to mint her happiest thoughts into golden phrases, flashing laughter and bringing joy to all who hear her."

A buzz of approval rises from the happy group, and they wave their wands joyously above their heads, dancing with fairy-lightness and making an animated wreath of color about the big bed as they hop and flutter in their gaiety.

And who is this so strange and dour, who steps out from the darkness of the corner—red, brown and hairy, with low, broad frame? The figure steps to the foot of the bed. "She belongs to me, too," he says, as the fairies gaze askance at him. "She is my kinswoman. I also have given her gifts. I am Cadraad Haard, Chieftain, who sat in the Isles of Angelsey, and ages ago gave out justice with courage and cunning. Bards sang of my bravery and truth throughout the wide land of Britain, and further. My blood runs in her veins and it will never let her forget that she is of the clan of the courageous and doughty Cadraad. May her inheritance prove a blessing to her and to others. I pray that it may not be a curse."

Scarce has he finished when the fairy circle is broken in upon by an excited new arrival, a fairy in truth, but much bedraggled, as if perhaps she had to make her entrance down the chimney flue. Scowls cloud her face, the brightness of her wand is misted, and the star in its tip is almost extinguished. "You might have waited for me," she exclaims petulantly. "And now that you have given all the best gifts, there's no other left for me to give but"—and she looks angrily around at all of them—"but an Imp." She shouts out the hated word and the fairies shrink back. Their rosy cheeks quickly grow pale. "An Imp that will pinch and tweak; an Imp that will worry and sadden; an Imp that will dart about and jump out unexpectedly; an Imp that will scowl and make faces and chatter and worry. Yes, an Imp." The fairy group stands in despair, with drooping wings. Out from the dark corner moves the figure of Cadraad Haard, and he speaks: "The spirit of Cadraad Haard was never daunted by man or ghost. She is my kinswoman. No Imp can dismay her," he turns reassuringly to the fairies. "Do not fear, all your gifts will be safe in her hands."

And so, with a hop and a flutter the fairies begin to climb the sun's rays up to the window-sill, and as they stand there, ready to pass through the window pane, the wee pink mortal turns its head and opens its little blue eyes upon them. The gaze is long and unmoved, as infant gazes are, but who knows how much the tiny eyes saw, and the little mind understood. In later years, surely she could not have written of the fairy folk, and so understandingly, if her own eyes had not actually seen them.

THIS GIRL WAS NOT TERRIFIED. SHE CALMLY WENT ON KNITTING

And so, Frances Hodgson Burnett was born at Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England, November 24th, 1849. Her parents were Eliza Boond Hodgson and Edwin Hodgson, and she was christened Frances Eliza, so that the name of her mother might be preserved in the family. She was the middle one in a group of five children. The two brothers, Herbert and John George, had preceded her, and two sisters, Edith Mary and Edwina, followed her.

Love and kindly appreciation were seemingly the chief laws of the Hodgson household. To the children their mother was always known as "Dear Mamma." Their father they always heard called "Dear Edwin," a sufficient indication of his sweetness of character. "Dear Edwin's" gifts were numerous, perhaps the most important being his amiable disposition. Such vague recollections as remain of him picture a gentle, talented, gay person, who gave perhaps more time to the nursery folk than was usual for a father of the mid-Victorian period. It is believed that he was even *amusing*.

There is testimony that he loved his wife devotedly. One brief letter from "Dear Edwin" remains, written in the closing hours of his wedding day—a tactful missive, penned with consideration and gallantry to no less a personage than his mother-in-law.

November 28, 1844.
Lockwood's Hotel,
Pavement, York.

Dear mother:

This is the first letter you have ever received from me—and although I have tried for a great number of years in order to be qualified and admitted into your family—I trust the appellation is pleasing to you.

We arrived here last night, all safe, thank God, but as you may very well conceive completely tired out. Today we had purposed taking a drive, but the weather has changed—and we have been looking at the Cathedral and other places. Our stay here depends a good deal on the weather—but we are sure to stay here over Sunday (God willing) so that if Mr. White (a brother-in-law) or yourself write, we shall receive the letter.

We hope that the day passed off in every way that you could wish after we left—and that the company departed with happy faces and kind wishes. [*Turn to page 99*]

In Dan Matthew's Inner Office The Groceryman And His Four Westover Friends Sat With Saxton

GOD and the GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

DAN MATTHEWS has sent his confidential agent, John Saxton, to Westover to investigate social and religious conditions there with a view to establishing his chief's pet dream—an experiment in social and religious unity. Saxton's personality has brought spiritual refreshment to Joe Paddock, the Groceryman of the title.

Suddenly Paddock finds that not only is his daughter Georgia, the typical flapper of our time, falling into evil ways, but his wife, Laura, is carrying on a clandestine affair with a young pseudo-literary light, Edward Astell.

Then comes a night when Georgia—and her gay crowd—are involved in a hideous accident which results in the death of Harry Winter, son of Paddock's friend.

"Make no mistake, Young America is rejecting the church because it sees through the pretenses, shams and failures of denominationalism."

From "God and the Groceryman"

WHEN the groceryman awoke the next morning his first thought was that it was strange he had slept. He had felt that he would never sleep or rest again. His next thought was that he must be careful. His wife and daughter must not know that he knew about Astell. He must manage, somehow, to hold things as they were until he could find a way to better the situation. If Laura and Georgia knew that he had heard the girl's arraignment of her mother, then he would be forced to make a decision—to act. He must not decide now—he must make no move until he could do so with a feeling of certainty that it was the best possible move to make.

Joe Paddock was not a great man. There was nothing heroic or unusual or superior about him. He was just an ordinary, every-day sort of person. And so, in common with most of us, when given time to think, the groceryman wanted to do the right thing. The difficulty was to know the right thing to do.

Rising, he set about making himself ready for the day. He moved quietly, for his wife seemed to be asleep. Once he crept softly to the side of her bed to stand

for a moment looking down at her and suddenly a wave of hatred for the other man swept over him. He felt weak and sick. To hold to his plan and for a time, at least, to do nothing, seemed literally impossible. All that he had loved most in life—all that he had worked for—all that he had dreamed, and hoped! His wife's love, his home, his daughter's happiness, his honor! How *could* he endure it in silence and go about as if nothing had happened? The horrid truth itself was forcing him to cry out that he knew. To kill Astell was a necessity. There was nothing that he could plan or do until he had done that one thing which was his right. After he had done that, then whatever followed would not matter.

Calmly he finished dressing. His hands were steady. He would see Saxton the first possible moment.

Then he was conscious that his wife was watching him. He felt her wondering, fearing, asking herself: "Does he know? What will he do?"

Mrs. Paddock was awake before her husband. When he stood beside her bed she was pretending to be asleep because she was afraid. She was dreading the moment when she must face him. What if he had heard Georgia's arraignment? All her world would go to smash if he should choose. She knew that she would find no refuge in Astell. And Georgia—what would become of her?

It was strange but at that moment Mrs. Paddock loved her husband with something of the love she had felt for him during those first happy years of their married life. Almost she hoped that he *did* know. She wanted to cry out—to tell him—to assure him of her love—to ask him for the sake of their love and for their daughter's sake to help her back to the realities of her wifehood and motherhood.

"Good morning, dear," said the groceryman, in his usual calm, matter-of-fact tone. "The first bell rang ten minutes ago—I'll run on down and look at the paper."

The door closed behind him. He did not know—he did not know! Would Georgia tell? No, she decided, if the girl had wanted to do that she would have told long before last night. Georgia had said those terrible things last night because she had been beside herself with drink and the shock of Harry Winton's death. Poor Mary Winton—she must go to her the first thing after breakfast. But first, without another moment's loss of time, she must see her daughter. They must arrive at some sort of an understanding before the girl met her father.

Georgia did not come down to breakfast. Mrs. Paddock said that the girl was sleeping. The groceryman and his wife ate in silence save for an occasional word or two. They tried to appear natural—as if nothing had happened. When they left the table Mrs. Paddock set out at once for the Winton home.

The groceryman went up stairs and stood at the door of his daughter's room.

He knocked gently. There was no response. Quietly he turned the knob and opened the door an inch or two. With his lips to the opening he called softly: "It is daddy, Georgia—may I come in?"

There was no answer. He opened the door wider. She was lying very still. He entered, and tip-toed across the room. She did not move. He knelt beside the bed. Two arms went round his neck and he held her close. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, what a mess," she sobbed. He comforted her as he had comforted her so many times through all her childhood years. But the daughter was not so easily deceived as her mother. She knew that her father knew, and she understood why he was pretending ignorance. She realized that for her sake he was playing a game to protect her mother.

And the groceryman saw that his daughter understood. He saw, too, that he could trust her to play the game with him.

There was no danger, now, that the groceryman would kill Astell.

Westover was shocked at the death of Harry Winton. The newspapers softened the account of the tragedy as much as possible. The ministerial association published resolutions boldly charging the officers of the law with the blame, and demanding that Tony's Place and Sundown Inn be closed and that whoever sold the liquor which caused the death of the banker's son be brought to justice.

No one—not even the clergymen, themselves—really believed that the ministerial association would accomplish the closing of Tony's Place or the Inn. No one believed it would make any difference if these places were closed. Everybody expected the ministers to make their charges and their demands. No one expected them to mention the Country Club. The ministers, themselves, understood exactly what was expected of them. All of which explains perfectly the power of the Church under the system.

The power of Jesus' teaching to build a Christian Character strong enough to withstand Tony's Place and Sundown Inn—*that* is quite another question.

The community made ready for the largest funeral that Westover had seen for years.

"I am the resurrection and the life," intoned the minister. Life—life—life—the word echoed in the groceryman's mind. He wondered: "What is the speaker really thinking about? Is he actually so ignorant of the real values of life?"

As the preacher continued his sermon, eloquent with meaningless phrases and beautiful sentiments, skillfully avoiding facts, shunning the truth and shutting out reason in the name of Him who said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," the groceryman thought: "Suppose the minister should suddenly cry out: 'Fathers and mothers of Westover, the death of this young man is of little consequence—it is for his life that we should mourn. Because Harry Winton was a weakling he did that which resulted in his death. He lacked strength to meet life because he was not well nourished with character-building food. We, who profess the Christian Religion, are responsible for his weakness. The crime of this poor boy's life lies at the door of the church whose mission it is to make men strong with the truths of Jesus' teaching. Stop this pomp and ceremony—this weeping over the dead clay—and let us mourn that which died while yet he lived. Let us place the blame for the terrible tragedy of his life where it justly belongs.'"

The hired singers sang "Nearer my God to Thee."

The groceryman looked around. Henry Winton's face was the face of a man of stone. Joe knew what his friend was thinking. Judge Burnes met his eye, and he knew that the lawyer's heart was filled with fear for his own boys. George Riley's thoughts were of the shame in his own home. Ed Jones was thinking of his daughter. These men, who had been with the groceryman at Mr. Saxton's dinner, were suffering through their homes and children even as the groceryman, himself, was suffering.

Suddenly the groceryman knew what he must do.

The evening of the third day following that funeral five men met in an upper room in the Palace Hotel. The groceryman received each man with a simple greeting and the words, "I have talked with him. He will be here presently."

They spoke quietly, with an air of earnest purpose, as though they had come to some solemn and momentous decision. They were as men resolved upon a great service.

The groceryman answered a knock at the door, and John Saxton entered. The groceryman indicated a chair and with a word of greeting to each, Saxton seated himself at the head of the circle.

When the others resumed their chairs, the groceryman remained standing. Without preliminary remarks he said: "We have come to you, Mr. Saxton, because there is no one else to whom we can go. The community will soon forget Harry Winton's death. Westover, and the Westover church, will go on in the same old futile way. But we, because of our meeting with you, cannot forget. We cannot go on in the same old way. We have each suffered in our homes and through our children. We are of five different denominational churches but we are one in our needs.

"We have agreed that we cannot go for advice to our ministers. We do not

[*Turn to page 82*]

"Have Not Our Ministers Admitted That Tony's Place Exerts A More Powerful Influence On Our Young People Than Does The Church?"

Like Nicodemus of old, the author of this story here seeks once more an answer to the timeless question, "Can A Man Be Born Again"?

"FORGIVE ME," HE MUTTERED FOOLISHLY, "I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A WHITE WOMAN ON THE ISLAND"

The ANCIENT TRUTH

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

THE tramp stood out through the Golden Gate. She was a dirty boat, scarred by years of heavy labor in the Seven Seas, but she was worthy, and there was about her the dignity that goes therewith. She had three masts and carried a respectable amount of sail and the crew that manned her spoke highly of her. Also she carried motley and sundry. Her cargo, for instance—sewing machines and radio sets destined for lost dots of islands in the South Seas—and her half dozen passengers. A copra king in coarse white cotton trousers and thin silk shirt, donned before they passed the Farallones, a sharp young Mormon missionary, two rich Chinese, a Hindu and a woman. A woman in a ship of men.

She wore good clothes of a shapely cut, and she had too much beauty of face and form to be where she was, but she had something else beside. This was the look of knowledge, of experience, of hard and absolute fearlessness in her dark eyes. She gave back every glance she got, and they were many and varied with a steady front. She sat at the captain's right at the table and talked quietly but with engaging ease. She was a good sailor. The captain, an honest man as seamen go in the far down copra trade, lost the uneasiness which had beset him upon finding her alone among his passengers, and told the first mate that she'd take care of herself. She had books and read them—when she wasn't dreaming with her narrowed eyes smiling into the blue distance—and seemed to care nothing for conversation.

The missionary found this out, despite his persistent efforts to the contrary. At last she told him frankly that she was a sinner and heretic, with a lurid past and the hope of a flaming future, and politely requested to be let alone with her destiny. This ingenious statement fired the man anew, not wholly with religious zeal, and he pestered her with unwelcome attentions which she could not escape.

"Captain!" she cried one day rising from her chair, "this *animal* offends me. Will you throw him overboard, or shall I?"

That clinched her status and she was left alone, except for quiet talks with the old captain sometimes in the twilight.

"You know," she said to him one night when the great white stars hung at the masthead, "I booked passage for the end of your down trip merely. What sort of a place is that?"

"Don't you *know?*" he asked, amazed.

She shook her head where the short hair curled in the sea wind.

"H'm!" said Captain Hansen, considering. "H'm!"

He looked at her sidewise, noting with the old unease her beauty. "No one to—to meet you there?" he asked again. "I thought perhaps some one—uncle—brother—might be coming in from the copra farms?"

"Captain," she said simply, "I haven't a soul in this round wide world that belongs to me—that is, consciously. I'm a dead woman, officially, and have been for nine long years."

She laughed and fluffed the hair from her forehead with caressing fingers. "The world owes me something—joy and sunlight and adventure—*recompense*—and I'm going after it. Going to the ends of the earth where they are found—"

"To Paolo!" said Captain Hansen. "You'd better come back with me, return trip, Miss Sarcen. Paolo is no place for you if you haven't anyone."

"No?" There was a rippling amusement in the inflection of the short word.

"No. Not by a good deal. The island itself is disreputable, small and behind even the times of this God-forsaken section of the seas, its population worse. A dozen huts, the warehouses, the store and the Commandante's house—the usual thing. And there's the climate. I think one look will be enough. You'll come back with me."

The woman looked keenly at him in the starlight. "You're a good drawer of pictures, Captain," she said gravely, "and you have that rare and precious thing, quick knowledge of humanity. One would trust you instinctively. However, I think I shall stay. It sounds entrancing."

"Entrancing! Stay clear of the Commandante and his native wife. The one will ogle you and the other'll cut your throat. And there's Fentress—or was last trip—if the drink hasn't killed him by now."

"Who's Fentress?"

"Usual thing, too. Beach-comber. White man—or was. Lowest piece of white humanity ever met—and I've met a few."

"Don't doubt it," said the woman calmly. "So have I."

"Nothing like Fentress," said the captain grimly. "They don't make 'em."

"No?" she said again. "Captain—look at this." She leaped to her feet from the low chair with one motion, like a spring released. With her right hand she grasped the upright column of a tarred rope, holding it in an odd stiff grasp. The left she raised, level with her head, palm out, elbow bent, her body at attention.

Captain Hansen leaned forward, his eyebrows drawn together, studying her.

"Do you know what it means?" she asked and there was a flitter of excitement in her eyes.

"I'd hate to answer that," said the old man slowly.

"Right!" said the woman. "It's the evening count-in of State's Prison. Nine years, Captain. Right hand on the bar, left up and open, face fore—nothing to hide—accounted for for another night."

"Good Heavens!" said Captain Hansen.

With a swirl of her well-cut skirt she sank into her chair again. "Part I deserved; not all. They never do—not when they're young. Bad company, excitement. Nine years of hope and despair and hatred—and work. Prayed a lot at first. Then the terrible dullness that follows disillusion. Then patience—and expiation. Discharged. *Now* 'he world and all it holds. But I've seen men, the worst . them."

"But why Paolo?"

"Far away. Unknown. South Seas—all the fire and wildness I've dreamed of for nine years. I'll own a copra plantation in a year or so, and every white man on the island."

The old captain got up abruptly and walked away. Seasoned as he was, he was stirred and saddened.

At Paolo she went ashore with sparkling eyes.

The white coral horns of the atoll circled a bay as blue as the skies above. The green of tropic forests fringed it. The sunlight was blazing white over everything. Warehouses, store, palm thatched huts and Commandante's house lay blistering in it.

"It's romance, Captain!" she said stretching her arms.

"It's Hades!" he answered frowning.

But she bargained with the Commandante for a shack of her own at the forest's edge to be built immediately and stayed on the schooner until it was done—a matter of five days—while the latter loaded its evil-smelling cargo.

"How did you do it?" the captain asked. "These are *mañana* people—always tomorrow."

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "I told him I had money and a gun, and that I'd sail with you if my house was not ready by then."

"You'll do," the old man answered admiringly.

The little house had two rooms and a small veranda, and it was not thatched. It was built of boards and roofed, with solid doors and glass windows. The warehouses held such things. It nudged the forest where strange red flowers nodded round the palm boles and parrots screeched in the white noon heat. The native carpenter built her a table and the frame for a corded bed, and Captain Hansen brought two chairs from the ship and a little cupboard which had come from Holland.

At dawn next day the boat put out to sea. She stood in her new doorway and watched the little tramp round the northern horn of the atoll. "San Francisco, and civilization!" she muttered. "I'm done with both. Water to its level! I'll own copra—and men—the island itself in five years. Come on, Life. I'm ready."

The Commandante was good as the captain's word—or as bad. The beauty of the woman flattened him out like a dead jellyfish. She stood for all he had ever known thirty years back in the States, and he grovelled. His native wife looked at her with narrow black eyes as hard as anthracite.

And the woman understood them both—to her own advantage. She opened her trunk and gave the latter a white woman's dress, of red silk under black lace, and cut and combed her thick black hair until she became comely. She made friends with her to the core. The man himself she treated with veneration, baffling and impervious.

So in a matter of two weeks she was sitting pretty in Paolo, a treasure to be guarded, and three white men had come in from the plantations. There was Niggard of Lao Tee, tall and taciturn and hard as nails, owner and manager. His eyes were gimlets of interrogation. There was the Englishman from the River Basin, far gone with tropicitis as he called his degeneration with caustic humor, and there was John Smith from Grand Rapids, Michigan, formerly, but now of the biggest plantation on the island.

A decent man was Smith, honing always for his wife and children back home, but becoming rich in his hard exile.

These three, the woman met at the Commandante's—and entertained in her little house, along with the Commandante and his wife. The proprieties were observed, strictly. But Niggard tingled with what he read in her long-lashed eyes—and the Englishman babbled of things he had forgotten—and John Smith rode his mule for two days on the jungle paths getting back to his plantation, without a thought of home.

The woman was content merely to *live*. The long white days were a still delight, the nights with their sea winds singing in the palms, the same. Out of the steamer trunk she brought yards of bright silk and hung it at window and shelf, made cushions for the chairs and one big one for the floor beneath the one long picture. There were little crystal vases, too, fine and beautiful, and always they held flowers too gorgeous to seem real. She took long walks on the white coral beach and smiled at the native fisherman, who brought her offerings of fresh food and sometimes new pearls from just-opened shells. Shy folk they were, enamoured of her beauty, half worshipful. She bought canned milk from the Commandante at the store and gave it to them, a priceless delicacy.

So she built her setting.

Niggard came back to see her—openly, without apology. She received him in the same fashion. But she sat on the veranda with him in open sight of the village and the man went away in the white moonlight tight lipped and narrow eyed. To the Englishman she was just as polite, as baffling. She waited longer for John Smith. He had farther to come and he had a conscience. But she waited, and he came. From them all she got something. Quite a good deal of something. Figures, prospects, the boasting pride of progress. In their absence she compared this knowledge, and got more from the Commandante's wife. What was the biggest plantation on the island? Who owned it? Who was the best business man of them all? Were any of these white copra men married?

Alila was voluble and accurate. John Smith's was the biggest plantation. Yes, and well worked. But he did not own it all. No, there was a syndicate. River Basin was good, too, but the Englishman was a fool and a waster. It was going down. A pity since it was rich. Niggard of Lao Tee was the best business man, by far.

He was not married—not permanently. Only John Smith was married—a good man, Smith.

Yes, Alila thought she could wear the rubber girdle. Did Madam think it would really reduce her waist? If so she would wear it though it strangled her middle. The Commandante had praised her slimness, years ago. It was a pity that *poi* was so fattening!

THREE men to choose from in the island kingdom—*her* island kingdom the woman called it to herself, three men with plantations of copra.

John Smith would be the hardest to *get*, since he had stood pat so far—but he had had only island women to contend with. And he was a good man, honest eyed and earnest. There would be a kick in seeing him fall, in watching his struggle between right and wrong. She rolled her head and laughed at the fancied spectacle! The fear and excitement, tinged with horror, in his face, the lines that would come about his mouth.

The Englishman was hardly worth mentioning, personally, he was so far gone. Only the thought of his great plantation, toppling to ruin, was fascinating.

But there was Niggard of Lao Tee. Niggard was good metal, sharp, to be handled with great [*Turn to page 77*]

"CAPTAIN," SHE SAID SIMPLY, "I HAVEN'T A SOUL IN THIS ROUND, WIDE WORLD THAT BELONGS TO ME, —THAT IS, CONSCIOUSLY. I'M A DEAD WOMAN, OFFICIALLY, AND HAVE BEEN FOR NINE LONG YEARS"

TARBAU—A TRUE STORY

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

A professional gambler—and a gentleman; a rogue—yet one who refuses to use his power over a beautiful girl; a descendant of French cavaliers—and of red Indians: such a strange and contradictory mixture was Frank Tarbau. Nor was the man a mere creation of fiction, for this is a true story, and Sir Gilbert Parker came to know him in this country and became intimate with him in Australia. There Tarbau fell in love with an American girl, Alice Rahlo, who returned his love, but at Sir Gilbert's urging he broke with her, for he realized he could never bring her happiness. Tarbau is now in England, still making his living by gambling. He has not forgotten Miss Rahlo. Miss Rahlo is married but Sir Gilbert can tell, from a letter she writes to him from Virginia, that she has not forgotten Tarbau.

HER EYES FLASHED. "WONDERFUL MAN—HARD TO BEAT AT ANY GAME—MORE FRENCH THAN INDIAN AND MORE AMERICAN THAN EITHER"

IT directly concerns this tale that a few months after I had seen Tarbau last, I married. I need only say the marriage was a happy one, and time went on. Four years later, one day as my wife and I left the Hotel l'Athenée in Paris, I saw Tarbau walking in his old debonair way in front of us.

"Look—that's Tarbau!" I said to my wife and then we hurried to him.

His face was unchanged, yet over the left forehead was a scar which was not there before. He raised his hat, and smiled, and I saw a scar on his finger.

"We meet again, Tarbau. Let me present you to my wife!"

A look half shy, half confused came into his face. He was about to say no, but my wife by this time was level with us, and I presented him. He bowed, but did not speak. I saw his confusion, and I said: "Tarbau, where can we meet in an hour?"

My wife intervened. "I can do our business without your help, so go with Mr. Tarbau now," she said, and I nodded. With another close, yet apparently casual look at Tarbau, she left us.

"Where shall we go, Tarbau?"

"I was going to the Bodega on the Rue de Rivoli. It's one of the few places in Paris where I feel at home—thanks, I'd rather not go to your hotel. I've a lot to tell you, and it's better done where I feel at home."

"As you wish, Tarbau."

He smiled. "You'll keep strange company. Here you are a man of distinction, walking with a gaolbird. It might prejudice you in the sight of your friends."

"That's an old story, Tarbau, I can face it all right."

"No, it's quite new, and a very nasty business."

I did not understand, but we chatted pleasantly till we got to the Bodega. There were very few present and he took a seat away from other folk. He called for some lager beer and it was brought. As he raised the glass to drink I saw again that his hand was scarred.

"Where have you been the last few years, Tarbau?—I've lost track of you."

For a moment he looked at me without speaking, then slowly he said: "The last two years and four months, I've been in Pentonville!"

He had been in prison! "How was that?" I asked. "So, they got you at last!"

He held up his scarred hand. "Do you see that—and that?" he added, pointing to the scar on his forehead. I nodded. "Well, this is my story. Last time you saw me I was on my way to Monte Carlo to break the bank there. I didn't do it. It came mighty near breaking me. I went back to London a poorer and a wiser man. I'd have gone back almost bankrupt, but a funny thing happened. I was on my way to the railway station and I took out my watch. I had thirty minutes to spare. I said to myself, 'I'll go into the rooms and have one more try at *trente et quarante*' and I did. I had lost fifty thousand francs. I went up to a table. Taking out five thousand francs I put them down. By good luck I won. I left it and my winnings on the table and again I won. Again I left it all on the table and once more I won. Then I picked it all up and left the place. In twenty minutes I had won forty-five thousand francs. As I left the room a gentleman came to me. 'That's right,' he said, 'you took great risks, and it's good you're going. If you didn't they'd get it all back. I've lost a big fortune here and I deserved what I got. Go away and don't come back again. I'm busy losing another fortune now.'

"So I returned to London, feeling I'd had some luck after all. I meant to stick to my own game where I *was* a master, as I thought."

"You were a master all right, Tarbau—you proved that often enough."

"It all broke down at last," he continued. "I told you I had met some of the swells in the card-world in London, didn't I? Well, they got after me thick, but I held my own at least. Two of them were a dirty bad lot, far worse than old Rahlo and his friends in Sydney. I had a house in 2 Old Quebec Street, off Oxford Street. We used to play in the dining-room. On the wall were sabres and swords, Indian, native and modern—the owner of the house had been an officer of the Indian Army, and he had travelled and collected much. Well, these two ruffians had come to have revenge on me—their names were Saville and Cockburn—and I was ready for them. I meant to hold my own. So, we played and again I had the bad luck to win—but not so much. I say bad luck, for out of it all came Pentonville. I went into the next room and brought back a big pitcher of lager beer. I poured the beer into three tumblers. I did not like the look in the face of one of the two—Saville. He raised his glass and I mine. Suddenly without a word, but with a nasty hiss, he threw the tumbler at me. Up went my left hand and it caught

me on the knuckles. Then, he made a rush for the wall where were the sabres and Cockburn did the same. I was nearer and I got one down. I was always handy with the sword, having been in the Army and being half Injun, and I fought them both out into the hall and into the street. There we were all arrested."

"Yes, I remember the incident. I read it in the papers. It was startling, but your name was not given. It was the name of Bill Briscoe."

"I went by that name then I changed mine, because I knew I was dealing with a rotten lot. It caused a sensation, and in the police-station next morning I told the truth, that I'd been set upon in my own house by these fellows, had snatched swords from the wall, and in spite of my injured hand had fought them both out into the street. The magistrate said at last: 'As we have no record against you, I'm going to let you out on bail, for one thousand pounds.' A friend of mine stepped forward and put down the thousand pounds—I arranged that. So, though the others were given no bail I got out. When I got free I thought hard. Who I was would come out at the trial—that I'd been an old gambler and had won from many, and lost to only a few; and it would go hard with me. So, I sent my friend his thousand and jumped my bail. The only place where there was no extradition was the Transvaal under Kruger. And he would never give me up, even if he could, to the British whom he hated. Besides, there was a vessel going to South Africa that very day and I took passage and sailed away, leaving my two fellow-criminals in gaol. I had settled all accounts with my landlord, having paid rent in advance, and I had no other debts. So, I left at my bank in London a few thousand pounds, and away I went. I landed at Cape Town, and went as quick as I could up country, and I did not breathe freely till I got to Johannesburg. There I lived on the fat of the land and read the English papers. I read that my absence from London had been discovered about ten days after I left, and that my bail had been paid. Also, it was thought I had gone to the Transvaal, which had no extradition. They did not despair of getting me, however. I laughed. I seemed perfectly safe, and Jo'burg was a good place for my business. I could work it without fear, for money was plenty, and speculation strong. Of course, gamblers were there, but they had crude methods, and none had my gifts. So I felt safe.

"I liked the big new country where men slaved and struggled. Industry and merchandise were side by side with mad striving for gold, which every man loves. I knew if I stayed in England, I'd have got prison, for apart from the fight in Old Quebec Street, it would be proved that I was one of a gang of swindlers, and I could not trust those other scoundrels to tell the truth. Conspiracy to defraud—the same as Melbourne, and a great deal more dangerous, for Exeter Hall England would be up in arms. As it turned out, I'd have done better to have stayed!

THIS IS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANK TARBAU, THE HERO OF THIS TRUE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN ROGUE. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AFTER TARBOU ESCAPED FROM THE MASSACRE IN WHICH GENERAL CUSTER WAS KILLED

"A year went round in style. I made a lot of money and I had some good friends. The best friend I ever had was Molly Melsham, an actress. She was a good actress and she was a brick. She had her young sister, Sally, with her. She played throughout South Africa and was nearly a month in Jo'burg, playing every night. She and I were thick. She was a great-hearted girl. The night before she started I was standing before a mirror adjusting my tie, when I saw in the glass a man behind me. Then a sandbag was swung, and I went to the floor. It was a foreign detective, who had nabbed me by this filthy business. On waking I was in a train sitting in a closed compartment with two detectives opposite.

"One of them grinned sourly. 'Well, we've got you, Billy Briscoe, and good work it was—difficult, but safe, for we had friends among the railway people and the police. You'll stand your trial now, so grin and bear it, Billy Briscoe!' I made no reply. It was all too ghastly. 'Lest you should wake too soon, we gave you a dose of chloroform and it's kept you quiet till now.' I said nothing but this: 'I'm hungry. I had no dinner and I'm half-starved.' It was broad daylight, and I could see the open country round. 'We're still in the Transvaal and shall be for ten minutes, and if you shout, we'll soon stop it,' and a pistol was shown. I smiled. I was not such a fool as all that. So I sat quiet. Just beyond the border the train stopped and the window was open. It was warm weather. People were moving up and down. 'A little something to eat now, please,' I said to my captors, and they grinned. They were a coarse-grained lot. 'We have our breakfast booked on the train, and it don't matter about yours,' they said. At that moment Sally Melsham appeared, and presently she saw me. She gave a cry: 'Why Bill, it's you—Bill Briscoe, and we waited dinner a half-hour for you last night.' I did not speak, but shook my head. Then through the window she saw the detectives and guessed what had happened. Without delay, she ran back. 'Oh, Molly! Molly! Bill Briscoe's on the train.' An instant later Molly was at the door of our compartment, which she tried to open. One of the detectives opened it.

"She was very pretty, with none of the faded air of an actress, and she captivated the detectives, who recognized her. She nodded. 'Why, what's the matter, Bill?' she asked with eyes all glowing. 'I'm a prisoner,' I said. Her eyes flashed. 'Have you had breakfast?' she asked. I shook my head. 'Oh, let him come and get breakfast,' she said with a smile. 'Sorry, Miss, but we can't. He don't leave this car till he gets to Cape Town. It's all I've got to say, Miss.' She laughed. 'But you can't let a prisoner starve. It ain't decent. I'll bring him a good breakfast, and you're to pay for it,' she added nonchalantly.

"She was clever and taking and she had her way! She was gone about six minutes and she came back with a tray of as good food as I ever ate. I relished it, and they let her sit and watch me eat it. 'What's he been doing that you arrest him?' she said to the detectives. 'He'd been fighting, and defrauding and he jumped his bail in London.' 'But this isn't London. Why, there's no extradition in the Transvaal, and you'd no right to take him, now had you?' The detective laughed. 'He wasn't easy to get, so we did what we could.' Again she laughed. 'Perhaps it was the only thing you could do, but it was illegal. It's enough to make a war between England and the Transvaal. Oh, you bad men!'

"She shook a finger at them reprovingly. I saw she would help me to escape, and once she made a finger-sign to me as though to say: 'Keep your eyes open and I will help you.' Thus it was for two days. Then on the third day I was alone in the compartment, and the window was open. One detective stood in the door of the compartment looking out of the window opposite, and beside him stood Molly Melsham. With one hand behind her back she made a hasty sign to me, and with the other she pointed across the veldt to some gazelles in the distance. She was interesting the detective. I slyly rose, got on the seat, put my legs through the window, then my body, and hung for a moment by the ledge of the window. The train was not going very fast and there was no one looking out of the windows. I began to make paces with my feet, hanging by one hand, then I dropped. I landed on my feet, and I made for a bit of woods, at the side of the track and plunged into them. I broke away through the thick scrub and for the open veldt behind. I was free, but I was running away from my captors in a country where it wasn't easy to hide. Yet, I'd have a try for it, and I ran on, on, on, over the veldt, with the train out of view.

"At last I came to a village. The Boers saw me running and smiled. They knew I was a fugitive but they made no attempt to stop me. As I passed the last house in the village I saw a red-haired woman at the door and her voice said: 'Rin, ye, divil!' Then I had a sinking of heart, for I knew that Irish voice would give me away. I ran on and on till I came to a Boer house on the veldt. I went in. There was a nice motherly-looking woman in the place, and I spoke to her. She frowned. She thought I was English and she hated the English. 'I'm American,' I said, 'and the police are after me—the English police.' She understood and smiled. She knew English fairly well. 'Won't you hide me from them?' I asked and I dipped my hand in my pockets. They were empty. The detectives had taken what I had in my pockets. But I had a belt on me under my shirt, and it had gold in it. So I turned my back to her and found a few gold pieces, and held them out to her. At first she shook her head as though it was bribery, and then she took two pieces. 'For luck!' she said, and bit one and put them both in her pocket. 'I'd help you for noding 'gainst the English, no matter what you've done, and so my hoosban too when he comes. There's little cave where you can hide. You can be safe long as you like. It's do us goot to beat the English bolice. They're slim gang, but yes!'

[*Turn to page 88*]

"PRESENTLY THE VOICE CALLED DOWN: 'COME UP, BILL BRISCOE.' I KNEW IF I DID NOT I SHOULD BE FIRED AT IN THE CAVE, SO I CRAWLED OUT"

"And You've Beaten Destiny?"—"To A Frazzle . . . I'm The Family Skeleton, I'm A Shop Girl"

A POOR MAN'S COTTAGE

BY LEIGH MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIUS HICKS

SPRING was late that year, but on the first Sunday in April there was no doubt that she had remembered and was hurrying into the city on a breath of south wind. If Spring had reached the city, she had passed through the country in her coming. Filled with the restless, wondering yearning, Violet Gibbs slung on her coat, pulled her little hat over the dark violet of her eyes, and started forth to find that half-glad thing that the south wind whispered was somewhere, now—for everyone.

Many people, bound on the same search, looked at Violet Gibbs, in the trolley that bore her out and further out, toward brown hills rolling to meet a misty horizon. If they had known her name was Violet Gibbs, what would they have thought her? A show girl? A shop girl? That's what she loved to call herself—a shop girl. That she had achieved what she wanted to be, was perhaps why her small white face, her shadowed blue eyes, and the little points of black hair that lay forward on her cheeks, her little body, folded into its soft dark coat, her small hands, lying gloveless all looked so quiet. Perhaps it was content—that passivity—perhaps just tiredness; the tiredness of a shop girl on a Sunday. But looking at her, and not knowing her name, no one took her for a tired shop girl. Some one *interesting*, they thought, vaguely, and wished those dark, shadowed eyes would fix, and bring expression, life, *tell* something.

They fixed finally upon the man down by the door; the man in rather shabby tweeds, a rather shabby brown felt hat, and crutches lying against his shoulder. From the crutches her eyes travelled to his face, beautiful, moulded and firm, and golden brown as the sun came through the window and touched his hair and his cheeks. A little boy's face, become a man's, with a nose that had once been snub, and still turned up; a mouth that had once turned up, but was set now in a grim line that turned down.

"Oo-oo-oo!" said Violet Gibbs to herself, that indrawn sound of a wince. "Hopeless. Nothing to live for! A sun god under a cloud!" And the expression and life that came into her face told that she understood—no end of things, and laughed at them all, very gently, and pitied.

At the end of the car line she had to wait for the man to struggle up onto his crutches, struggle through the doorway, and down the steps—the whole lower half of his tall body hanging useless, dragged on its way by the strength of his powerful arms. It came as a shocking surprise. She hadn't expected anything quite as awful as that, and from the awkwardness of him, she knew more: that he hadn't always been like that.

As he lurched himself forward, she passed him, and passing him, looked up and smiled—out of her fund of understanding, she looked up and smiled. But he wouldn't see her.

"What *will* he see," thought Violet Gibbs, "of all the wonderfulness? The sky and bare branches—that precious brook, racing like mad—and the hills like Autumn for just a minute more, before they're like nothing else but Spring? Oo-*oo*, you poor little feller," thought Violet Gibbs, climbing the soft, muddy road, up the first of the hills toward a misty horizon, "they took your legs, and they took *everything*, did they? When there's so much left!"

At the first glimpse of a path, she struck into the woods, but there were others before her, and [*Turn to page 68*]

A Shadow Passed Between Them. Murillo Stood There, Having Padded The Length Of The Terrace

Thrills and dangers—and love—crowd themselves fast into the life of this man who had only six months to live.

The dream that HAPPENED

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

GIVEN six months to live, Peter King—a London clerk—sloughed off his former drab existence and stepped out with his meagre savings to roam the continent, a free soul doomed to a certain death. Before the day was over he had saved Carey Mills in a motor jam, dined and kissed her—only to lose her when she repulsed him and disappeared. Attracted by Peter's devil-may-care indifference, Major Lake offered him the risk of undertaking a blind and dangerous mission to Persia. For six weeks he was to impersonate Sir Heriot Mayo of His Majesty's secret service—six weeks of luxurious living before the end, Peter thought. He agreed. Properly coached, and warned by Lake to forget the mysterious Carey Mills, Peter boarded the yacht to find a strange and beautiful girl awaiting him.

THE girl stood looking at him, her whole face lighted up with a look no man could mistake. Peter's amazement and confusion kept him exactly where he was, as if he had taken root. When he looked back upon the scene afterwards, in the silence of his own cabin, he saw that this had been without doubt the best course he could have taken, for his frozen attitude checked the girl's unsteady feet, as she first wavered towards him, and then fell back.

"Heriot!" she said again uncertainly and timorously.

The new play-acting instinct pulled Peter together, as the saloon steward came in with the soup. So he merely moved forward with an impassive face, and indicated the girl's chair, standing by it until she was seated. Then he sat down, and returned her long, full look. The steward left the saloon.

"You're angry?" she murmured. "I've taken you by surprise. I *know* you're angry."

He picked up his cue. Then this was no plan of Sir Heriot's. "You shouldn't have done it," he replied decisively.

"No one knows," she faltered, crumbling her toast. He glanced down at her small hand, and saw it tremble. Suddenly moved by his play-acting impulse he put his own over it, and felt it damp and very cold. She was frightened. Driven by some urgency to do what she had done, she was yet frightened as a lost child.

He squeezed her fingers reassuringly and was unprepared for the flood of light that flashed into her fair little face.

"You be careful," he admonished himself.

"Oh, Heriot," was all she could murmur.

"Eat your soup," he said decisively. "We can't talk about it during dinner. Afterwards we'll go up on deck and you can tell me."

But she did talk about it during dinner, in soft, impassioned snatches, whenever the steward was absent from the saloon. "No one knows, really and truly, Heriot. Even Mother didn't suspect anything. They had packed me off to Switzerland to Moira's. You remember Moira, don't you?"

"No," said truthful Peter.

"You're so busy—you can't remember all sorts of nobodies. George didn't suspect a thing. He didn't tell you I was here?"

He shook his head.

"I took a chance," she hurried on. "I simply came aboard with my luggage, and said you were putting me off at Tangier, where I was going to stay with Lady Hartly. But she has gone, only of course George isn't to know that, poor darling. I just took possession of my cabin, the same one I had when Mother and I—" Her eyes grew reminiscent.

"How you and Mother quarreled that time!"

"I never could really get on with your mother," said

Peter, feeling this was a natural thing to say.

"No, you always used to say to her, 'Aunt Eleanor, you're half a man.' And how she hated to have you say it."

"Aunt Eleanor is half a man," said Peter, taking his cue calmly.

"But I haven't told you—" faltered the girl.

"No," he said judicially, "you haven't told me."

"Oh, Heriot, don't be angry! Just now you were so sweet to me—when you held my hand like that—"

"Oh, heavens," said Peter, to himself.

"But when I knew you were back from Uganda, and weren't coming to see us, I didn't know what to do. Mother was awful about it. She said, 'I won't have Heriot Mayo in the house. You're cousins, and he's fifteen years older than you are.' As if that mattered, Heriot. She called it an absurd infatuation. Think of it. That was how she put it."

The girl looked at him with eyes of blind adoration, so that for the moment Peter's heart swelled and his nerves tingled. But he reminded himself, "This is Heriot Mayo's girl. And I've got to play the game by him as well as by her."

"Go on," he nodded.

"I rang up Guy Lake, and asked him to ask me to lunch. When I saw him I asked him about you, and he said: 'Oh, yes, Heriot's back, and just off for a trip on the yacht to rest after his labors.' I got out of him all I needed to know."

"Fancy you getting that much out of old Lake," said Peter thoughtfully, for Lake had presented to him what he considered the most impenetrable mask of any man he had ever seen. Another thought struck him. "Was this part of Lake's bewildering plot?"

"Lake didn't know you were coming?" She shook her head.

"I wonder he told you all that," Peter considered briefly.

"Well," she urged, "there was no secret about a pleasure voyage, was there? This isn't one of your dark adventures, Heriot, those dark adventures I'm so desperately jealous of, if you only knew how awfully jealous." With one finger she stroked the back of his hand gently.

Presently Peter asked carefully, "What do you expect me to do with you?"

She looked at him slowly, a wave of color over her face. "Ask me presently up on the deck, when it's dark."

She must have taken the admiration in Peter's eyes for the love she expected, for after a moment she glanced away, and he saw on her lips a quivering smile of joy.

Peter was thinking fast. "This adorable young thing has pretty well mixed up matters. What would Lake say? What would Heriot Mayo say? Not to mention her other friends and relatives. And I can't tell her a word of the truth. I suppose," he suddenly decided. "Lake told her about this cruise because he wants to advertise it. Naturally he does." Then he saw that she had laid her cigarette case beside her cover, a small case of plain gold, and he took it up idly. He saw the name "Blanche" engraved upon it. Her eyes lighted again as she saw him take it up; her smile was sweet and shy.

"I always use it," she whispered.

"Do you, Blanche?" he asked tenderly, as he put it back. "One of my presents, I suppose," he thought.

Presently, they went up on deck, she with a sable cape over her chiffons, and they walked forward, leaned over the rail, and watched the cleavage of the yacht through the shimmer of moonbeams on the water. It was a heavenly night, a little cold, but starlit. Blanche snuggled against him.

And She Had No Jewels
Save Her Strange Beauty

Mystified though he still was he felt her radiating happiness like flame.

"Now tell me," he commanded, when he had answered her silent invitation by taking her small hand in his own.

"Be nice to me," said Blanche eagerly.

Peter King wondered exactly what to do next. And somehow in that moment he sensed that Heriot Mayo had also had his wonderings as to what to do in the matter of Blanche. For he was fifteen years older, it appeared, and they were cousins. Blanche was very young—surely not more than nineteen, and probably the slave of her impulses, blinded probably by her girlish admiration for an heroic figure. All this Peter figured out to himself, as he held that warm hand in his, as she implored him to be nice.

In a few moments Peter made up his mind, and, as after events proved he made it well. He lifted the babyish hand and kissed it.

"That's about the limit of my niceness on this cruise, Blanche," he heard himself say firmly.

"But Heriot," she implored softly, "why? I know you're so strong, Heriot. You're so calm and wise. You were so very quiet when you first saw me at dinner tonight. I know you've always said you wouldn't help me make up my mind, nor persuade me—and we haven't written very often—but oh, dearest, we haven't changed, have we? You sent me that lovely skin the minute you got home—and your message: 'Wait a bit.' But I couldn't wait a bit, so I got hold of Guy Lake, and here I am. You see, I do know my own mind—I've known it since I was sixteen, Heriot. And so have you. So, now, I've come to you, risking everything—"

"Yes, you've risked everything. I'm glad you realize it," said Peter, but for the life of him he could not harden his voice.

"I thought—"

"What did you think?" he asked, moved to sudden emotion by this lovely child's agitation.

"I thought," she went whispering on, "that when you knew I was here, we'd have to—"

"Get married," finished Peter, appalled at her innocent plot.

She laughed a low triumphant laugh. "My boats are burned, Heriot. There's no one you can leave me with in Tangier. You couldn't explain me for one thing. But at Tangier—or somewhere—we can get married. And the rest of the cruise can be your honeymoon trip, and to the dickens with Mother!"

Little though he knew of the lady, Peter too felt a joyous natural instinct to send Aunt Eleanor to the dickens. But he kept calm, spoke quietly and held Blanche's hand quietly in his warm clasp.

"Blanche, you've got to take my word for it, my dear, that we cannot possibly get married on this cruise."

She turned her head, so close to him that waves of her hair were blown by the wind against his face, and stared at him.

"Why not?"

"There are big reasons, Blanche."

"You're on a job? This is one of the adventures?"

"If you like to put it like that. I must just trust you with that much knowledge," said Peter, feeling his way along the situation with difficulty. "You've not only jeopardized your reputation, you've put me in a tremendous quandary."

"Oh, Heriot! What shall I do?"

"Take my orders."

"I'll take 'em blind," said Blanche simply. And he guessed at a high courage hidden in her.

"I can't put you off anywhere on your own, and I can't let you be seen for the

[*Turn to page 34*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

ALFRED STIEGLITZ
(Photo by Paul Strand)

THE ART OF THE MONTH

ALFRED STIEGLITZ
THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHOTOGRAPHER

BY WALDO FRANK

LET us consider art: not art of yesterday or of dead worlds, but art of the world we live in—art as a vital experience of that world, and above all, as the promise and the challenge of what may be the world we shall live in tomorrow. That is an ambitious subject and a hard one. And for long I have pondered on some suitable way to introduce it. I think I have found it. As an introduction to these monthly pages on art, I shall speak of a man who has never claimed to be an artist; of a man who, so far as I know, has never tried to paint a picture. That's a paradox, I believe. And if we understand it, if we understand why I am beginning this series of discussions about modern art with the portrait of a man who is *not* an artist, but who *is* a man, I think we shall be nearer a comprehension of what modern art is, and of what it is to *us*, than all the highbrow theories of aesthetics in the world could give us.

What most folks—chiefly the "intellectuals" and the men who call themselves "artists" and "art-lovers"—overlook is, that art is a vital part of life. Now, if you try to define life where are you? Before you know it, you're lost in a chaos of abstractions about which the one thing you can surely say is that they're dead. Life is too vast and mysterious and profound for pretty definitions. You can define a table or a milk-bottle or a dress. But if anyone asks you what *life* is, the wisest thing that you can do is to forget abstractions, to distrust definitions, and point to a child or a tree or a sunset. "I don't know what life *is*," you will be saying, "but here it is—there—everywhere."

Now art is not like a table or a dress: it is much more like a child. Art is essentially life. The relation of the maker of art to art is analogous to the relation of the parent to the child. The creation and function and processes of art are so close to the birth and ways of life itself, that the wise man will avoid all abstract definitions. He will say: "If you want to know about life, experience it. If you want to know about art, experience it too. Live the one and live the other. I cannot teach you what life is. The best I can do is to help you to find it and to take it. I cannot with all the books in the world teach you what art is. The most I can do is to direct [*Turn to page 107*]

WALDO FRANK
(Photo by Paul Strand)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

BLACK APRIL
BY JULIA PETERKIN

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

MRS. JULIA PETERKIN
(Photo by Manning)

MRS. Julia Peterkin collected and published a group of South Carolina stories in 1924 under the title of *Green Thursday*. I remember putting away my review copy carefully, with the conviction that *Green Thursday* was a first edition worth the keeping. The book apart from the superb artistry and grace of the writing had a downright strength in the reflection of a writer's personality that is given only to first-rate work.

I wrote two reviews of *Green Thursday* for the *New York World*, and beat the drum for Mrs. Peterkin with great gusto. I made inquiries, and learned that she was sponsored by H. L. Mencken, prince of drum-majors, who was loudly thumping his great tub at Baltimore for a new and brilliant addition to the list of women in American fiction. It was said that Mrs. Peterkin was the mistress of a great lonely plantation in South Carolina. The people of *Green Thursday* were the Negro farm hands of the place.

Far from being honored for her writing, the author had been condemned by several clubs of South Carolina women. One lady of social prominence had even advised at a state gathering that Julia Peterkin be cut dead despite her aristocratic antecedents. Now a woman who writes a sensational book may easily call down the wrath of other women. But Mrs. Peterkin's work was that of an artist in prose. It was far from sensational. I cherished my first edition even more dearly. Surely the signs pointed to genius.

* * *

Mrs. Peterkin is in the Spring list with a novel that affirms all the faith of her sponsors. It, too, is a story of plantation life in the South Carolina lowlands. It is called *Black April* and deals with simple folk. Once again there is the great strength of writing that is rarely captured in fiction. Mrs. Peterkin writes of birth and death, hunger and fear, mystery and passion. Concerned with a Negro dialect as rich and as mellow as that of [*Turn to page 132*]

THE EX-KAISER
(Wide World Photo)

THE LATE WOODROW WILSON
(© Photo Harris & Ewing)

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

TEN YEARS AFTER

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE
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WHEN the United States declared war against Germany on April 6th, 1917, there was no prophet to foretell the condition in which we find ourselves today.

We embarked on our great adventure with characteristic enthusiasm and with high enterprise. We threw our potential resources into the maelstrom with no ulterior motives. With the spirit of Crusaders we undertook to "make the world safe for democracy," and made "war to end war." The magnitude of our preparations, the radiant valor of our troops, the noble purposes with which we set forth, made a profound impression upon our allies and upon the neutrals as well. A new Sir Galahad had entered the lists, and we were acclaimed as the savior of civilization.

For a brief exhilarating moment we stood at the apex of the world and the Stars and Stripes became the symbol of liberty and justice. Long deferred hopes stirred in the hearts of subjugated peoples in many lands, and self determination seemed no longer an idle dream. Candles were lighted in temples and shrines in honor of an American President, and Woodrow Wilson became the acknowledged spokesman for the major portion of mankind. No one had ever reached a position so potent, and expectations ran far beyond the possible accomplishment of mortal man.

This fever of hope ran riot when the Armistice came, and reached its zenith at the Conference for Peace which followed. Then slowly, but surely, it began to recede. The foundation of the structure had begun to crumble before it was noticed, and well informed observers believe that the Congressional elections in November, 1918, started the erosion. At those elections, be it remembered, President Wilson asked for a Democratic Congress. What he said in his address to the voters was all quite true. The things he predicted should an unfriendly Congress be returned actually occurred. His mistake was political and in no way a lack of judgment. Had he asked the country to disregard politics and return a Congress favorable to America's war aims, be the candidates Republicans or Democrats, he would have had, in all probability, a secure majority. Nevertheless, these elections were the turning point in our [*Turn to page 130*]

SOUP

for the home luncheon

"WHAT shall we have for luncheon?" Thousands of housewives are daily faced with this troublesome and often vexing problem. Breakfast and dinner require careful planning and providing also, but they are more definite meals which the housewife does not find so puzzling. On the other hand, luncheon (and supper, too) are more in the nature of "off-meals" for which it is often difficult to know the most appropriate food to serve. Sufficient nourishment must be supplied to act as the carry-over to the more substantial meals. And the appetite, too, is apt to be more capricious and less easy to attract at such "in-between" times.

SOUP—well-made, hot, nourishing, delicious soup—is the ideal answer to this problem. The following unsolicited letter is just one of the many proofs we receive of the universal use of soup for luncheon.

"I am glad to write my praise of Campbell's Soups, all of which I believe are the best on the market.

"I have begun using them more the past year, and find that one can of vegetable, vegetable-beef, pea, or any of the other varieties, makes a very nourishing and healthful luncheon for myself and two young children. One needs very little other food in addition, and you feel that the children are getting what they need also.

"I find that one can buy them more reasonably at the nearby grocers, by getting from three to a dozen cans. When you have these in the house, you feel prepared for a quick lunch or any emergency. I have always found them uniform in quality and quantity."

HOT, invigorating soup has just the required temptation to the appetite at the midday or evening meal. Soup is nourishing and healthfully stimulating, with a generous quantity of the nutriment so important in the meal where it is made the principal dish. And convenience! What a boon that is in the middle of a busy, bustling day—or at the end of it, when one is so likely to be tired out. The good soups you are accustomed to buy at the store are already blended and cooked by famous French chefs, and there's practically nothing left for you to do but serve them!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

NOW.. Kellogg's Corn Flakes and–

Strawberries

A TREAT of double goodness! Luscious ripe berries and the crispest, crunchiest corn flakes you ever tasted! Corn flakes flavored in Kellogg's own matchless way!

Serve Kellogg's with milk or cream. For lunch or dinner, as well as breakfast. For the kiddies' evening meal. Extra delicious with fresh or canned fruits added—or honey.

Kellogg's are the world's most popular corn flakes. Sold by grocers everywhere. Served at hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars. More than 11,000,000 people demand them daily.

Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder-flavor. Demand the genuine—Kellogg's —and get the original corn flakes!

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep, Krumbles and New Oata. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

THESE YOUTH
By Rev. Oswald W. S. McCall, D. D.

Reviewed By
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

Rev. Oswald W. S. McCall, D. D.

DR. McCALL is one of the most picturesque and winsome preachers on the Pacific Coast. An Australian by birth, he is still a young man, and is as popular in the City Temple in London as he is in the University city of California, where he has an extraordinary command of the confidence and admiration of the community. In an unusual degree he unites, alike in his books and in his sermons, the winged spirit of the poet and the moral passion of a prophet.

Living in the midst of throngs of students, Dr. McCall knows young people, loves them, and has the knack of preaching to them. In the sermon here reviewed he takes for his text the words in the prophecy of Daniel:—"Now, these four youths"—meaning Daniel and his three friends who refused to bow down to the foul gods of Babylon. It is a thrilling appeal to the young people of our generation not to drift with the brainless crowd, but to set up standards and have the stamina to stand by them at any cost.

These four young men were not pale-blooded pietists; they were men of character and moral principle sifted from the common herd by natural moral selection. They were not "stupidly good," as Milton said of Satan when for a moment he drew near the Garden of Eden. They felt all the fascination and wild appeal of Babylon, and stood out against it in behalf of the faith of their fathers. Anybody can go with the gang; anybody can obey the doctrine, "Everybody's doing it." It takes courage, character and gumption to be a leader in decency. [*Turn to page 132*]

Guglielmo Ferrero

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE Twentieth Century has its leaders in religion, in speculative thought, in art, poetry, music, no less than the Nineteenth; but thanks to the diffusion of popular education of which the Nineteenth Century was the parent, these leaders have often to contend with a number of other figures whose work is better adapted for immediate understanding than theirs, though it rests upon flimsier foundations of intellectual research. Take the question of the historian, for example. There is no doubt that the most popular writer of history of the present day is Mr. H. G. Wells. His *Outline of History* becomes merely the record of a many-sided mind which deals with facts as if they were subjects for arousing enthusiasm or [*Turn to page 130*]

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

THE FIRE BRIGADE
Directed by William Nigh

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Charles Ray, Firefighter

I DON'T know just what are the ambitions of the average little girl; possibly she dreams of the day when she will be prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House, or the proprietress of a prosperous chain of tea shops, or the first grandmother to swim the English Channel, or Governor of Texas.

The none too secret ambition of every little boy, however, is simple: he hopes and intends to be a fireman. It transcends even the profession of arms in heroic qualities; it offers opportunities for spectacular bravery in the fiercest and noblest battle of all.

This is as it should be. The fireman appeals to the most primitive instincts in all of us, for he is pitted against the one element which *homo sapiens*, with all his scientific ingenuity, has never been able to conquer. In a war, there is always something to be said for both sides—and the soldier can never be entirely certain that he is struggling for the right. But when fire breaks out, and men go forth to subdue it, there is no doubt as to where one's sympathy should be placed. Nor can any International Court compel the fireman's enemy to disarm.

For these reasons, *The Fire Brigade*, in substance, is a picture at which the most hardened spectator can weep or cheer without shame. It deals with the most heroic subject imaginable; what is more, it deals with it in an intelligent and superlatively dramatic manner.

The story tells of a family of *O'Neills*, all of whom have been distinguished members of the fire [*Turn to page 132*]

It's As Exciting As Any Battle Scene When All These Fire Brigades Swing Into Action

Of Course, There's Also A Love Theme In The Thrilling Film, "The Fire Brigade"

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

A GRAND OPERA BY TWO AMERICANS

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

WHAT, for instance," said the Worried Reviewer to the editors of McCall's, "would you consider the musical event of *this* month?"

"The Metropolitan Opera Company's production of *The King's Henchman*, the new American opera by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay," they replied.

"But," objected the W. R., "how in—I mean, how can I review my own opera?"

"That," they said politely but firmly, "is your affair."

Suppose we begin with the facts, which have the merit of being undeniable and safely impersonal, before venturing into the more perilous fields of opinion and speculation. These facts are, in the main, that *The King's Henchman* was produced on Thursday evening, February 17th, 1927, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, under the conductorship of Tullio Serafin, with a large cast, almost every member of which spoke English as his or her native tongue. For the first time, therefore, an American audience heard an American opera sung in English with no trace of foreign accent. This feature of the performance was particularly valuable, inasmuch as the scene of the opera is laid in 10th century England, and its language is Anglo-Saxon English (that is, English whose roots antedate the Norman conquest.)

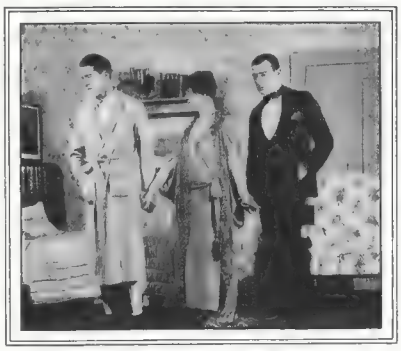
The plot is a new treatment of the immemorial triangle. *Eadgar of Wessex*, King of England, sends his friend and foster-brother, *Aethelwold*, to visit *Aelfrida*, daughter of the *Thane of Devon*, with orders to bring her back to be his queen if her beauty be as great as rumor reports it to be. *Aethelwold* and *Aelfrida* meet in a forest, each unaware of the other's identity, and fall desperately in love. When

EARLE LARIMORE AND MARGALO GILLMORE, WHO ARE ENGAGED BUT UNHAPPY

Aethelwold does learn who *Aelfrida* is, his love proves stronger than his loyalty to his friend. Accordingly, he sends word to *Eadgar* that the maiden is not worthy to be queen of England, and marries her himself. Later, word comes to *Aethelwold*, living in Devonshire, that the king plans to visit him. Terrified, he confesses his deceit to *Aelfrida*, and begs her to save him by making herself ugly and pretending to be ill. Reluctantly she prepares to obey her husband, but when *Eadgar* does arrive her vanity is too much for her, and she appears before the king in her finest gown, looking radiantly beautiful. *Eadgar* is heart-broken by his friend's treachery, and *Aethelwold*, realizing that he has lost love as well as honor, stabs himself.

When it comes to giving a description and estimate of the music as heard in performance, I am in a quandary. Anyone who undertakes to comment upon his own work must necessarily divide himself into two people—the author and the critic. And while as B, the critic, I am ready and willing to write copiously about the score, I am severely handicapped by the meagre account of it that I am able to get out of A, the author.

A, so he tells me, entered the Metro- [*Turn to page 108*]



MOTHER AND SONS — THE PROBLEM PRESENTED IN SIDNEY HOWARD'S PLAY

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

THE SILVER CORD

BY SIDNEY HOWARD

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

EVERY other week when the new repertory system of the Theater Guild alternates *Ned McCobb's Daughter* with *The Silver Cord* you hear a murmur of discussion in John Golden's Theater such as is nowhere else on Broadway. People in the audience are asking one another if this is true as the dramatist says: Are there all over these United States mothers like this one in the play, mothers who drain the lives of their sons, who are jealous of every tie they make and who try for nothing but to bind their sons to them? You hear cases cited, stories told, debates and arguments. This is only another way of saying that no play of the season has proved itself so provocative as *The Silver Cord* is to its audiences, especially to women.

The production does much to carry the play to success. The acting is always competent and in some of the parts so good that any dramatist might think his play fortunate and blessed to have it. Miss Laura Hope Crews and Miss Gillmore are especially good. Miss Crews as the mother plays with wonderful shading and subtlety, with wit and good sense. Miss Margalo Gillmore as the fiancée, achieves a very convincing and moving portrayal of a complex and well drawn character.

But what does the provocative attraction of this new play by the author of *They Knew* [*Turn to page 130*]

HERE IS THE MARRIED COUPLE, PLAYED BY ELLIOT CABOT AND ELIZABETH RISDON

The NEWS EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

CHARLOTTE, EMPRESS OF MEXICO

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING

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THE recent death in Belgium of an old woman who had been mad for more than half a century has recalled to many a romantic episode which in point of time belongs to the nineteenth century but which might more appropriately have taken place in the sixteenth. Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, Princess of Belgium, bride of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, sister-in-law of the late Emporer Francis Joseph, had led a comparatively uneventful life until at the age of twenty-six she accompanied her husband to Mexico.

Charlotte probably understood very little of the motives of that wily politician, Napoleon III, who inspired the adventure. To the new Empress it must have meant little more than the opportunity to found a new dynasty for which at the moment there was no room in Europe. At any rate, it is said that she urged Maximilian to stay in Mexico City when the French troops were withdrawn, believing that she, by her personal appeals could find the necessary military assistance in Europe.

The story of the House of Hapsburg in the nineteenth century is not a happy one, but it surely contains no more pitiful episodes than the death of the brave and impulsive Maximilian before a firing squad at Queretaro and the discovery of the proud and obstinate Charlotte wandering demented in the streets of Rome.

Maximilian's death was principally due to the fact that the United States would not tolerate the extension of the European political system with its tortuous dynastic intrigues to this continent because we saw in such a system a menace to our own institutions. And whatever pathos may attach

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW CLASH IN "THE SILVER CORD"

to the fate of Maximilian and his consort, there can be very little doubt that American policy was sound in refusing to recognize their fantastic claims to an empire in Mexico.

But it is still more interesting to note that on this occasion we supported what were the true desires of the Mexican people and eventually enabled them to escape from foreign domination. It was a generous and honest policy which makes our present bullying and our constant threats of intervention seem unworthy. Surely it is a debasement of all our own principles with respect to the dignity and independence of the separate states in this hemisphere when we attempt to dictate to Mexico what shall be the nature of her constitution on the plea that the property rights of a handful of American business men may suffer if her government does not follow exactly the lines of our own. Napoleon III justified his intervention by referring to a virtual bankruptcy declared by the Mexican Congress. It is not pleasant to realize that we should not have as strong an argument as his, and that our protest would be directed not so much at whatever political party happened to control the Mexican Congress as at the right of the Mexican people to formulate their own constitution.

Now try
THIS NEW, COMPLETE WOODBURY *Facial*
FOR SEVEN DAYS

See how quickly your skin will respond—each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful

Follow these three simple steps for one week —you will actually see your skin responding:

1 Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.

2 With a clean soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then finish with a dash of cold water or a small piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.

3 And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.

AFTER ALL, there is no secret in having a radiantly beautiful complexion. It is the result of but one thing—proper daily care, absolute cleanliness of the pores as well as the surface of the skin.

But, "proper daily care"—what is it, *exactly?*

Your facial masseuse will tell you that it is the faithful use of cold cream. Your physician will recommend pure soap and water.

Really, both are right, for one cleanser supplements the other.

And now, in the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, the use of these two essential cleansers is combined in one treatment.

First, Woodbury's Cold Cream, a cleansing cream that melts at skin temperature, reaching every pore, softening and loosening embedded dust and dirt particles. Then, Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its mild, creamy lather, dissolving away the soiled cream that remains in the pores, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores. And finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—smooth and greaseless —leaving the skin cool and refreshingly moist.

That is the new Woodbury *Facial*, approved by leading authorities . . . Just three simple steps, yet so thoroughly effective that you, in your own home, can obtain the same results that you would expect from the best beauty salons.

You need only Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams prepared especially for use with it—obtainable at your drug store or toilet goods counter. And from the very first, you can actually *feel* the difference in your skin. The result of absolute cleanliness—a complexion each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful.

WRITE today for a trial set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments. Notice, from day to day, the improvement in the texture of your skin. After the first week, use the complete *Facial* once or twice a week, keeping your skin clear and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake.

Begin at once to give your skin the proper daily care it needs. Send now for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

THE *generous trial set contains enough of the Woodbury Facial Soap and Creams for seven new Complete Woodbury* Facials. *Send the coupon for yours today.*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1509 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of The New Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.—1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

TRY *this new complete Woodbury* Facial *for one week. After your first treatment, you will feel the healthy glow of the awakened, stimulated skin. Use it regularly thereafter and you, too, will have the charm of "A skin you love to touch."*

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Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

CHICKEN, LIGHT MEAT *And* DARK *As Our* McCALL READERS SAY THEY LIKE *It* BEST

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

WE told you that we would get inspiration for months to come from your letters about your family's favorite dinner, and so we are! One of the things which impressed us most in reading them was that so many of you have your own chickens. And you serve them in so many delicious ways!

After we had finished reading your letters, we were so hungry for chicken we began right away to work out some chicken dishes of our own. Spring is the season for chickens, so this month we are giving you the results of our experiments. Each recipe will make six or more servings. We wish we could give you all the recipes we tried, but we haven't space. From time to time, we will slip them into the Laboratory Page. If there is any special chicken dish for which you would like to have a recipe, write us and let us know.

We learned long ago that Chicken à la King is a popular party dish with you and although we have given you the recipe for it, we are giving you an interesting variation of it this month in Chicken Shortcakes. You will like them to serve at luncheon or supper or at an afternoon or evening party. For a summer party, there is nothing more delicious or refreshing than Jellied Chicken Loaf. You don't have to wait until hot weather, though, to try it!

Fried Chicken and Chicken Salad are so universally popular we are not giving you recipes for them, for we are sure you must have your own favorite recipes.

CURRIED CHICKEN

Dress, clean and cut up a 5-pound fowl. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, adding ½ tablespoon salt to water when chicken is partly done. Remove chicken from stock, cool and remove meat from bones in rather large pieces. There should be about 4 cups of meat. Allow stock to cool, then remove fat. Use stock to make Curry Sauce by recipe below. Re-heat chicken in sauce and serve on platter with mound of rice in center. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley. Serve with chutney, if desired.

CURRY SAUCE

4 tablespoons shortening
6 tablespoons flour
½ tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups chicken stock

Melt shortening. Add flour, curry powder, salt and pepper and mix well. Add chicken stock slowly and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add extra seasoning, if desired. Combine with chicken and serve. Lamb or veal curry can be made, if preferred, using lamb or veal stock in sauce instead of chicken.

For a Spring luncheon in the Laboratory-Kitchen we serve Curried Chicken with rice

CHICKEN A LA SUISSE

4 or 5 pound fowl
Salt
Pepper
Flour
Shortening
1 green pepper, chopped fine
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 cups water
1 cup cooked or canned tomato

Dress, clean, singe and disjoint fowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour, rubbing flour well into each piece. Melt shortening in heavy frying pan and fry fowl in it until a delicate brown. Add green pepper, onion, water and tomato. Cover and cook slowly about 2 hours or until fowl is tender. Remove to platter, thicken stock with flour mixed to smooth paste with a little water, add extra seasoning if desired and pour over chicken.

CHICKEN SOUFFLE

1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
Few drops onion juice
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup minced chicken
3 egg whites

Melt shortening. Add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Remove from fire and add beaten egg yolks.

Add onion juice, parsley and chicken to the sauce. Cool. One half hour before time to serve, fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking-dish. Bake in pan of hot water in moderate oven (350° F) ½ hour. Serve immediately to prevent falling.

CHICKEN SHORTCAKES

5 pound chicken
¼ pound mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
4 cups chicken stock
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 pimiento, chopped
1 egg or 2 egg yolks

Dress, clean and cut up chicken. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, adding ½ tablespoon salt to water when chicken is partly done. Remove chicken from stock, cool and remove meat from bones in rather large pieces. Peel and slice mushrooms and sauté in butter. Heat chicken stock, add flour mixed to smooth paste in little cold water and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add salt, pepper, paprika, chicken, pimiento, and sautéd mushrooms. Heat thoroughly over boiling water.

Just before the time comes for serving, add egg, slightly beaten. Have ready individual shortcakes made from baking-powder biscuit dough. Split and butter them while hot. Arrange on platter or individual plates with hot chicken mixture between and on top.

Garnish each of the individual shortcakes with a sautéd mushroom cap or with a sprig of parsley. Serve at once. You will find this a delightful change. [*Turn to page 44*]

Margot Asquith writes on

Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, *now* COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH *has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.*

"AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. And even if there were no people in the world, but merely the beasts and birds, the same desire would be found among them for personal adornment.

"Self-improvement — whether moral, intellectual or physical — is the first, and I might say, the last lesson of life. It is part of the work-day of life. To love and be loved is its holiday.

"The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, and triumphant, is part of your equipment for that day, and is prompted by a desire to love and be loved."

The French say, "la beauté inutile"

"The French talk of 'la beauté inutile,' for which we have no English equivalent. It means that even beauty—poor in setting, and devoid of charm—can lose its uses. But we have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. I can only speak for myself. A dingy complexion will spoil the prettiest face in the world for me, but, fortunately, most of us, if we take enough trouble, can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

"Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

"You do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

This quaint Elizabethan barn on her country estate is used by Lady Oxford as a study

The COUNTESS *of* OXFORD *and* ASQUITH

"Margot," daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring wit and her intimate acquaintance with the personable of every land

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith has a very dignified town house at No. 44 Bedford Square, London. This photograph shows a view of the drawing room with its high ceiling, its wonderful chandelier of crystal and ormolu, its classic mantel and a wealth of books, paintings and comfortable overstuffed chairs. Here the brilliant and distinguished of London gather.

"I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting, I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands."

Can a Woman of Thirty Upset a Man's Heart?

"Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a woman's age. You were considered a failure if you did not marry before you were twenty-five—when I came out.

"And to suggest that a woman of thirty could retain sufficient physical attraction to upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

"Now you see proficiency at golf, tennis, skating, riding, fishing and shooting in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions. The individual should rely upon herself to guard against the dangers of the unavoidable exposure that accompanies all modern pursuits. For even if you like it—which I do not — you cannot rouge or use make up upon a rough skin.

"I have used Pond's Creams for years and years and even if I had been beautiful I could not have found healthier or more cooling preparations.

"My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!"

Margot Oxford

HOW Pond's Creams should be used: *Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night* and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every daytime cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and is protection from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, "cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind."

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. S
111 Hudson Street, New York City

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Street _____

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Lady Oxford's dressing table—unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams bear witness to her distinguished taste

When Parents Fail

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THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop halfway? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"

NO. IV

BELINDA

Illustrated with a portrait of Miss Edgeworth's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

AS we seek in the novels of past centuries for the ideal woman, we find her changing, completely out-distancing her time. *Moll Flanders*, the mad-cap and thief, gives way to Fanny Burney's *Evelina*, charming, but nevertheless "the elegant female." Man, perhaps, always looks for the same qualities in his heroines; but women at the beginning of the nineteenth century were beginning to see themselves in a new light. *Belinda Portman* was beautiful and gracious. In the decadent society of her day, she shone by her accomplishments and her virtue. She did not believe that women should be mistresses of man's will. *Belinda* was somewhat scandalized of women's rights, but she arranged not only her own life, but those of all about her.

"Miss Portman," writes Maria Edgeworth, "was not one of those young ladies who fancy every gentleman who converses freely with them will inevitably fall a victim to the power of their charms, and who sees in every man a lover, or nothing." Indeed, she was not! *Belinda* had a very sharp head on her shoulders. She was one of the first in the long line of "Little Miss Fix-Its" to appear in the novel. You will know what I mean when you remember *Pollyanna* and *Madame Claire*. From the country, *Belinda* went to London and its wicked society. Her patroness was the dashing *Lady Delacour*, whose house resounded with the jests of the town, whose husband was a drunkard, and who even went so far as to dress in man's clothes and fight a duel with one of her lady enemies. Yet *Belinda* bided her time. All loved her, except those who were jealous of her; and in the end she rescued the quixotic *Lady Delacour* from an untimely death, refused to be married off by the designing schemes of a socially inclined aunt, and was placed on the last page of the novel safely in the hands of a manly hero.

Belinda was one of the most popular heroines of her day. Why not? She had all the feminine virtues. She was accomplished as well as pretty. She was a loyal friend. Yet I don't exactly envy *Clarence Hervey* who wins her after the long struggle which extends through the eighteen volumes of this tale of high society. Compare her with Jane Austen's *Elizabeth Bennet* in *Pride and Prejudice* (considered in the April number of McCall's) and you will see that *Belinda* is a chain in the link of woman's emancipation, but only a weak link; for Maria Edgeworth, in creating the foil against which to play her lovely heroine, made *Lady Delacour* so impishly attractive that the moralizing *Belinda* is weak in comparison.

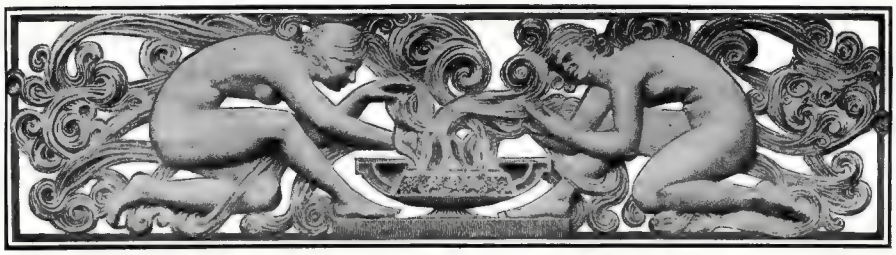
The novelist did not yet know how to make a virtuous woman, one who was at once all that virtue implies and all that is entertaining. Maria Edgeworth was the daughter of one of the noted educators of the day, a man, in fact, who made experiments with telegraphy, who was a friend of Darwin's. It is said that her father's influence on her work was great, and that much of the moral preachment was due to him. Be that as it may, it is because of this quality that, although praised by the critics of her day, highly admired by Sir Walter Scott, she is far less read than the novelists who came directly before and after her.

Yet there is a deal of wisdom in this book. Most of it is put into the mouth of the gay *Lady Delacour*. Was there ever a truer sentence written than the following: "Love quarrels are easily made up, but of money quarrels there is no end?" Or than this, cynical though it is? "Unless people can be of some use, or unless they are actually present, let them be ever so agreeable or meritorious, we are very apt to forget them." Or this gay jibe at the other writers of her day: "Husbands may sometimes have delicate feelings as well as their wives, though they are seldom allowed to have any by these unjust novel writers?"

There is wisdom, too, in her sermons against the society of her day, if it was as vicious as she paints it. If early nineteenth century London, with its gaming, its drinking, its gossiping and misbehaving young ladies, its dueling dowagers, its intrigues, its petty loves and its hates, was even half what Maria Edgeworth leads us to believe, we today can say little about the foibles of our younger generation, or about our bobbed-haired grandmothers. I wonder, among the young ladies making their bows to Society this year, how many demure Belinda Portmans there are. Indeed, I wonder how many Lady Delacours there are, jealous of social prestige, downing their rivals to social honors with quips and scandal.

Here I am, moralizing, even as Maria Edgeworth did. *Evelina*, of whom we talked last month, was a fine woman, less given to talking about wickedness. I do not want you to think that *Belinda* has no charms for me. I find myself wondering what those of you who know her honestly think of her. I think that most men would like *Belinda Portman*. Perhaps she is what their minds might tell them was their beau ideal; but don't you think from what I have told you of her, that most men would be exceedingly afraid of her, and, perhaps, most women, too? I think it was Professor Saintsbury who said that there were few heroines of great novels he would care to marry. Perhaps that is not a fair test to apply. Nevertheless, although I should have liked exceedingly to have attended a couple of balls with *Belinda*, although I admire her courage, and reverence her beauty, and stand awed before her wit, I still think—and don't you? that *Clarence Hervey* was a brave man. And I should like to know just what their home looked like ten years after the close of the book.

In that connection it is amusing to quote Maria Edgeworth again, where she says on the next to the last page of the eighteen volumes: "I like to hear *how* people become happy in a rational manner, better than to be told in the huddled style of an old fairy tale—and so they were all married and lived very happily all the rest of their days." Whereupon *Lady Delacour* says: "We are not in much danger of hearing such an account of modern marriages." And, after all, doesn't *Lady Delacour's* remark sound distinctly modern even though it shone from the printed pages of 1801!



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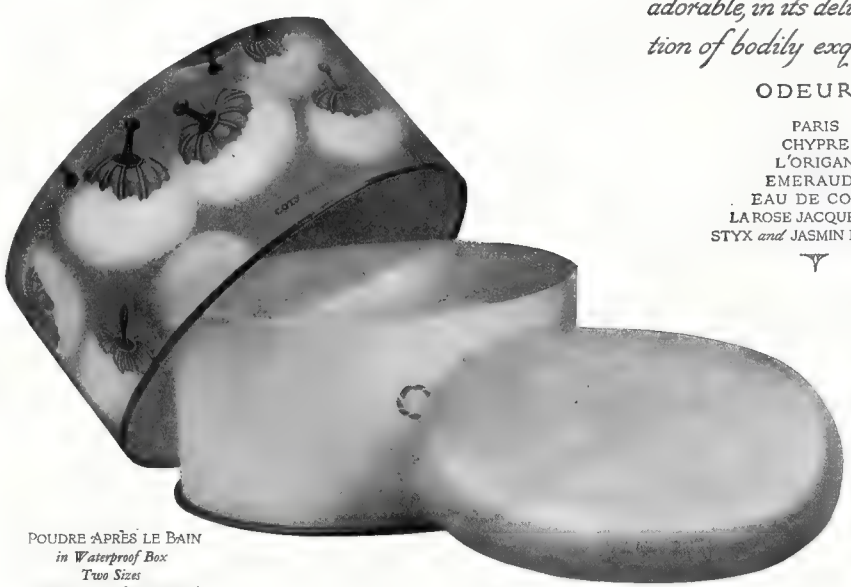

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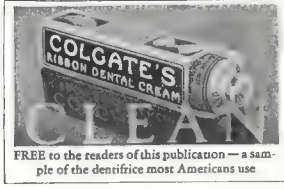

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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 23*]

same reason. You'd better come along, and keep in hiding when we touch a port. The yacht can always stay a mile or so away, so you needn't always be actually in your cabin when I'm ashore."

"Yes, Heriot," said Blanche obediently.

Peter realized that she was crying. So he took her into his arms, put his cheek against hers, and admonished her, very softly, as one would a baby, "Be a good girl, Blanche. Remember, I'm asking your help. And I'm not going to make love to you, my dear, for a whole six weeks, and that's that. Good-night."

PETER was not yet light hearted enough to feel free from all sense of responsibility when he left Lady Blanche on the yacht off Tangier. He looked back at the yacht and hoped to heaven Blanche would obey his instructions and keep out of sight.

So Peter landed. They went to the Hotel Cecil on the Plaza Grande. Soon after his arrival, a European, a very dark man whose mixed blood was apparent at a glance, and who had been watching the arrival and anchorage of the mail steamer and the Englishman's yacht, strolled in too, and ordered a drink brought to him on the terrace.

It was not long before Peter came downstairs again, and found his way out to the terrace, from which one could see the gorgeous blue bay where the boats rode tranquilly. He looked around and saw near him the dark man who had watched the boat's arrival from the pier, a drink at his elbow, dressed flawlessly in white flannels.

Before Peter had lifted his glass to his lips, the stranger glanced up and saw him A look of astonishment spead over his olive face. He half rose. Peter looked at him with the non-committal glance of perfect detachment which Lake had advised in any emergency, great or small. "Old Heriot never gives himself away," he had admonished him.

The stranger had risen and was ming to him.

"Sir Heriot Mayo, surely?" he said. "This is evidently not one of my pals," thought Peter, so he continued to stare back, hardly interrogative.

"It's been three or four years," said the stranger, "but I can't be mistaken. The cigar's still all right, eh?"

"Oh yes, still all right," he said.

"I see you're still smoking them," smiled the stranger, with a glance at the unlighted cigar in Peter's fingers. He hastened to strike and hold a match, while Peter thought, "This must be the merchant who once sold Mayo the only cigar he ever smokes."

Aloud he said, "Don't remember your name, I'm afraid."

"That's unusual for you."

"Unusual once," said Peter easily. "But I don't know that my memory's all that it was. Tropics play the deuce with one."

The other was speaking suavely. "Charles Murillo. At your service, Sir Heriot. Do you remember now?"

Peter did not reply to this. He merely remarked, "I'm enjoying a leisurely cruise right along the coast. I think of getting to Cairo."

"Ah," remarked the amiable Murillo.

"For once in my life I have time to burn," went on Peter serenely.

The stranger talked. He talked fluently and well, yet not too much. They sat together, looking out on what appeared to Peter's eyes to be a perfect scene. He gathered what he could from Murillo. It appeared that he—Peter—had been here before. It appeared also that some extraordinary chapters of his life had been written in the Sudan. Certain allusions gave him a clue to the vivid life of this Heriot Mayo. He let the allusions pass, merely smiling lazily in the sunshine.

"I want you to dine with me, Sir Heriot, if you will, before you leave," Murillo remarked. "You and I have a good many topics in common. They say you've been interesting yourself in Persia."

"Ah! Who 'says'?"

"Where does rumor come from?" asked Murillo with a vague wave of the hand. Then he rose. "You'll dine—when? Tomorrow? The next day? And we could do a café the same night."

Peter turned his head to reply, after a ruminating pause. But he made no answer, for he saw, at the other end of the terrace, a slim figure in black velvet, while memory wafted the illusion of carnation scent towards him. He saw Carey Mills.

Only a sense of the liabilities he had undertaken kept Peter from leaping from the wicker lounge on which he half sat, half lay. He sat forward, that was all. But his breath was gone—and his heart went like a drum. Then his sense of his duties informed him of Murillo's intent watching. He dragged his eyes from the girl and looked at Murillo.

"Seen a ghost, Sir Heriot?" Murillo queried, showing all his superfine teeth in his large smile.

Peter pulled himself together. "Saw an awfully pretty girl," he answered, "that's all."

Just then Carey Mills turned her head and looked full at them out of her mysterious green-hazel eyes. She held with her look for a full five seconds a distracted but happy Peter. Then she gave Murillo a little nod of recognition.

"Forgive me, Sir Heriot," he said, moving a step or two away with alacrity Then, looking back at Peter, he added under his breath, "Unless you'd like to come, too."

Then Peter was standing before Carey, longing to cry to her, "What a farce of an introduction. I know you already. I've kissed you already. I'm Peter, whom you dined with and hated."

She was murmuring, "How d'you do?"

He gazed at her. In this sunlight she was even more beautiful than she had been in the London Street.

Murillo was speaking with an oily respectfulness. "Are you staying here, Miss Mills? I thought you were going on with your friends to Algiers?"

She, too, at Algiers. How Peter's heart leaped at the thought.

"Well," Mr. Murillo was going on, "maybe we shall all meet again, then, for I am going there soon on business. Sir Heriot, you ought to stop off at Algiers. Anyway Miss Mills, this chance meeting has been delightful."

He bowed himself away.

"Here's a crazy situation," Peter was thinking. "We meet as strangers—we two!" He saw that this girl was looking at him pleasantly now, as if striving to please him.

"Will you sit in the sun or the shade?" he asked. This implied that they should sit together and talk together; and she made no demur.

"Have you had tea?"

"No," said Carey, with a long look from under her entrancing lashes.

He ordered it.

"Are you alone here, Miss Mills?" Ridiculous to call her that so formally.

She confessed to it. "But I'm not lonely. I rather like being without people. I may even," she said, glancing at him, "give my friends the slip in Algiers," and laughed.

"Is there anything left here you want to see?"

"I want to ride and bathe," she complained, "of course it's too dull alone."

"I should think so. Would I do?"

She smiled assent, with an alluring glance. It allured him, but it angered him, too. "That's for Sir Heriot Mayo," he thought glumly, as she left him to dress for dinner.

Carey went up swiftly to her room and there found Murillo waiting.

"Well?" he asked.

When she answered, her voice held a restrained note of triumph and revenge. "Well, for one thing, we're going to dine together tonight. He asked me almost at once. How nicely Englishmen do these trivial things," and she eyed Murillo, lounging in her room. "But I told you I'll do anything and I will."

Murillo pulled himself straight and flushed. "It's more for your father than for me," he said, watching her face, and satisfied by the hatred that swept into it. "Don't you forget that Mayo is mainly responsible for your father's execution, my child, though how Mayo came to have his fingers in that pie I don't pretend to understand."

"The English are [*Turn to page 40*]

S W I F T

The tempting combination of flavors in many dishes is given extra richness by housekeepers who know the distinctive goodness of Swift's Premium Bacon. Used as an ingredient or as a garnish, the savory, tender strips of Premium add a pleasing relish. Bacon and Rice Molds, as shown above, are particularly good when made with Premium.

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SPEAKING *of* BLONDES— *As All the World Is!*

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

Harold Dean Carsey

After only a year of acting in America, Vilma Banky found herself in the front ranks of that world of light and shadow we call the movies

IF I told you that I had just talked with the most beautiful woman on the screen, you might challenge my statement, and justly enough, perhaps. For beauty is, after all, very much a matter of personal taste. Brunettes, blondes, Titian-haired goddesses, and a whole host of lovely in-betweens pass in review before one's mental vision. How can we choose one type in preference to another? And yet I feel little hesitation in handing laurels to Vilma Banky. As she greeted me in the gold and blue entresol of her suite at the Ambassador, I made a dazzled mental note, "O, she's just born beautiful!" But, after all, this doesn't explain everything: her charm, her intelligence, and the bearing which comes only of good breeding. So we sat and chatted, talking of the strange temperamental qualities of New York weather. I began to feel as if I had come to interview Helen of Troy and she had developed a quaint foreign accent and funny way of handling words which made her a hundred times more appealing.

You who have watched her in that world of light and shadow which we call the movies can readily understand how hard it is to describe this loveliness in mere words. Her blonde hair gleams, soft, fine and abundant; it is worn simply parted in the middle to frame perfect features, then rolled up softly on the nape of the neck. "O, I have such a time to get a hat!" she cried. Yet in the next breath she insisted that she hadn't a notion of bobbing her honey-colored locks. "You see, I like my hair," she exclaimed, opening those marvelous blue-gray eyes wide and making little gestures of explanation with her hands. "Why should I cut it? I would feel so—so—unnatural without it. It is a part of me. If I cut it off, I think I would feel almost like a different person."

I couldn't help wishing that some one as beautiful as Vilma Banky had said this before so many heads were indiscriminately cropped and whole personalities changed by weird or unbecoming bobs! Certainly, something precious would be lost if that golden swathe of hair were ever shorn. Under the softly-shaded lamp her gilt lamé tunic, threaded with rose and blue, seemed to continue the glint of her hair: a glittering pool that ended in sharp contrast to the black velvet of her skirt.

As I realized that I was talking with one of the few truly perfect blondes in the world, I couldn't resist the temptation to bring up that byword which mentions the masculine preference for this type.

The subject amused Miss Banky; she looked at me roguishly under her long, black lashes. "H'm—well, yes, it may be so," she said. "How you say it? 'Gentlemen prefer blondes.'" But the play of humor in her eyes gave place to seriousness as she added, "I do not think, though, that it is only the color of the hair that they prefer. No, it is the something else that goes with blondes. How shall I say it," she hesitated delicately, "Ah, yes, *it is a blonde personality.*"

She made a sweeping gesture from her head to her feet. "In all of us there is that so-mysterious combination of qualities that makes a blonde what she is. You know, blondes are international, really. No matter where you find a blonde, she will always have these same characteristics, unless she has been foolish and changed herself into something else."

When I begged her to go on with this fascinating idea, she was at first at a loss to make herself more clear. She puckered her brows, lovely, arching lines (shaped when Nature was in a gracious mood) and went on, halting a little to be sure of her points.

"They have pictured blondes as scheming and deceitful. They have even made vampires of them, women who conquer by trickery or some sinister charm. But that is all false. We are not like that. We are simple and frank—how you say in America, straightforward. I have found out that I myself am a very poor liar. Sometimes I think I will be, O, so diplomatic and tell just one little white lie to smooth things over. But no, I am never successful It shows right away on my face. So I smile when I see a blonde represented as a scheming woman, full of tricks and treachery. The great thing to remember is that blondes are always more feminine than other types, and it makes me sorry to see some of them trying to change themselves into something else. I want to tell them all a great secret, 'The world is crying for femininity.' I have learned that this is the hidden longing which men carry around in their hearts today. You see, I have so little English that I do not talk much when I am in a group. But I listen—O, yes, I listen by the hour, and men of all ages and temperaments open their hearts to me. It is such a simple thing that they want, after all, is it not? They want real feminine companionship. They want a woman's sympathy, a woman's point of view. They do not want the ideas of a man spoken by a woman.

"I suppose I notice this because I am a European. In my country women are not so independent as in America. How free and easy you all are! You go where you like and do what you like with no one to question you.

"All this is perhaps a very good thing. It is wholesome for a very young man to have what you call 'a good pal.' Some girl of his own age he can talk to, some one who will [*Turn to page 64*]

THE BEAUTY BOX

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."

MAY is garden month; it makes us all want to be as flower-like as this work-a-day world will allow. If raw weather has roughened your skin, now is the time to cultivate the "white lilies" by using just the right cream and lotion for smoothing and whitening it. Skins, like stomachs, may go hungry, you know, and they need careful feeding. As for the roses in your cheeks, well, the loveliest ones grow from ordinary red corpuscles. But a little rouge will help. If you use it skilfully, it is often hard to tell the difference between the roses nature cultivates and the ones that "grow" on your dressing table. Clever girls are using McCall's Make-up Chart to find out just the right shades of powder and rouge to choose for their type. Can you imagine a garden without fragrance? It is just as hard to think of a beautiful woman without thinking also of a subtle, lovely perfume. Of late we have been investigating the whole story of perfumes and finding out from experts what scents belong to various feminine types. If you wish, we'll send you a list, with prices, so that you can usher in the springtime with a flower odor of your own. If you look forward to a summer at the beach, begin now a scientific regime of foot care. We have found a number of preparations which are marvelously effective. For, whether we like it or not, the fashion of shoes and stockings on the sands is fast disappearing. Do you know that there is a whole chapter devoted to hands in our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERYWOMAN? The book costs only ten cents and one garden lover tells us that this chapter alone is more than worth the price to her. Each problem of beauty care is taken up in turn and thoroughly explained in this little book. If you have not already ordered it, send ten cents today. If you want us to send you without extra charge the list of preparations mentioned in this month's Beauty Box as well as the Make-up Chart enclose with your letter a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address your letter to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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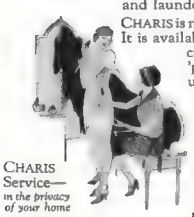

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Photo by Antoinette Perrett

Vegetables are valuable for the vitamins and minerals they contain

HOW DO YOU COOK THEM?

By MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, *Professor of Household Arts,* DOROTHY E. SHANK AND VICTORIA CARLSSON, *Instructors in Household Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University*

THERE was a time when any woman who cooked at all thought she knew how to cook vegetables. If you asked her how she cooked them she would say, "I just boil them." Vegetable cookery seemed just as simple a matter as that!

Today, however, so much attention is being given to the value of vegetables in the diet that the various methods of cooking them are being put to the test. Scientific cookery is trying to determine which ones should be cooked in hot or cold water, in much or little water, salted or unsalted, in covered or uncovered vessels, for a long or a short time, and so forth. All of this goes to show that cooking vegetables is not quite so simple a matter, after all, as it formerly seemed.

Much cookery investigation of all kinds is being made to find the answer to the question, "Just what do we mean by 'done?'" Some of the most recent of this work has been on the cooking of vegetables. Women used to think that vegetables were "done" when a fork would go through them easily, and that a head of cabbage or cauliflower was not really thoroughly cooked unless it was ready to fall into pieces. It is amazing, but true, that most of us are still willing to apply such an unscientific test as the fork test to determine whether the right amount of heat has been applied to a vegetable for exactly the right length of time to make it as perfect as possible for food.

Vegetables are very valuable, not because of their high caloric value, but for their vitamins and for the minerals they contain. Iron and calcium are two of their most important minerals. They also supply bulk, provide varied flavors to relieve monotony of diet and add a variety of colors to tempt the appetite.

The money spent for fresh vegetables is often wasted, because they are ruined in the process of cooking. When rightly cooked they should have a good color and be tender but still firm in texture and appearance. It is important, too, that the cooking process develop to the fullest the characteristic flavor of each kind. None of this must be done at the expense of their nutritive value.

Colored vegetables should be cooked in a small amount of water in a covered vessel until they are just tender. Overcooking will destroy the coloring matter in green vegetables and make them dark and unattractive. If you want to make such vegetables as green cabbage, peas, string-beans and brussels sprouts a brighter green when cooked—even more green than the uncooked vegetable—you can cook them in a large volume of boiling water in an open vessel and add a small amount of soda to the water. Do not add more than half a teaspoonful to a quart. The soda may destroy some of the vitamins, so you must decide whether you would rather sacrifice the color of the vegetable or its vitamins. It may be possible sometimes to make up for the lost vitamins by serving other foods rich in them at the same meal. In fact this is advisable.

White vegetables, in order to have the best possible color when cooked, should be cooked in an uncovered pan in enough water to cover them. To further prevent their discoloring, a little vinegar (not more than two teaspoonfuls to the quart) is sometimes added while cooking. You may think, however, that the vinegar slightly impairs the flavor of the food.

Cook white vegetables in an open vessel in enough water to cover

The simplest method of cooking vegetables, without either soda or vinegar, probably gives the best results in the end, if you consider flavor and nutritive value of more importance than appearance.

As far as the texture and appearance of vegetables are concerned, they are much less tempting when broken in pieces or when they are "mushy." So, in order to have them just as appetizing to look at as possible and of the right texture, you should keep in mind the following points: Most vegetables, if boiled too fast, break up before they are done in the center; sweet potatoes [*Turn to page 64*]

LADY MENDL · · MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

EACH CREATES A BEDROOM

TWO American women of high social standing whose homes are furnished in exquisite taste, have created the charming bedrooms shown here. The distinction of these rooms is the result—not of expenditures of vast sums of money—but of careful planning and the selection of just the right things.

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CONCERNING her enchanting bedroom in her house in Sutton Place, Lady Mendl says: "In my own bedroom—which is small—all the furnishings are proportioned to its size—wee slipper chairs, little low tables, a small mantel and a mahogany secretary. The bed—a Simmons model—delicate of line with *cané* panels and lightly turned spindles—stands along the wall. I have painted my walls and woodwork a soft Adam green and my Simmons bed just a tone darker." Lady Mendl's bed is a Simmons model, No. 1541.

LADY MENDL

—better known in this country as Elsie de Wolfe—is one of the first American women to have studied the art of interior decoration. She stands for perfection of detail, for distinction of arrangement, for the art of choosing things exactly suited to their place and purpose.

For her own bedroom in her New York home, Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen "demure little beds with low headpieces and panels." They are a new Simmons model, No. 1595.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

is well known to women throughout America. She is a member of the New York State Democratic Committee and is deeply interested in housing reform Her New York house on East 65th Street has the true home spirit, where comfort and taste keep company.

OF HER OWN bedroom in her New York home, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says:

"I have chosen twin beds by Simmons finished in walnut, demure little beds with low headpieces and panels. I have covered them with spreads of unbleached homespun, cross-stitched with designs of fir trees. Between the beds stands a little night table with lamp and books. Near the window, a deep rocker marks the spot for the children's hour. A mahogany dressing table with my toilet silver and photographs, a work table, vases and pots of flowers complete the atmosphere of inviting warmth and hominess."

All photographs by Steichen

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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 34*]

everywhere," she said, almost snarling, so that her cameo beauty was for the moment blurred by an overpowering emotion.

"You're English yourself," said Murillo.

"Not altogether. The blood of my little Polish mother is pretty strong in me, and it never lets me forget."

"Mayo moves very secretly," remarked Murillo after a pause.

She swung her foot. "I'll get his secrets for you, if I can, but you've got to let me shoot him afterwards."

Murillo evaded this promise. "They tell me you've tracked him ever since the execution."

"Well, he's been in Uganda three years. I've had to wait."

"Remembering all the time," he said, with an air of admiration tinged with amusement.

She looked at him detachedly, again making him scowl and flush, for he hated to see such a look in a desirable woman's eyes when they rested upon him. But he controlled his private feelings.

"Well, our business just now is to make our arrangements. We want to learn the exact details of Mayo's errand to Persia. You want to play him up to please yourself. Now, I tell you, my dear, this Mayo is a hard nut to crack—"

"Many hard men are soft as butter with women."

"Of course, and that's just where you come in. Now I'm going to give you a clue to work on. We are practically sure that Mayo is sent by the British Government to Teheran to bargain for a gold concession in the mountains—you know the geography, no? The Elburz Mountain, up north." She nodded.

"The price of that, naturally is British support in the interior."

"The interior?"

"There has been trouble," explained Murillo, choosing his words. "There has always been trouble. We want these plagues of English to keep their bayonets out of it."

"Besides—" Carey prompted.

"We don't want the British establishing any claims to gold in the Elburz Mountains. We want to get a concession ourselves."

"We?" Carey hinted.

"Well," said Murillo, "when I communicated with you the other day, I was not prepared to give you full explanations."

"You mean Bolshevism?"

He nodded. "Are you a good Bolshevist? Your father was a good one. Though I was told," he ventured craftily, "that Sir Heriot Mayo insulted him and called him to his face a renegade."

The girl's mouth tightened and her breath came quickly.

"If you can't get anything out of Mayo—" Murillo began slowly, "we've got to kidnap him and take him along to old Suleiman. You don't know him, but he's the most important sheikh on the Persian Gulf. A rascal and a robber. He'd sell his mother for loot," he laughed. She listened carefully.

"We want to get the terms out of Mayo if we can," said Murillo. "If not—well, he's got to die anyhow." He turned his thumbs down in an expressive gesture, laughed again, and got up.

"I'll deliver him straight into your hands," the girl almost sobbed in her excitement. "But he's got to die. You promise that?"

"We dare not let him go once we've had him," Murillo answered simply. "You see, all we want is a little time, and we'll get our concession through."

He had almost shut the door behind him when he came back once more. "Mayo hasn't ever had a chance of knowing who you are?" he asked sharply.

"He never saw me until today. And my father was executed as Stephen Roskof."

"Then your coast is clear?"

"Not quite," she admitted. "There's a friend of his, a man named Lake, who knows me by sight as Roskof's daughter."

"Lake? Major Guy Lake, whom the British sent to Poland?" She nodded.

"He knows a lot, that man," said Murillo. "Take care. And be sure you manage to mention Zarah."

She nodded again and he went away. Presently she rose, and bathed in scented water. She did not need to darken her straight brows, and emotion had already given her a violet smudge under her eyes. She powdered her little face, reddened her lips, and drew over her lingerie a little black sheath of a frock. She looked a dangerous siren, yet in some obscure way she gave also an impression of total purity.

She had no jewels save her strange beauty. Confident in that, as life and men had taught her to be, she went downstairs; and, wandering out to the terrace, met there in the magic of a tropic evening, Peter, in evening dress.

A wonderful evening, it was to Peter; he listened happily to her voice.

"Englishmen of your stamp," she was saying when the coffee came, "are rather wonderful. One meets you here and there in any old corner of the globe."

"You've travelled a lot?" he asked.

"I used to travel a good deal with my father," she replied softly. He saw from the curious momentary blurring of her face that there was pain; and he quietly, "Ah—your father—" with a little inflection of regret, of hinted sympathy in his voice, as he looked away from her for a moment. And in that inflection of regret, in that averted look, lay the whole confirmation, to her implacable heart, of his guilt. A murderess sat there in a soft satin frock, thinking, "Wonderful as you are, you shall see. And before you die you shall be afraid."

He broke the spell with a slight smile. "Well, a penny for your thoughts,"

She went on smoothly. "Yes, you Englishmen are always the same. You change your clothes, you change your views, you change your loves. You lose your insularities. But you never change your pride. You never lose that." He could not know she was thinking— "But you shall lose even that yet."

"How interesting," he said. "Does that mean you like us?"

"Some of you," she answered.

"Please like me," he begged quickly.

She laughed. "How all men want to hurry! Is time so short?"

"Maybe it is," said Peter gently.

Carey looked at him intently. They had told her that no man ever had guessed how much this Heriot Mayo knew. Besides, that other-worldly quality of his peered out at her from his eyes. To guard herself from it she began to laugh.

"Oh, are you one of those men with nothing at all to do who are always in a hurry?"

He leaned forward. "Tell me, I shall surely meet you again in Algiers?"

"How sudden you are again! I haven't even left Tangier yet."

"Does that mean——?"

"It means nothing, my dear Sir Heriot," said Carey, "except that I'm bored with my friends, and that on the whole I find life more amusing alone."

Then she changed her tone, "Is your yacht here?"

"Yes," he said. "She's just been painted from top to bottom."

"I saw her from my windows," said Carey. "Where are you going after Algiers?"

"I'm going to Egypt; and I guess I shall leave the yacht while I go to Cairo."

"How long will you be in Cairo?" asked Carey carelessly.

The chill of reluctant suspicion came to him, though he badly wanted to dislike Lake in the matter of Carey Mills. He replied easily, "I don't know. A few weeks, perhaps."

"And then?"

He replied, willingly enough, "Oh, back home." And to himself he added, "Back home, the dream ended."

They sat without speaking for a few moments. Then she looked up and asked guilelessly, "Have you ever been in Persia?"

He paused. "What makes you ask that?"

Carey looked at him very quietly, as if trying to read him. A smile crossed her face. "What an extraordinary way to answer. Why does anyone ask anything? Just from passing interest, I suppose. When you spoke of Charles Murillo it reminded me of his dancer friend—Zarah—from Mosul. She used to dance there—at the cafés, though now she's—"

"With Murillo," finished Peter, disapproving of the subject on Carey's impertinent red lips.

Carey saw this and laughed. "I've been about the world a bit," she teased.

"But this Zarah," said Peter, "I thought Persian women were veiled and walled-up, so that no one could see them."

"Not dancing girls," said Carey, "I haven't been there, but Murillo says so—however, you are not telling me anything about Persia."

"No," he flashed back, "you're telling me."

She laughed. "I couldn't. You know it all already."

Suspicion chilled him again. "Then, if you know that, why do you ask me if I've been in Persia?"

"I didn't," she lied glibly, "I asked if you were going there."

She looked him in the eye as she spoke, so that for a moment he almost believed her. Then he laughed. She looked at him narrowly, hesitating between speech and silence. "It's not nice of you to argue with me over things that don't matter two pins," she complained.

"Very well," he returned. "Go on telling me about Persia."

"There's nothing to tell, except that she's here; and a Persian dancing woman is such an exciting idea to a limited English girl like myself. And I suppose, since you and Murillo are old friends—I beg your pardon, acquaintances—that you can meet her and see her dance."

"Is that all?" said Peter, deriding her. "Then let us decide what more I can do for your entertainment."

But she didn't want any more entertaining, she said, than just to sit and talk on the terrace, and watch the lights of the boats and the big white moon.

So they went out once more, and in a shadowy corner of the moon-filled terrace, they sat and talked on.

But such magic evenings cannot last the lifetime that men would wish, the hour grew late. Carey Mills rose, saying in a soft sighing voice that she had to go in. But she knew she had bewitched him.

"A few moments more," Peter murmured.

"Well——" she said slowly. He waited eagerly.

"Order me a cup of soup," she said. "I like it before I go to bed. I'll just stay for that, and you shall drink a whiskey and soda so that I shan't feel greedy."

A waiter served them with celerity, and they were alone again. On the tray between them lay a note addressed to Sir Heriot Mayo, and marked "Immediate."

"From the yacht, I suppose," said Peter. "You will allow me?" It was just a note from poor bored Blanche, imploring him to run out tomorrow morning to let her see him for a few minutes. He bent his head close to the page and read her big black handwriting by the light of the moon. Yet he was not attending so closely to the problem of Blanche that any lightning motion on Carey's part escaped him.

She had fumbled in the little bag when she asked for the soup and suggested the whiskey. Now her hand hovered for a second over his glass and a powder lay almost invisible at the bottom of the tumbler. "Say when!" she ordered, and began to pour his whiskey.

"Now," said he smiling, and folding away Blanche's letter. The soda bubbled into the tumbler.

"Thanks," he said, "I think I'll keep this and take it in my room. I'm so sorry but I must go and answer this."

The waiter, bearing their tray, ascended in the lift with them.

"Perhaps we will meet tomorrow," said Carey, waving a languid good night as she vanished into her room.

Peter King looked appreciatively at the glass of whiskey and soda. "Sleeping draught of some kind," he reflected. "Or could it be—" he went pale under his tan.

Without locking the door, he lay down, having taken off only his coat and stiff shirt. He switched off the light.

In about an hour he heard the slightest sound outside his door. The handle turned very slowly. The door opened a narrow space and closed again noiselessly. He looked in that direction through eyes almost closed. Carey Mills had slipped in.

[*Continued in* JUNE McCALL'S]

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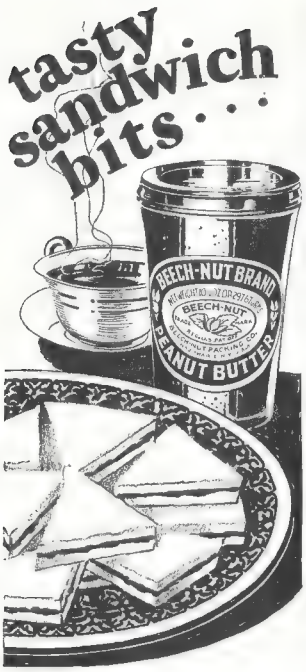

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It Takes Three Soapy Waters to Make a Garment Clean

CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE YOUR OWN LAUNDRESS?

BY L. RAY BALDERSTON

Instructor in Household Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

IT is a great temptation to buy fine, delicately colored fabrics and clothes, and it is a joy to wear them until the question arises as to how we shall get them cleaned. Then we reason with ourselves something like this: "Shall I wash this dress (or that scarf?) Will it wash? Could I do it myself? No, I might spoil it and I can't afford to do that. I think I had better send it to a dry cleaner. How much will it cost? Well—that is more than it would cost me to wash it but so long as I do not know just how, I think I'd better not risk trying!" So, off we send it to the cleaner.

Usually the fabrics are pure silk, pure wool, imitation silk, rayon or celanese. Just now there are various kinds of artificial silks on the market but we are not interested in the makes and names of them just now. We are interested in methods which will bring them out of their bath fresh and clean and unspoiled.

We shall need plenty of soap-suds for this work and the first consideration in making suds is that the soap or soap flakes must be good—good enough to wash the most delicate skin. A perfect test of a soap in any form is that a woman can use it without shrivelling her hands.

We then dissolve the soap flakes or cake soap shaved fine in hot water so there will be no lumps of undissolved soap. The result is a perfect soap solution, which is a real working necessity, for undissolved soap sometimes streaks and spreads in the fibre and often leaves white spots which are really stains in themselves. This solution we add to the wash water.

A good proportion of soap and water to use in making a soap solution is one or two tablespoons of shaved soap or soap flakes to a quart of water.

One soapy wash water is usually too little to clean a garment. It is good to have two bowls of soapy water ready and then transfer the garment from the soiled suds to a clean fresh wash water.

The temperature of the soapy wash water is one of the all-important points. Most dainty work, like that of all gay fabrics or white silks that are likely to become yellow with washing, will give the best results if you have the water about the temperature of the hand, 98 degrees Fahrenheit, or even lower.

It is heat that starts the color bleeding or "running" in the fabric. This can often be overcome by having the wash water almost cold. If there is a slight bleed of color in the first water reduce the temperature of the water. In almost all cases, the bleed will stop. Sometimes it is not a real bleed but only a blush of dye that does no harm whatever, and in the next water there will be almost no color. Rubbing may cause the same result as having the water too warm, either a bleeding or a smearing of the color, which will make the pattern hazy.

Rinse in at least two waters, having the temperature the same as that of the wash water. Before putting the garment into the first rinsing water, squeeze out the soapy water in the hands, so you will not twist the fabric.

After the garment has been freed of all the moisture you can squeeze out, it should be laid in dry clean cloths (white, of course.) Have a layer of wrapping cloth and a single layer of garment. Be sure that no colors lie on each other. Roll for about ten minutes all silks, chiffons, and georgettes. They are then ready to press. To roll a dress so no colors will touch each other put a large cloth up through the length of the dress like a slip and a piece down each sleeve. Then lay the garment on a cloth and under another cloth. These wrapping cloths will often show you that your garment has been saved, for there will be a complete stencil of the pattern on the cloth where the garment bled while it was rolled.

When you are ready to iron, have a perfectly clean ironing board, with no ridges in the cover, a fresh clean dry cheesecloth for a pressing cloth, and a smooth clean iron, hot enough but not too hot. Have the garment turned to press on the wrong side.

You should iron it without allowing parts of it to dry, because dampening some kinds of silk in places will leave water spots. To keep thin, filmy dresses from getting dry while you are ironing them, keep the skirt rolled while the waist is being ironed. Press the sleeves first, then the waist and finally the skirt. You will find a sleeve board more than worth its first cost, for with it you can iron such little spaces as shoulders and cuffs and collars without causing wrinkles. Keep the cheesecloth under the iron to prevent glazing or shining the garment. Too hot an iron will cause the color to fade.

TO WASH SPORT SILKS

These are likely to become very soiled unless the wearer has proved to herself that it is a greater economy to wash twice than to overwear once. The general directions given above for preparing soap-suds so that no undissolved soap will spot the garment should be carefuly followed in washing sports silks.

Turn the pockets inside out and brush out all the lint before wetting the garment. Look over the buttons. If they are good pearl, like a real shirt button, washing will not hurt them. The slight haze that is left on them can be polished away with the cushion end of your thumb. If they are shank buttons or have metal shanks, they should be ripped off. Sew or tie a bit of white thread where each comes off, so they can be quickly and easily replaced

Very soiled places like the collar-bands, cuffs or pockets, should next be given special attention. Take some of the soap jelly, made by dissolving the soap or flakes in water and spread it with your hand on the soil, rubbing it in well and letting it stand a few minutes. This direct application of soap helps to cut the grease and dirt and makes washing easier. Then wash the garment until clean, and rinse.

If there are plaits in the dress which must be basted before ironing, it is better to baste them with fine white silk instead of cotton thread, as the silk does not leave as much of a basting mark when pulled out. To iron plaits correctly, pass the iron down from top to bottom to set the folds; not from the bottom up, as this forms a crosswise fold.

CHIFFONS AND GEORGETTES

These are alike in their need for careful handling, with no rubbing, no pulling or dragging, and in their need to be pressed while damp. Chiffons should be washed in a heavy suds first to keep the threads from being spread. Then when you pass the garment from one water to the other and when you roll it, take great care that the weight of the goods in no way causes pulling.

When ironing, be careful not to stretch the garment. Georgette that has dried before ironing will behave like any crêpe silk—it will shorten in both dimensions, so iron it while damp.

RAYON OR CELANESE

Rayon needs to be treated with the same great care as to temperature and color, as these other fabrics. It needs particular consideration in one other respect—it should not be pulled or stretched when wet. Rayon loses its strength to such a great degree when wet that it must not even be hung over a line. Squeeze out the water, roll it and press when nearly dry.

What the "Comradeship" of a car can mean to a woman

NEW LOWER PRICES

Improved Star Four

Chassis	$470
Convertible Roadster	$550
Touring	$550
Coupe	$650
Coach	$675
Sedan	$765

Improved Star Six

Chassis	$650
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Coupe	$795
Coach	$845
DeLuxe Sport Roadster	$885
Sedan	$925
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Hayes-Hunt Bodies

COMPOUND FLEETRUCK
Ton Chassis $950

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

THE varied interests of the modern woman make so many demands upon her time that she simply must have, for her very own, a quick means of getting about.

The Improved Star Six, with its beautiful coachwork by Hayes-Hunt, its easy, restful driving and riding qualities, has become the favored companion of the woman who wants a car for her own personal use. Note the wide range of models and prices . . . one of these is for you. See the nearest Star Car Dealer for a demonstration of the car of your choice.

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STAR SIX
SEDAN
HAYES-HUNT BODY
$925
F.O.B. LANSING, MICH.

MORE POWER

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

SUPERIOR QUALITY

"Puts a rare delicacy within reach of every housewife"

so say Home Economics teachers of this new moist-canned coconut

RECENTLY we sent a supply of our new moist-canned coconut to hundreds of home economics teachers throughout the country with the request that they tell us just what they thought of it.

Nothing could have been more gratifying than the letters of enthusiastic appreciation that came back to us. We could quote from them almost indefinitely.

"I honestly believe I prefer it to fresh coconut," said one teacher.

"My pupils tell me that they now insist on having only the canned coconut at home," wrote another.

And still another wrote, "The students declared that it was better than any other brand. As for myself, it is superior to any other coconut I have used."

Order Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, from your grocer today. You too will find that it does give to coconut dishes the zest and flavor of ripe coconut fresh from the shell.

In the Baker's Coconut Recipe Book, sent free on request, you will find the recipe for the delightful dessert pictured below. It is called Java Cream.

Java Cream

Sunshine Coconut Cake

Sunshine coconut layer cake is rich and delicious and yet not at all extravagant. You'll find the recipe for it in Baker's Coconut Recipe Book. Send a postcard asking for this book today.

The old familiar kind, too

Baker's Old-Fashioned Shred Coconut is made from the meat of selected coconuts—sugar cured. It is daintily and finely cut, carefully prepared and packed in a double-wrapped stay-fresh package.

TRIAL CAN AND FREE RECIPE BOOK: The new Franklin Baker Recipe Book sent free on request. If you cannot get Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, at your grocer's, the Franklin Baker Company will send a trial (half-size) can and recipe book for ten cents (stamps or coin) to cover cost of packing and mailing. ADDRESS: Dept. C-5, Franklin Baker Company, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Please write name and address plainly.

BAKER'S *Canned* COCONUT *Southern-Style*

Packed moist and fresh in tins

Chicken Shortcakes, an interesting variation of Chicken a la King

CHICKEN, LIGHT MEAT *And* DARK *As Our* McCALL READERS SAY THEY LIKE *It* BEST

[*Continued from page 30*]

CHICKEN GUMBO

5 pound fowl
Salt
Pepper
Flour
3 slices bacon or small piece salt pork
2 cups corn, canned or fresh
3 cups sliced okra
3 cups cooked or canned tomatoes
2 slices onion
3 cups water or stock
1 cup boiled rice

Dress, clean and cut up fowl as for fricassee. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and rub well with flour. Fry bacon or pork in large frying-pan. Remove bacon and cook chicken in remaining fat until well browned. Add corn, okra, tomatoes and onion.

Cook all ingredients together 15 minutes. Turn into large kettle, add 3 cups water or stock and cook slowly about 2 hours. Just before serving add boiled rice. This dish is like a thick chowder and is almost a meal in itself.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN

Clean, dress and disjoint 4 or 5 pound fricassee chicken. Sprinkle with salt and flour. Melt shortening in frying-pan and fry chicken until a delicate brown. Add enough boiling water to cover chicken and bring to boiling point. Cover pan, set aside and simmer until tender, about 1½ hours. Thicken gravy with a little flour mixed to smooth paste with water. Add extra seasoning, if necessary. After water is added, chicken may be put into covered casserole in the oven, if preferred. Cook 1½ to 2 hours or until tender. If you have a regulated oven, chicken will need no attention until time to serve.

CASSEROLE OF CHICKEN

4 or 5 pound chicken
Salt
Pepper
Flour
2 tablespoons shortening
1 small onion
2 cups stock or water
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup carrots, sliced thin
½ cup mushrooms, sautéed
½ cup diced celery

Clean, dress and disjoint chicken. Cut in pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and rub with flour. Melt shortening in heavy frying-pan and cook onion in it 5 minutes. Add chicken and fry until a delicate brown. Remove to covered casserole, add celery, stock or water. Worcestershire sauce and extra seasoning, if desired.

Cover the casserole tightly and cook in moderate oven (350° F) 1 hour. Add carrots and mushrooms and cook ½ hour longer or until chicken and vegetables are tender. Makes five or six servings.

SAUTED CHICKEN LIVERS

Clean 3 or 4 or more chicken livers. Cut in pieces and sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Fry 2 slices bacon, cut in small pieces, until crisp. Add 1 finely chopped shallot or slice of onion and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add chicken livers and cook slowly about 5 minutes. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour, stir until brown and add 1½ cups hot water or chicken stock. Cook until thick and smooth. Add more salt if necessary. Serve on toast with slices of broiled tomato and garnish with parsley.

JELLIED CHICKEN LOAF

4 or 5 pound fowl
½ tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon gelatin
½ tablespoon cold water
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 pimiento
1 green pepper
1 cup cooked peas or 1 cup cooked sliced carrots
Lettuce or watercress

Dress, clean and cook fowl in boiling water to cover until very tender, adding salt when partly done. Remove skin and cut meat from bones. Return stock to fire and cook down until there remains about 2 cups. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in hot stock. In bottom of a loaf pan or fancy mold, arrange slices of hard cooked egg, pimiento cut in fancy shapes with vegetable cutter and rings of green pepper. Pour a very little stock over this and allow to harden. Add alternate layers of white and dark meat of chicken and peas or carrots until mold is filled.

Pour over this arrangement the remainder of stock. Set in cold place to become firm. When ready to serve, turn out on platter or chop plate and garnish with lettuce or watercress.

BAKED CHICKEN A LA CREME

Clean, dress and split two young chickens or broilers. Place in baking-pan, skin side down and sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Dot with bits of butter or cover with strips of thinly sliced bacon. Bake in hot oven (400° F) about ½ hour, basting often with fat in pan or, if there is not much fat, with equal parts melted butter and hot water.

Serve with gravy made by thickening fat in pan with 4 tablespoons flour and adding 1 cup chicken stock and 1 cup milk or cream.

Cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add more salt and pepper if necessary and ¼ teaspoon paprika.

"Kitchen-tested" by us first for every kind of baking

Here is a flour that takes the guess work out of all your baking— our "Kitchen-test" is your assurance of perfect results

Gold Medal Almond Cream Angel Cake—Unusually exquisite and delicious. One of the many delightful recipes constantly created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. "Kitchen-tested" Recipes with "Kitchen-tested" Flour—perfect results always! Read our special offer.

THE satisfaction of knowing—once you have tried a recipe—that you can stake your reputation on it! This "Kitchen-tested" flour now gives you this assurance. It cuts the cause of baking failures in half. For this reason:

Half your baking "luck" depends upon how your flour acts in the oven. Two batches of the same brand of flour may seem identical by every possible scientific test. Yet—*in your baking*—they often give different results. This is half the cause of all baking failures.

Countless experiments have proved to us that there is only one positive way to tell how a flour will act for you. That is, to bake with samples of every batch ourselves.

That is the famous "Kitchen-test" all Gold Medal Flour must pass. Before it can go to you, every batch must prove—by actual baking results—that it will act the same perfect way in your oven. This rigid baking test of ours now does away with half the cause of all baking failures. It is your assurance of perfect results. Read our guarantee.

The final proof

Each morning the Gold Medal Kitchen (a kitchen just like yours) receives samples from every batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.

All day long Miss Betty Crocker and other experienced women bake with them—breads, pastries, cakes—everything.

Last year we held back more than 5 million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Chemically it was perfect. But the "Kitchen-test" proved it varied slightly in the way it acted in the oven. It could not carry the Gold Medal label.

So, at last, in Gold Medal you have a flour that you know will always act the same way in your oven. Tested for every kind of recipe. This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. There is no better flour for cakes or pastries. Why pay more?

Money-back guarantee

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniformly good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him. So make this trial. Order a sack from your grocer today.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer—

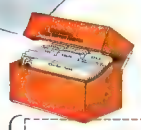
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes—relieve baking monotony and offer new delights

As we test all Gold Medal Flour in our kitchen we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes, handy for your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker



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Dept. 323, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Gold Medal Flour recipes. (It is understood I may send for new recipes *free.*)

Enclosed find 10 cents for selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

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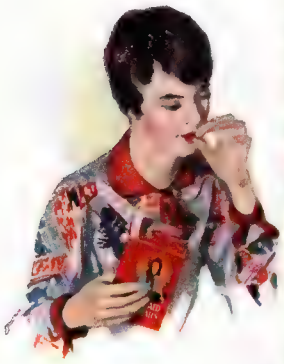
Listen in on Betty Crocker Radio Cooking School—10:45 A. M., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Delightful, new "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

Even the fragrance of grapes is captured in Sun-Maid Nectars

FRESH FRAGRANCE that you get the moment you open the carton promises a new taste in these seedless raisins



WHEN THE California sun brings seedless grapes to full perfection on the vine they have this flavor, this tenderness

TONIGHT transform some simple pudding into a treat. Just add a cup of Sun-Maid Nectars

DIFFERENT ENTIRELY from ordinary seedless raisins is this new kind -- *with the qualities of Fresh Fruit !*

How you will love these Sun-Maid Nectars! To all the dishes you have ever made with seedless raisins—and scores of others—they will give a new deliciousness.

You know it the moment you open the carton.

You see not shriveled, dried-up grapes, but plump, tempting morsels that glisten as fresh grapes glisten on the vine.

Pour some into your hand. They are translucent in the light—clear rich amber in color. And that is exactly as seedless grapes are when they are left on the vine to ripen fully.

Taste them and you find their skins tender almost as the meat inside, their flavor that of grapes in which the sun has stored the last rich drop of nectar. Even the fragrance of grapes is captured in these Sun-Maid Nectars.

Ask your grocer for this new kind of seedless raisins. Be sure you get it, for the method of perfecting these raisins is exclusively Sun-Maid's. No other seedless raisins have these qualities of the fresh fruit.

Try Sun-Maid Nectars tonight in some simple pudding—rice, tapioca or good old bread pudding. See what new interest the family takes in it—what a real treat it can be.

Sun-Maid Puffed, as you probably know, are the improved *seeded* raisins. Not sticky, and they have all the flavor of the *Muscat* grape. They come in the blue Sun-Maid carton.

SUN-MAID

NECTARS [*Seedless Raisins*] *in the red carton*
PUFFED [*Seeded Raisins*] *in the blue carton*

IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR ALIVE?

[*Continued from page 11*]

anxious. How is my Grandmother?"

Later standing by the window she pointed to the Ambassador's auto and asked him if there were any distinctive marks on the hood. Her mother's automobile she observed had a special mark which she believed brought luck—the swastika or hook cross. Some months later the Ambassador was able to verify this fact, although there was no known source of the information at the time her statement was made.

On a second visit Wolkow asked to question the Invalid a bit. He mentioned a name and asked if she knew it. She answered at once, "That was the servant kept especially for us children."

Then he asked her if she remembered Olga Alexandrowna and she answered, "Yes, our aunt. She was very close to us. But I have been examined enough now and I would like to ask you some questions. Do you remember the room in our summer house at Alexandria where Mama wrote the date and her's and Papa's initials on the window pane with her diamond ring?" Wolkow answered, "Yes, why shouldn't I know it? I have often been in that room."

He then asked her in turn, "Do you remember the Johannes Cloister?" When the Invalid replied, "The Cloister was in Siberia and the nuns used to sing with Mama and us four sisters," Wolkow was completely dumbfounded.

The third day after his visit the Invalid suddenly came down with fever and complained of a pain in her arm. In my despair I telegraphed to Denmark and told the Ambassador of the seriousness of the situation. Ten days passed; then the doctors bored completely through her swollen arm to leave a channel for the pus to discharge. For more than a half hour she was under narcotics and while in that condition she constantly called for her mother in English. The same thing happened during the second operation in the Mommsen Sanatorium.

In her delirium she spoke constantly of Copenhagen and her grandmother, and once she screamed, "Oh God, there in the corner—sister Olga. Now I know that I am to die."

When the Ambassador came he took me aside and asked me to bring up a lady and gentleman who were waiting below. He told me not to ask their names but merely to bring them up to the sick room. In October I learned that these people were formerly the tutor of the Czar's children, Gilliard, and his wife, the governess of the Grandduchess Anastasia.

As they stepped into the room the Invalid, despite her fever and weakness, offered her hand politely, then laid back apathetically among the pillows. The lady and gentleman seemed overwhelmed by her condition and sat silently by the bed watching. When Gilliard left the room for a moment the former governess asked to see the Invalid's feet. Having uncovered them, she said; "They are like the Grandduchess Anastasia's; her feet were slightly deformed and her right foot was worse than her left."

It was useless to question the Invalid, but the two promised to come back again as soon as she was better. That evening we decided to take the Invalid out of the Marien Hospital and place her in the Mommsen Sanatorium.

Professor Rudness decided to undertake another operation at once, for the condition of the patient became steadily worse. All through the month of August she lay in danger of her life. To cheer her up I gave her a white angora cat, "Kiki," which furnished her diversion during the next few weeks when her arm had to be operated upon twice more.

In her anxiety and pain I constantly heard her say, "Why is God punishing me so? I try to think what evil I could have done. Mama was very pious. She trusted God, the Russian people and the peasants to the very last—and yet we were overthrown."

Through the weeks of misery she observed reminiscently, "When we were little, Papa played with us. I remember how he slid down our slide with us, and in winter we romped together in the snow. He would have been a happy man if he had not had the cares of government to bear.

"In Poland at our hunting lodge we children loved to take off our shoes and stockings and run about barefoot, but we were not often allowed to do it. I must have been a very funny child for they laughed at me a great deal. They laughed especially when I made a wreath of Russian pretzels, wore it round my neck, and nibbled at it." Herr Gilliard confirms this incident.

Some days later I brought her a postal card which carried a picture of the Czar's family. She received it silently and spent the rest of the day in melancholy reflection, saying at last, "I think we sat for this in Odessa. Mama has her best pearl necklace on. She liked pearls. Since I was the youngest my necklace is the shortest, for we received a few pearls each year on our birthday.

"In the morning the girls would be called into Mama's room, and while her hair was being dressed she would talk to us. Beside her bedroom was a little room in which her holy pictures hung; there she said her prayers.

"Our parents loved all their children alike, but of course our brother was treated with special care because he was ill and, too, he was the future Emperor. He loved everything connected with the military just as we girls did. As a little boy he used to stand like a soldier. He had learned that from the sailor Nagorny who exerted a good influence over him.

"We had a great many pets too. My brother had a funny dog. In Tsarkoeselo we had an elephant. Then there was a white angora cat that looked like 'Kiki,' a cockatoo, ponies and a donkey. My poor brother was never allowed to ride, but he had a little horse and cart. One of the dogs had the funny habit of barking whenever we went driving. He used to sit on our laps, but he was always springing up into the front of the carriage and we could not quiet him." Herr Gilliard confirms this too. It was the heir's dog.

"Mama often went to the German Baths because of her health and to visit our relatives," she continued. "We visited in England too, but not London. While there I played with English children and with the Prince of Wales who is a little older than I am. But we visited mostly with our relatives in Pawlowsk. There were a great many children there and it was always very jolly."

Hearing an acquaintance call me Nini she said quickly, "Nini. I know that name very well, it is what we called Aunt Irene, the Grandduchess of Prussia."

I had stayed with the Invalid a number of weeks before I noticed that the middle finger on her right hand was rather stiff, a scar running around the base of it. I wondered about it so she explained, "As a child my two middle fingers were crushed when a servant shut the carriage door without noticing that my fingers were still on the edge. The middle finger remained stiff."

Frau Gilliard when asked if she remembered anything about this accident, said that she did not remember precisely to which one of the Grandduchesses it had happened, but she did remember that one of the four had a finger crushed in a carriage door.

In October the Invalid received Gilliard, the former tutor of the Czarevitch, a second time. When he came she asked, "What have you done with your beard? You used to wear one on your chin?".

Gilliard, surprised, said that he had had it shaved when he was hiding from the Bolshevists in Siberia. Seeking to question her further he demanded, "Talk a little more and tell me all that you remember of the past."

She looked at him astonished and answered, "I don't know how to talk. I don't know anything I could talk about." Their conversation was, of course, a failure.

That afternoon a lady in a violet cloak stepped into the room followed by His Excellency Zahle. She [*Turn to page 52*]

Perfect jam or jelly with only one or two minutes' boiling. Saves all the flavor and color of the fresh fruit.

Success now *every time*

THE difficulty in making jams and jellies has always been that fruits vary so much in the amount of jellying substance which they contain.

Even those you depend on most differ from year to year, and lose their jellying quality as they ripen. And no fruit contains enough jellying substance to jellify all of its juice. That is why you used to be obliged to boil half your fruit juice away before this jellying element was concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

But now—with Certo this is all changed.

For Certo is the natural jellying substance, taken from fruits in which it is abundant, concentrated, refined and bottled for convenient use.

Just bring your fruit—or fruit juice—and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal. Your grocer has Certo. A book of nearly 100 recipes under the label of each bottle.

With Certo delicious jam or jelly can be made with perfect success every time from any variety of fruit. Only one or two minutes' boiling is needed to give a firm, tender "set." The bright color of the fresh fruit is no longer darkened by long boiling and its delicate fresh flavor no longer drifts away in steam.

FREE—New booklet beautifully illustrated in color! 24 pages of new ideas about the making of jams and jellies—new and interesting ways to serve them. This coupon will bring you a free copy. Mail it today!

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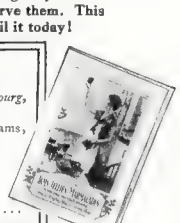

A 4 year old "ACE"

ROY FRENCH, JR. is champion airplane traveler—having flown 40,000 miles with his aviator-Daddy!

His other record is for perfect health. "He has never been sick in his life," writes his mother (Mrs. Roy French, Oklahoma City, Okla.). "We give the credit to Eagle Brand," the milk on which Roy was raised.

Eagle Brand is itself a record holder —with over a million fine babies to its credit. This whole cow's milk modified with sugar is exceptionally digestible—nourishing —absolutely pure and uniform. Obtainable everywhere.

If *you* cannot nurse *your* baby, or if he is not doing well on his present formula, try Eagle Brand. You'll find interesting stories of Eagle Brand babies and practical feeding information in *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*. Send for free copies.

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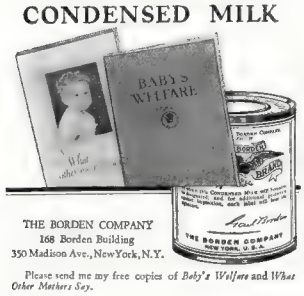

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Please send me my free copies of *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

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Any active occupation in the open will keep us in good physical trim

There is no field which the library does not serve—literature, music, religion

The home garden furnishes one of the most enjoyable diversions

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SPARE TIME?

BY MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser—Collaborating with* GEORGE B. FORD, *Director City Planning Department, Technical Advisory Corporation, New York City*

DRAWING BY OTTO EGGERS WOODCUTS BY NATALIE HARLAN DAVIS CARTOON BY FONTAINE FOX

What do you do with all the time you save? With the extra half hours every day that, economists declare, count up to many weeks in the year, and which modern labor saving equipment in the home is adding to the life span of the American homemaker? The country man's reply to the city visitor who asked him this question: "I set and think, and sometimes I just set," is still true of those communities which are behind the times in that they do not supply occupation for their citizens' spare hours. All work and no play is a bad rule for communities as well as for individuals. It tends to make Jack a dull boy and Jill a housebound wife. The ideal modern community is awake to this. Its service to its citizens does not end with paved streets, adequate water, sewerage and lighting systems, schools and hospitals. It includes libraries and recreational centres, community theatres, and playgrounds and athletic fields. It makes it possible for the man with a hobby to ride that hobby near at home. In this enlightening article on the development of the modern community Miss Mead discusses these questions from the viewpoint of an expert in Town Planning. Read it, and then take stock of your own home town. Does it meet these good and lawful needs of its citizens? Does it insure you not only life and liberty but your no less constitutional privilege—the pursuit of happiness?

IT is deplorable how far we have drifted from self-assertion in our playtime. We sit back demanding to be amused. Glenn Frank once said in commenting on a football game that was attended by 42,000 people, "During office hours we are a singularly self-sufficient and resourceful people. After office hours, we are pathetically dependent upon bought-and-paid-for diversion and amusement."

The most lazy-minded of all the things we do, is the way we attend the usual run of entertainment, such as vaudeville shows and motion pictures, passively taking what is handed out to us—good, bad, and indifferent alike. Why not use some of this wasted energy in demanding better entertainment? It would make more work for the producers, but they are not afraid of that. They are sparing no expense to give us what they think we want. If we demand better pictures the producers will give them to us.

The next time you look at a motion picture, analyze it. Does it appeal to your intelligence? Is it the kind of picture you would like your children to see?

A superintendent of schools in one of our smaller cities recently attempted to secure the cooperation of the school board to control the public entertainment for the young people of the town. His efforts were futile of their narrow minded beliefs that anything in the shape of a theater or dance hall was wicked and sinful and they would do nothing at all with the matter under discussion.

There are many uses we can make of our spare time. Outdoor recreation is the first essential. In these days of confined work, any active occupation in the open which will furnish the contrast needed to keep us in good physical trim is desirable. The home garden furnishes one of the pleasantest diversions.

For others there are games, not sitting by, enjoying the skill of others, but actual participation. There is an endless variety —tennis, golf, bowling, congenial groups for which can always be gathered.

For lovers of birds and flowers there are long walks in the country and hills to climb. On one of my vacations, I had the constant companionship of an American redstart, one of the shyest of birds. He would come flitting through the trees at my whistling call and, twittering amiably, would accompany me everywhere on my rambles through the woods.

The automobile, as an aid to recreation and wholesome pleasure, has added to leisure possibilities. It takes us about the country, usually with some worthy objective in mind, and encourages living in the [*Turn to page 50*]

LORAIN

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service, for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

Reasons Why Red Wheel Gas Ranges are So Good

RED WHEEL GAS RANGES are designed by skilled engineers. Twelve years ago these engineers invented and perfected "Lorain", the *first* heat regulator ever built for cooking purposes.

Lorain is manufactured *only* by American Stove Company, attached *only* to gas ranges built by this Company and is *unconditionally guaranteed.*

Lorain, by automatically controlling the heat of the oven, eliminates chance of baking-failures; enables women to depart from home and leave Whole Meals cooking in the oven; and provides a better way to can fruits.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are built in six great stove factories owned by American Stove Company which also owns huge foundries, modern enameling plants and employs thousands of highly skilled workmen.

In American Stove Company's Research Laboratory, one of the finest in the world of its kind, all Red Wheel Gas Range designs are carefully checked for efficiency, durability, safety and general performance.

American Stove Company also maintains a Research Kitchen in charge of a nationally-known food authority. This department publishes a 165-page cook book that is given free with every Red Wheel Gas Range. It also issues a new recipe folder each month (see coupon). And it will gladly help you solve your personal cookery problems.

These, then, are the reasons why Red Wheel Gas Ranges are so good—reasons why you should prefer them to any other.

(At left) Thermometer-covered "dummy" proves that open-top ranges cause least heat-discomfort. Picture taken in American Stove Company's Research Laboratory at St. Louis, Mo.

(Below) Section of the Research Kitchen of American Stove Company, in charge of Miss Dorothy F. Shank, formerly instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

Owners of Red Wheel Gas Ranges are invited to send their cookery problems to Miss Shank, care of American Stove Co., 4501 Perkins Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Ave. ∴ St. Louis, Mo.

These famous Red Wheel Gas Ranges are equipped with the Original Lorain:

QUICK MEAL DANGLER — RELIABLE DIRECT ACTION — CLARK JEWEL NEW PROCESS

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of your latest Lorain folder giving recipes for Cake—Plain and with Variations. (*Print* name and address plainly.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

McC. 5-27

"Meals at all hours" without inconveniencing Mother is one of the helpful qualities of the Leonard. © 1927, L. R. Co.

LEONARD

Cleanable Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

REJOICE—if you have a new refrigerator to buy! Now you can own a sparkling, snow-white Leonard—"the refrigerator that pays for itself in the food that it saves". How you'll enjoy it . . . a thing of beauty in your kitchen! And how it will help you—keeping foods fresh and wholesome for days longer. So easy to clean! So durably made! So many reasons why you'll always be glad that you chose a Leonard! Why not visit the Leonard dealer in your city today and look over the full line of sizes and finishes.

The Leonard has been a leader in the industry for 45 years. Two million in use today. Send for Mr. C. H. Leonard's interesting and informative little book on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators", addressing Dept. 405. A catalogue and sample of porcelain will also be sent to you.

LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Division of Electric Refrigeration Corporation

IN CANADA: KELVINATOR OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, ONT.

UNEXCELLED FOR ICE OR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION
EQUIPPED FOR INSTALLATION OF THE ELECTRIC UNIT

CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 12*]

Rumpler. He glanced at the dash clock to make sure they had enough of their two hours worth of gasoline left. He glanced over his shoulder to see the flight, alert, keen for it, close upon his tail. He saw a white, eager face above the cockpit of No. 10. Then he smiled grimly, slipped his fingers through the trigger guards on the control stick, and began a zigzag dive through the random, too hurried fire which the Rumpler gunner had already started.

That was the twenty-fifth of September and soon after dark the moon came up out of a nest of clouds and made shadows along the roadway as he walked from the improvised barracks to the Thirteenth officers' mess shack. At his left was a dark, thick, cedar wood and on the other side was the sweeping, misty plain of the Belrain Airdrome. Here and there he could make out huge dim shapes, like tabernacles, the Second Pursuit Group hangars. Here was the Forty-ninth Squadron. Down at the end were the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth and the Twenty-second. The Thirteenth flew from a line across the field. He couldn't make out those hangars at all.

The mess hall was no more than a shack, barely room for the long table, but it was full of warmth, yellow, flickering light, and the unending wit of twenty young pilots. They bantered across the table. They interrogated Shorty, the mess orderly about his somewhat complex and colorful family affairs. They remembered a gay party at Nancy which had been interrupted but not disbanded by a violent night bombing raid. They talked of Bar le Duc and Paris, and they laughed at one of the boys who had thought to armor his Spad with an iron stove lid under the pilot's seat.

His entry started more teasing. "Here comes the Guardian Angel. Hey Tom! Let me be in your flight, Tom. I want to have my life saved 'cause I got a girl in Kentucky. Say, Blanchard says those holes in his wings come from your guns when you were saving him and that he had the Fokker outmanoeuvred anyway. That's gratitude."

Captain Baldwin rose in his place at the head of the table to introduce a guest, the British commander of a Handley-Page night bombing squadron. "And Major, we have some justly famous fellows in this outfit whom you ought to know. Now there's Lieutenant Bleeker, the only living Flatboat Ace in all the allied armies. Lieutenant Bleeker has a passion for popping German observation balloons. Not finding any about one day, he took out his spleen riddling a flatboat which Fritz was pushing peacefully along a canal. He's the only pilot in any army with an official flatboat to his credit."

The British Major said, "Priceless that. The Flatboat Ace," and Lieutenant Bleeker grinned and bowed.

Captain Baldwin went on: "And there's St. George, Major, St. George and the German dragon. He thinks the Germans eat babies and he is out to exterminate them tomorrow or any day you name. Lieutenant Philip Blanchard is the American St. George. He craves to lay down his life and is annoyed because our Guardian Angel won't let him."

"That's priceless too," said the Major, and everybody laughed, everybody but Phil Blanchard. A smile touched his pale, even features and passed away. "And you have a guardian angel—?"

"Stand up, Lieutenant Boone. That's my Flight Commander, Lieutenant Tom Boone, guardian angel [*Turn to page 96*]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SPARE TIME?

[*Continued from page 48*]

open. This ease of getting about the country teaches us to appreciate the beauties of nature, interesting landmarks, and the works of man. One of the greatest benefits I derived from travelling abroad was forming the habit of observation and a good appreciation of my surroundings.

If one cannot go far afield, lectures, concerts, debates or forums may be enjoyed. But, best of all, our leisure will give us the chance to indulge some "hobby" of investigation or study.

Every community has the nucleus of a cultural center in its school plant, which should be planned for adult education as well as for that of children. The Camp Fire Girls, Boy Scouts, Mothers' Clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, as well as civic clubs, could well conduct their activities here. The high school auditorium could be used for lectures, theatrical productions, concerts, and motion pictures.

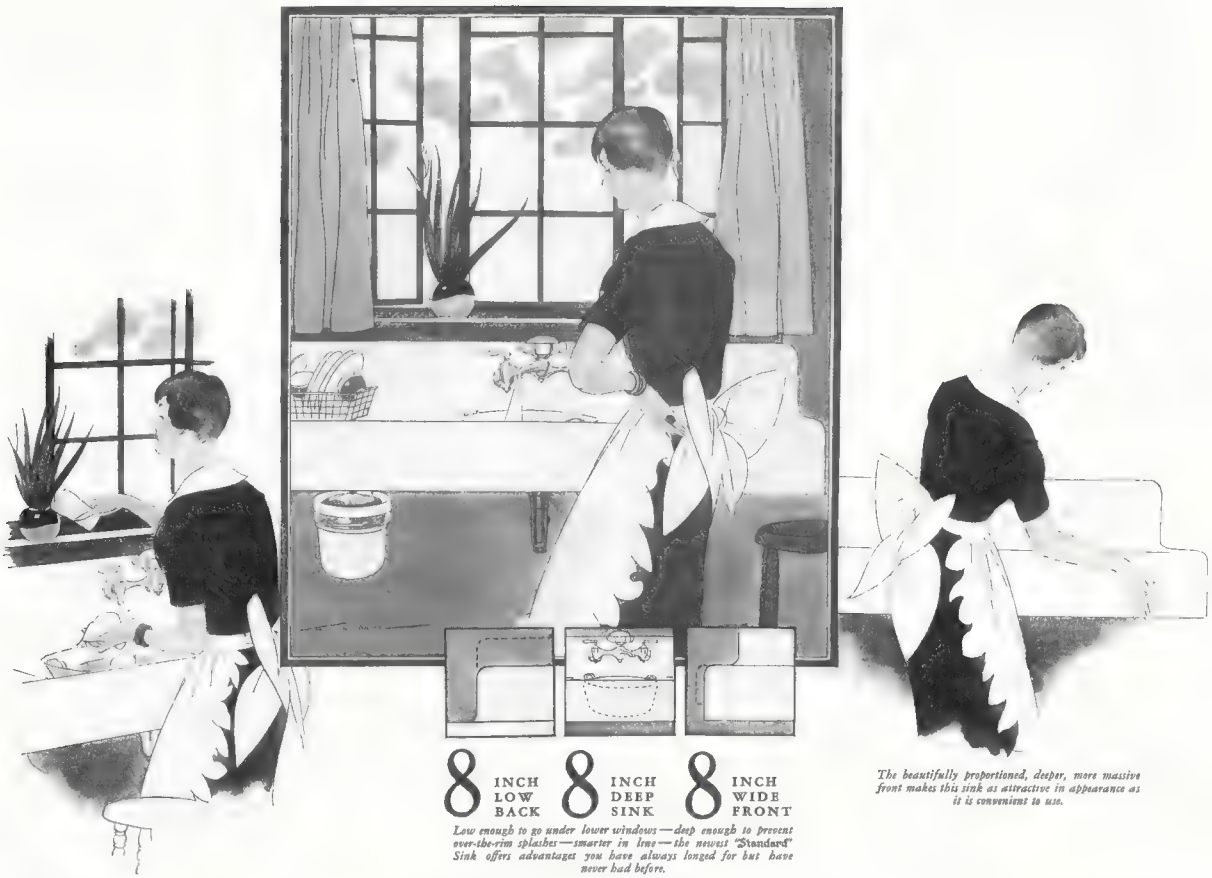
Any town, if it has an auditorium and equipment for presenting these things, can obtain cinema films from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, such as architecture, paintings and costumes in their settings of centuries ago.

High schools particularly, should be definitely planned as cultural centers where children may learn to take interest in public affairs and the older folks have a chance to "keep up with the children." There is no place to stop learning.

Every community should have a free working library where higher studies may be continued and further research made. If the books and helps needed are not on the shelves for the reader they will be secured for him. The American Library Association is leaving no stone unturned, up to the limit of its funds, to provide every kind of reference for the student to carry on. A local library committee can see to it that the necessary funds are provided. There is no field which the library does not serve, literature, music, religion. The story is there for the seeking.

The very abundance of spare time and the expanse of possibilities for self-improvement, are, in themselves, causes for procrastination—but out of the ability to improvise our own diversion, will come, eventually, love and understanding of the human mechanism and its products of music, art, architecture and industry. There is no excuse for wasted time.

BEST OF ALL OUR LEISURE WILL GIVE US THE CHANCE TO INDULGE SOME "HOBBY"



8 INCH LOW BACK 8 INCH DEEP SINK 8 INCH WIDE FRONT

Low enough to go under lower windows—deep enough to prevent over-the-rim splashes—smarter in line—the newest "Standard" Sink offers advantages you have always longed for but have never had before.

The beautifully proportioned, deeper, more massive front makes this sink as attractive in appearance as it is convenient to use.

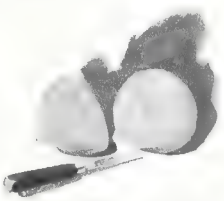
These three "eights" make new sink history

They add charm and durability to sinks with the "Standard" New Process Enamel that fruit and vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor

HERE is the first modern sink that is low enough to go under a big, cheerful window—that has the deeper sink compartment to protect your dress from over-the-rim splashes—that has the deeper front to give the smart, low line—that has the beautiful, New Process Enamel that *stays* smooth and glossy.

This exclusive "Standard" Enamel cannot be harmed by such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice, by the minerals in water, the ingredients of cleansers. It is harder and more durable than any other sink enamel. It saves scouring and makes it easy to keep your sink spotlessly clean.

Besides the new design features and the new enamel, this sink has the graceful new faucet in the swinging-spout style, with a full thirteen inches of working space beneath. There is, also, a built-in garbage container of vitreous china containing a covered aluminum receptacle—easy to remove and empty. All metal parts of both the garbage container and faucet have the exclusive Chromard finish that will not tarnish or corrode and is proof against common acids.



Even lemon juice does not harm the lovely luster of this new enamel.

New Faucet with Chromard Finish

Convenient Built-in Garbage Container

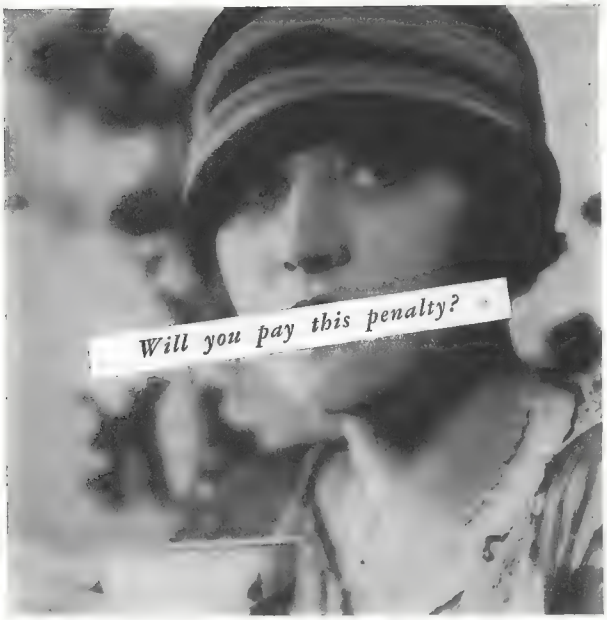
A range of styles to choose from. You may have this new sink in three styles and seven sizes in both single and double drainboard models. On the right end of each the trade-mark "Standard" will be seen clearly impressed into the enamel.

On display near you. These newest sinks are on display in "Standard" Showrooms in more than fifty cities. One is near you—and you are welcome as a visitor. See address in telephone book.

Write for booklet. It tells the complete story of the newest "Standard" Sinks. Send today for a copy.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



Pyorrhea penalizes 4 out of 5

What a grim penalty *Pyorrhea* exacts for neglect! It spreads its poison through the system, undermines health, destroys precious youth and beauty. And four persons out of five after forty (and thousands younger) get caught in its relentless grip.

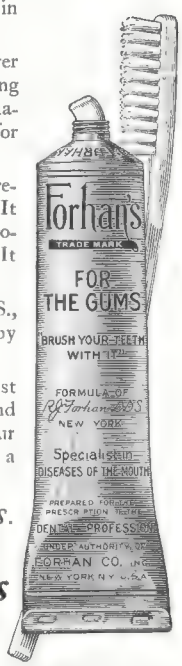
Yet with reasonable care, you need never fear *Pyorrhea*. If you have tender, bleeding gums see your dentist at once for an examination. And start the habit of using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents *Pyorrhea* or checks its vicious course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's *Pyorrhea* Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Safeguard your health. See your dentist twice a year. Start using Forhan's today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children the same good habit. Play safe—get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We make this promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouth washes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.

IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR ALIVE?

[*Continued from page 47*]

went straight up to the Invalid's bed and offered her hand, smiling. As she did this the Invalid's expression slowly changed. Her heavy eyes glowed, she lay very still and looked completely happy. The lady spoke Russian although she was answered in broken German. During their conversation which lasted several hours, the Invalid never called the strange unannounced lady by name. So when she had left His Excellency Zahle asked, "Do you know this lady?"

"Of course," the Invalid answered. "She is Papa's sister, my aunt Olga."

This visit had been a test. The Grandduchess Olga had been brought to her instead of the governess whom she had been led to expect.

The next morning the Grandduchess came again at nine o'clock and sitting by the bed she showed the Invalid pictures of her two little sons. Suddenly the Invalid asked, "Is it a dream or a reality that at home we had very low chairs in one of the rooms?"

"They were there, that is no dream," answered the Grandduchess.

"And, then, did I dream there was a winding staircase we always went down?"

"That is right!" cried the Grandduchess, overjoyed.

In the afternoon she came again but not alone. A woman came with her whom I recognized as the former governess who had accompanied the Ambassador and Herr Gilliard at the Marien Hospital some months before.

"Schura!" cried the Invalid, when she saw her. The governess broke down and wept, for "Schura" was the intimate name Anastasia had given to her.

I asked Frau Gilliard then if the Grandduchess Anastasia as a child had a brown spot on her shoulder which had later been removed. She could not remember. The truth came much later through a young officer, N. W. Sablin, who had served on the imperial yacht, "Standard," for ten years. He said that he had often teased the little Grandduchess Anastasia about the brown spot, which would keep her from ever being lost. This blemish had been burnt off later, he explained.

Had the Grandduchess Olga Alexandrowna and the two Gilliards been able to stay longer than four days with the Invalid they might have led her to talk more about the past.

Even so in saying good-by the Grandduchess Olga kissed the Invalid tenderly on the cheeks and said to the Ambassador, "I cannot believe with my understanding that this is Anastasia but my heart tells me that it is she. And since I grew up in a religion that teaches me to follow my heart rather than my understanding I cannot forsake this unhappy child."

The members of the Imperial family and Gilliard might possibly change their attitudes toward the Invalid if the head of the Imperial family, the Czarina Maria Feodorowna would interest herself in clearing up the matter. Until now the Czarina has remained aloof, and the Grandduchess Olga Alexandrowna and Gilliard have copied her example since their last visit. Some of their distrust comes from the fact that the Invalid said nothing when they showed her a picture of Saint Nikolaus, which the Grandduchess had always worn about her. This reason is the less authentic since the Invalid has always kept such a picture at the head of her bed during her entire illness.

The greatest lack of faith in her identity was aroused by the rumor that the Invalid understood no Russian and could speak no English. It is true that as a general rule she uses German with a typical Russian accent, but she follows every Russian conversation with interest. Even though she understands every word she steadfastly refuses to speak her native tongue. Professor Rudness determined from the very beginning of his treatment to speak only Russian in her presence. During such conversations she followed our remarks apathetically, so one day in order to vex her I told Professor Rudness that her conduct displeased me. Full of indignation, the Invalid interrupted the conversation and contradicted everything in Russian. Yet when Professor Rudness said, "You know Russian very well. From now on I shall speak only Russian to you," a look of terror came over her face, and she sobbed, "I understood nothing; leave me in peace."

Professor Bohnhoeffer of the University of Berlin, who is head of the psychiatry division of Berlin charities and who studied the Invalid for a number of weeks reports: "Mental illness in the actual sense is not present in the patient. There are disturbances of memory present, dependent more or less upon conscious will and imagination, due probably to the wish to destroy what has been lived through."

Dr. Nobles, psychiatrist attached to the Mommsen Sanatorium, elaborates further:

"Perhaps at the root of her avoidance of the Russian language lies the fact that it was forbidden her at the beginning of her flight for fear of being recognized. This in my opinion is the reason for her reserve in the other hospitals and why she answered questions badly or not at all. Her constantly recurring melancholy mood, her helplessness and apathy, her lack of energy and desire for death are doubtless due to the same fear.

"I wish to declare most emphatically that there are no symptoms of insanity of any sort, for in my observations I have never noted a single trace of mental disturbance in the patient, or any sign of suggestion from others or from herself."

In the winter of 1926 the Invalid received a visit from Baron Osten-Sacken, whom neither of us had known before. During the conversation the Baron asked permission to smoke. I noticed then that the Invalid wore an eager and excited expression, but knowing no reason for it I dismissed the thought. When the visitor had left the Invalid called me to her bed and asked, "For heaven's sake where did the Baron get his cigarette holder?"

Surprised, I confessed that I hadn't noticed it. Later in the night she called me again and said, "I cannot rest. Tomorrow morning early you must find out where he got his cigarette holder."

So at half past nine I telephoned Baron Osten-Sacken and asked him if he could explain why the Invalid should be excited by his cigarette holder. He replied that the holder had been given to him by a friend who saw it at Alexandro's in Petersburg, where it had served as a model for the Czar's cigarette holder. When I carried this information to the Invalid she said, "I was so excited that I could not sleep all night. I thought it was Papa's holder."

Later in the summer of 1926 I accompanied the Invalid to Switzerland. Because I was no master of English at the time I asked an English lady whom we learned to know if she would not read and speak English with the Invalid from time to time. In the course of the reading it became evident that the Invalid could read the language well so the woman handed her a note book and suggested that she take dictation. I was frightened for I thought the Invalid would refuse. What was my astonishment then, when the Invalid, who during the entire year that I had known her had never been able to write now wrote fluently. Some inhibition must have fallen away, I feel, when the English woman assumed that she could write, for ever since that time she has been able to do so.

In 1926 a number of Russian emigrants in Paris asked permission to send the dentist who had formerly attended the Imperial family to Berlin to examine the Invalid's teeth in order definitely to confirm her identity. The Invalid knew nothing whatever of this request, or of the refusal of the request by His Excellency, the Danish Ambassador, and the physicians in charge. They based their decision on the belief that the X-ray pictures of the skull revealed many injuries that altered the conditions of the jaw bones, so that complete identification would be impossible.

Many conflicting rumors arise. And yet each day the Invalid awakens with renewed hope that she will be unreservedly recognized by her relatives.

"They saved my work *also my play*"

WHAT a wonderful thing to find yourself suddenly happy and successful when you have come to expect failure and wretchedness!

Such is the amazing story told by a Connecticut woman. She is a teacher during the winter, then in the summer she adds to her income and finds recreation as head waitress at a fashionable hotel on the coast of Maine.

"During the spring of 1925," she writes, "my feet began to trouble me so much that I did not even attempt to stand while I taught my classes.

"Then when I went to the hotel for my summer work, I found my life unendurable. Aching feet, jagged nerves—what a mockery to welcome guests with a smiling face!

"The future loomed dark before me. No more pleasant and profitable summers; no more delightful days by the sea; and most likely no more school teaching.

"Naturally I was frantic. And as a last resort I went to the local shoe dealer for help. He fitted me with a stylish pair of your wonderful Arch Preserver Shoes.

"I was willing to try them, but I had little faith. Surely, my troubles were too great to be solved by a mere pair of shoes — especially such good-looking shoes!

"Oh, what a bright, sunshiny day it was for me when I put on those shoes. And before the week ended I was able not only to do my work with ease and comfort — on my feet over eight hours daily — but I could again take my delightful walks along the beach when off duty.

"Arch Preserver Shoes have saved my work, for which I am grateful beyond expression. They also saved my pleasures, which seem to me now even more of a blessing! And they have done all this while permitting me to wear the smartest styles."

Women who do things must have active feet as well as fashionably groomed feet. The matter of having active feet is today not a problem. There is no longer any doubt about the results of wearing this correctly designed, smartly styled shoe.

This is the shoe that has a concealed, built-in arch bridge to provide natural support underneath the entire foot. There can be no sagging and straining of the delicate weight-bearing structure of the foot. Also, this shoe has a flat inner sole, crosswise, that prevents pinching of the nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

Foot health means usefulness. Elimination of foot abuse means comfort. Foot usefulness and foot comfort combine to make foot happiness. And especially when you have lovely styles designed by our New York studio in collaboration with our Paris correspondent.

Arch Preserver Shoes give support where support is needed — at the arch — and yet they bend freely at the "ball," the only place the foot itself bends.

For active, resultful days, for happy joyous evenings — a "new world of foot happiness" — you should wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. No other shoe can give you the same advantages, because its patented features cannot be successfully imitated.

Return the coupon below and we will mail you the name of your nearest dealer who will correctly fit you and your children; and we will also send you a copy of the interesting booklet "A New World."

THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends.

The Maizie

The Ileana

The Frances

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Sold by 2000 dealers. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O., for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The Selby Shoe Company,
595 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Send booklet M-95 "A New World" and dealer's name.

Name.....
St. and No.....
P. O. ..... State .....
I usually buy my shoes from.....
.....

Onyx Pointex
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office Pat. Sept. 22, 1914
Silk Stockings

Prominent Artists use Onyx Pointex
to emphasize STYLE in fashion drawings

If you would find a true appreciation of the smartness that Onyx Pointex brings to ankle lines, look to the pages of the fashion magazines. For, here you may note how many prominent artists choose the two up-sweeping lines of the Pointex heel to give smartness, trimness, grace to the ankles of the fashion figures that spring from brush-tip or pen-point.

If *you* would be smartly stockinged—wear Onyx Pointex.

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Cultivate Your Child's Acquaintance

JUST A PERSON WHO TEACHES

BY ALIDA E. DE LEEUW

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINAL WRIGHT BARNEY

We read a great many books nowadays and it must be confessed that some of them do not teach us very much. Their contents seem to go in at one ear and out at the other. A great deal is said, there are elaborate arguments given and conclusions drawn, but when we lay down the volume we are not much farther in actual understanding of life than we were when we took it up. And then Jimmie or Mary or Sarah comes home from school and makes a remark, and suddenly we find that we have food for thought and consideration for many days to come.

I remember one observation of a little friend of mine, over which I have often pondered. His name was Bob and he was eight years old. He came from school one day and sat down to his lunch looking very weary. This was surprising, because he loved school and usually came home at noon in good spirits. His mother, wondering at his unusual expression and attitude, asked him if anything were the matter. And Bob, without looking up and rather irritably, answered, "Well, I used to think a teacher was a wonderful person, but I found out this morning that she is just an ordinary person who teaches."

The history of his sudden disillusionment was as follows: The children had been much interested of late in their nature study, and Miss Maitland, Bob's teacher, had laid great stress on kindness to animals. "All around us are living things. Let us study their habits. Never be cruel, and don't be afraid." This had been the substance of her little sermons, and evidently the children had been impressed. On that particular morning one of the boys had come to school full of suppressed excitement. To Bob and several other intimates he had shown that in his pocket he had a little snake. There was much whispering among the "gang," and everyone expected that when the treasure was displayed to Miss Maitland, she would be immensely pleased and interested. The great moment arrived. The owner took a firm but affectionate hold of his wriggling treasure and held it out for his teacher's inspection. Instead of exclaiming in delight Miss Maitland s c r e a m e d, grabbed the creature by the tail, slapped the boy's hand so that he let go, dashed the snake's head against the window sill and dropped the thing on the pavement below. After school, the boys went to see what had become of their pet and found it lying dead. "She was afraid," was Bob's comment. "And she was cruel."

Poor Bob—poor Miss Maitland. Disappointment in people comes to everyone, and probably Bob could not have gone very far along life's road without meeting it, but how sad to be the one to deal the blow which disillusions. Yet, how often it is the mother or teacher who wounds the child's delicate sensibilities and cuts away the ground from under his feet in a way that leaves a lasting impression.

One way in which parents invite this disaster is by trying to set themselves up as ideals of knowledge and virtue. I come across so many instances of this. The other day little Jimmie disagreed with his mother on some point and her comment was, "No, Jimmie, you are wrong. Believe mother, she always knows." What a mistake to try to convince a child that you "always know!" In the present case, young Jimmie had already discovered that this statement was untrue, though once he believed it. Little children are impressed with such remarks for a time, and when they finally discover that the facts do not support what mother has always told them, the shock is terrible.

Later in life, Jimmie's mother will be surprised that her son does not come to her for counsel and advice. It will probably not occur to her that if she would go back over the history of their companionship, she would find a very obvious reason for her boy's attitude. In his childhood she had tried to give him a picture of herself and her capacities which she could not possibly live up to, and after he found out that what she told him was untrue, he naturally lost confidence in her. Personally I have never been ashamed to admit to children that I am liable to make mistakes, and on specific occasions, to say "I don't know," and I have never [*Turn to page 57*]

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

SNOWDRIFT

for making cake, biscuit, pie crust and for wholesome frying. Snowdrift is so dainty and fresh and good-to-eat that it makes fried food a real delicacy.

JUST A PERSON WHO TEACHES

[Continued from page 54]

found that my little friends respected me less for the admission. If honesty is ever the best policy it is so most emphatically in our dealings with children.

Children are very quick to detect deception. The normal child will quite fearlessly look you straight in the eye and confront you with your little fibs and sham attitudes, in a way that may be either disconcerting or illuminating, according to your temperament.

Not a detail escapes them. Their insight often goes beyond the outer and physical. Sometimes their comments suddenly reveal almost pathetic tolerance for the weaknesses of their elders.

One of my friends confided to me not long ago the following tale: Harry was generally allowed to be as lively as he wished at mealtimes. One day, when he was laughing and talking as usual, his father very crossly told him to be quiet. Harry obeyed, and after dinner, by way perhaps of justifying what he himself felt to have been a rather uncalled for rebuke, the father called Harry to him and said, "Harry, do you know why father called you down at dinner just now?" And Harry replied, "Yes, father was very tired." You will hardly believe that this is a true story, but it is. The child wasn't trying to be "smart." He was answering a question quite simply.

Or again, there was Jack. Mother one day, while helping him to dress, tore his shirt in her hurry. She merely exclaimed in annoyance, threw the shirt aside and took another. "Why don't you scold yourself?" asked Jack. "Because I couldn't help it," answered his mother. "It was an accident." Jack was silent for a moment and then said, "Lots of accidents happen to me." Fortunately his mother, though apt to speak hastily, was a thoughtful and loving woman. That remark of little Jack's meant a great deal in her life.

And now a little practical advice. Mothers—and what I say of mothers equally applies to fathers—often think that in order to keep their authority over their children, they must pose as all-wise, all-knowing, all-powerful. Nothing could be further from the truth. A child finds you out so much sooner than you expect. What really makes him respect you is to find you a real companion—one whom he can talk to, open up to and look to for understanding.

And you can make yourself that comrade if you wish. But it means work. Beautiful human relationships have to be made, they don't just come of themselves.

In this particular case of mothers and children, the mother has to make the advances. Begin while your child is very young to cultivate his acquaintance. Most people don't really *know* the small persons whose meals they cook and whose clothes they make at all. They are so much absorbed in the physical side of things that they lose sight of the more subtle aspects of the care they owe to the growing family. And yet it is on these aspects that future happiness depends. Children are not grateful for clothes or food, though we try to make them say they are. They take all these things for granted. They do not love mother because she sews her fingers to the bone for them. But when she enters into their little plans and games, when she stimulates them by sympathy and expectation to real activity of mind and heart and body, then blossoms the flower, the fruit of which is love and affection.

A few minutes every day will help so much. At bedtime, or before the noonday nap, get into a quiet corner and coax the little one to tell you something of his experience. Be restful and receptive and ask a question which will draw him out. "What did you see in the garden today? Was there anything nice?" "Did Dolly like the tea-party?"

You may not get much response at first, and, of course, the whole thing must be casual. There should be no forcing of confidence. But don't be discouraged. Down somewhere in his little soul, Johnny is beginning to feel that you are not some far-away person, but a companion who knows what is going on in his world.

The object of these little talk-times is to make the child express himself so that you may get acquainted with him. So be content to play second fiddle on these occasions. Be sparing with your comments. And whatever you do, don't *preach*. The moment you start preaching and pointing a moral, you spoil the whole thing. Children hate preaching.

But they will listen to an honest opinion stated in a matter of fact way. Suppose that in the course of her confidences Mary tells you how she slapped Alice when they were walking home from school and disagreeing about something. The natural comment on that is "That wasn't nice," or "What a naughty little girl," or something of that sort. But restrain yourself. Instead of making a pronouncement or being shocked, ask a question. "Well, what good did that do?" or "Well, did Alice slap you because you slapped her?" "And then what," or, "Do you think that was a good way to show her you didn't agree with her?" or, simply, "Why?" Or, if you want to be a little more positive, state quietly the results of your own experience. Say, for instance, "I've never found slapping people did anybody any good," or, "When your Aunt Betty and I used to quarrel, I think slapping always made things worse in the end, not better." Then leave it at that.

At first, as I said, there may be little response to the mother's advances, but if she is persistent in a quiet, unobtrusive way, not trying to force things, but showing an ever-recurring interest, the child will gradually open up his mind to her like a bud unfolding in the sunshine. And then, little by little, he will seek opportunities to talk things over with her, not waiting for her prompting. When that begins, it shows that a great step has been taken. Children ask endless questions, "What is this?" "What's that for?" They ask them impersonally of the world. Anyone's answer is welcome. But the child whose confidence has been given in response to some such treatment as I have suggested, has an added interest. Any answer is valuable, but none is so much worth having as father's or mother's. Not that they are always necessarily right—he realizes that—but he has learned to want to know what they think. What does this mean? It means that his parents have awakened in him, with references to themselves, that curiosity without which there can be no friendship. It means everything for a future honest relationship.

A well known and much quoted line from a poem by Wordsworth speaks of little children as coming to us from Heaven. There is something about a little child which suggests our idea of Heaven. He possesses many lovely qualities for which in later life we strive, often unavailing.

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57

"I Know Beans"

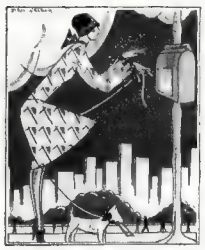
Yes, indeed, he knows beans—Heinz Beans. There's no fooling this young man on that distinctive oven-baked flavor. Beans are not just beans when Heinz prepares them.

For Heinz Beans are *oven-baked* to golden brown deliciousness—*oven-baked* to tempting, tender tastiness. It is the *oven-baking* that makes them so good to eat and so easy to digest.

Only beans which *are* oven-baked can be labeled oven-baked. Read the Heinz label, "oven-baked." Get Heinz Beans, Oven-Baked · The Taste is the Test · *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS
with tomato sauce

Other varieties—
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP · HEINZ APPLE BUTTER
HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI · HEINZ MUSTARD



THE POST BOX

BY EMILY POST

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN CALHOUN

NATURALLY I can't resist printing this letter from an undergraduate at Harvard:

Dear Mrs. Post:

Can it be that you ride special hobbies and shy at pet aversions like the ordinary rest of us? Do I note casual indifference underlying your answers to certain questions, while others are thrust through with pen sharpened to stiletto point? Is this judicial emphasis or is it temperamental mood?

It would be *much* more "intriguing" to assume the latter. But as head of this department, I must confess to emphasis that is judicial, in so far as I am able to make it! Certain seemingly trivial rules are of great importance, while others are comparatively of none. Among today's letters I am purposely selecting examples of each.

IN the first, an obviously sweet and loving person is not merely classifying herself as unfamiliar with the customs of fashionable society, but she is also unintentionally announcing to the world entirely misleading information.

On what finger should the wedding ring be worn when one is a widow? My husband died three years ago, and his memory is still a sweet dear dream, so I don't want to discard my wedding ring.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Annie Greenwood.

Whatever made it occur to you to discard your wedding ring? And why, oh, WHY, if you love his memory, have you discarded his name now by calling yourself "Mrs. Annie" instead of "Mrs. John" or whatever his name was? A widow never takes off her ring, neither does she discard his name. Also *please* do not sign personal letters "Mrs." The proper signature is:

Yours truly,
Annie Greenwood
(Mrs. John Greenwood)

IN contrast to the real importance of the letter above, the questions in the letter following, are of none, except in the napkin details pointed out.

1. So often when one person has given an order, others duplicate it even at soda fountains—is this considered correct? Why should a man think he must have a chocolate soda just because the girl orders one when doubtless he prefers pineapple?

2. In a restaurant does one take one's napkin off the table when the order is given, or wait until the dinner is served? Also should it be entirely unfolded or just half? What about the way a man unfolds his napkin?

1. No point in duplicating soda order. Probably he really has no preference. Same about meals. Very few people care enough to change a suggested order.

2. Napkin is unfolded usually upon taking your place at table. The only requirement is that it shall remain out of sight, across your lap. Men also lay napkin across lap. No importance whatsoever how much or how little it is unfolded, so long as he does not tie it around his neck.

IN the next letter the really important item is mentioned only in passing. This girl writes:

My engagement is being announced to a doctor. I am using the formal engraved engagement announcements, and I should like your opinion as to whether it is proper that his name be engraved Dr. John Smith or John Smith, M. D.

"Formal engraved engagement announcements" are absolutely unheard of in best usage. An engagement is announced only in two ways: Intimately, by writing notes to your friends and relatives; and publicly, by calling up the society editor of the local newspaper and giving him the information for his column. In both of these cases you would probably say Dr. John Smith. But in the engraved wedding invitations, or wedding announcements, (which correctly ARE engraved), you would probably say John Smith, M. D. But either way of writing his title is correct.

THE next letter concerns a matter of "feeling at ease" rather than a fixed rule of etiquette.

Dear Mrs. Post:

Would you explain in detail just how the dinner order is given when a girl dines in a restaurant with a man?

Sometimes the man orders without consulting her, but usually the man, the girl and the waiter hold a three-sided conversation, something like this:

Man: "What would you like? Fruit cocktail? Oysters?"
Waiter: "Our shrimps are particularly fine."
Man to girl: "Would you like shrimps?"
Girl: "Yes, very much" or else "I'd rather have oysters."
Man to waiter: "Bring one shrimp, one oysters."
Man to girl: "Soup?"
Girl: "No, I'd just like one dish, chicken—or something like that, and a dessert."

Or when asked what she would like, she says in the beginning what she wants. Or she says nothing except "very nice" to whatever he suggests. One point: Unless she knows the man is very well off, or the restaurant is a table d' hôte one the girl ought to show some consideration for her companion's purse. He in politeness probably suggests much more than a reasonable order, and many a girl has lost a beau by thus blandly letting him spend a week's salary on the first (and only) meal he ever invites her to have with him.

THE last few letters are all "girl and man" questions so I will try to save space by answering them together. It has always been considered extremely ill bred for a gentleman to smoke when walking with a lady, and even in these "lady's smoking days" it is considered a flagrant lack of respect to the girl he is with if a man smokes while walking IN THE CITY. Not in the country, and not sitting in a house or on a veranda or anywhere smoking is the general rule. The smoking ban is on a CITY STREET.

It is very bad form for a man to take a girl's arm when walking with her. It is not GOOD form for her to take his on the street in daytime unless the pavement is slippery or in other ways "dangerous." It is entirely correct to take his arm at night. A man walking with a girl, takes the curb side of the pavement. In walking with two girls he also walks on the curb side and not between them.

When a girl lunches or dines in a restaurant with a man she usually takes the seat facing the door, and she is supposed to sit opposite (at a small narrow table) or on his right at a round or square one. But this rule is not important and they both sit where they choose.

Another rule—not especially important—is about who goes first down the aisle of a theatre. If the aisle is wide, they go together. Otherwise the correct way is for the man to go first until he gives the tickets to the usher, after which the girl follows the usher, and the man follows the girl.

Shall a man taking his best girl to a matinée take her chocolates to eat or flowers to wear? Flowers proclaim a "beau" while candy suggests merely a taste for sweets. Two or three gardenias, a bunch of violets, or an orchid always delight. But would Mary like chocolates better? The answer is not according to etiquette, but according to Mary!

Stooping standing reaching walking 1000 meals each year

Take things easier with a HOOSIER

ONE FACT no home-maker can escape. Life *does* revolve around three meals a day!

When this meal has been eaten and enjoyed, what next? 4 or 5 hours—then another! 1000 meals each year!

And so it goes. It is these over and over tasks of every day that make housekeeping sometimes take on the cast of drudgery.

It is doing the same old things, taking the same countless steps, spending the same long hours *every day* that make kitchen work so wearing.

But after all, there are short cuts. You don't need to put in so many monotonous hours. You don't need to take all those useless tiring steps!

Save 1,000 steps a day!

Save 40% of your kitchen time!

You can save 1,000 steps in getting your three meals a day! You can save 40% of the time you usually spend in your kitchen!

Just with one piece of modern equipment. *A Hoosier cabinet!*

These figures have been carefully proved in experiments by domestic science experts. Aren't they worth thinking about?

In the Hoosier you have what every efficient kitchen must have—a working center. In it you have pantry, work table, cupboard—*all in one!*

Think of going into your kitchen when it's time to get a meal, sitting down at your Hoosier—and actually doing the greater part of your work without ever getting up!

Nearly everything you need is right there. Dishes, utensils, ingredients. You waste no time, no steps.

Can you imagine getting a meal so easily with a pantry off at one side, a built-in cupboard over here and your work table over there?

There's no convenience like Hoosier convenience. If you have never seen its possibilities, learn about it now. The Hoosier store in your town will gladly show you.

New low prices—easy terms

The Hoosier is for *every* home—well-to-do or very modest. You can have a wonderful model for as little as $39.75. And owning a Hoosier is made so easy—for you can have it put in your kitchen for just a small down payment and the rest on terms to suit.

AN INTERESTING BOOK FOR YOU—FREE

You will find this book on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration of real help and interest in improving your own kitchen. Send coupon for it—it's free.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
527 McCook St., Newcastle, Indiana
British Address: Louis Matthews, Hoosier Store, 3/5 Preston St., Liverpool
Please send me, free, your new booklet: "Fewer Steps in Your Kitchen."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1927, The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

HOOSIER

THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS

CHECK IT!

Even the mention of dandruff makes you wince.

And those telltale flakes on your shoulder are a real calamity.

Naturally, you want to end this condition as quickly as possible. And now loose dandruff (epithelial debris) can be controlled; an easy matter, too.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage thoroughly. Keep it up systematically for at least a week—and longer in stubborn cases. In almost every instance results will delight you.

It's really a pleasure to use Listerine this way.

Your scalp feels so clean, cool and refreshed. Your hair is so easy to comb and stays in place so nicely. And it is safe—Listerine does not discolor it or leave it gummy.

FREE—One copy "Evidence," a book that everyone who has ever suffered from scalp trouble will want to read. Address Dept. D., Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WHITE WARNING
ARE YOU CURIOUS?
Are you curious to know the reason for the amazing success of Listerine Tooth Paste? The answer is a large tube —at 25c.
R I N E
—the safe antiseptic

"Please send me a nice 100-pound roast"

"RIDICULOUS!" you say, "most of it would spoil." Exactly! Yet you buy more meat than that per year—easily $185 worth—and trust it to your refrigerator. Have you ever figured it in money and checked its value against a good refrigerator?

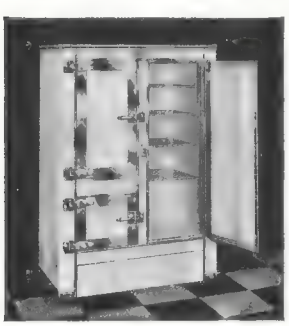
Putting meat and other perishable food in the Gibson is like putting cash in the bank. You know it is safe. Fourteen walls of insulation keep the dry, circulating cold air inside and heat outside. The sturdy automatic Gibson locks close the doors air-tight.

And cleaning a Gibson is quick and thorough because of its one-piece porcelain lining with rounded corners. The new style flat metal shelves prevent cups and small dishes from tipping, a feature found only in the Gibson. A most important feature is the Gibson trap—a solid piece of cast aluminum that will never clog or wear out. Instantly removable for scalding.

There are Gibsons in all sizes, prices and styles. Handsome ones finished in golden oak or all-porcelain exteriors. Let us tell you more about the Gibson by sending you our booklet, "What goes into your refrigerator?" Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Michigan.

The corkboard-insulated Gibson

is the finest and most beautiful refrigerator made. It is heavily insulated with 100% pure corkboard and is very economical in the use of ice. This refrigerator can be adapted to electric refrigeration at any time, as it comes equipped with the necessary fittings and is approved by manufacturers of electric units.



MC-4
GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO., Greenville, Mich.
I want to know *why* I should buy a Gibson. Please send me your booklet, "What goes into your refrigerator?"
Name.....
Address.....

Gibson REFRIGERATOR

H. Armstrong Roberts

Give them plenty of outdoor play

HOW SHALL I PROTECT MY CHILD?

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks to Young Mothers"

IT has been my experience that many a good mother makes a poor nurse for her own child during a severe illness. She is all too apt to become confused and so fails to follow the directions the doctor has given her. For this reason the mother who can afford the expense of a trained nurse should never attempt to take complete charge of the child during a severe illness.

Especially is this true in the case of diphtheria, which does not run a definite course, like the other infectious diseases. It is the most uncertain and treacherous disease with which doctors have to deal.

Vigor of constitution appears to exert no influence on susceptibility to the disease. The robust and weak are alike susceptible. As a matter of fact, investigation with the Shick test has shown that a larger proportion of susceptible children are among those living in the less populated and better class communities than in the poorer and more crowded tenements.

Of course, a normal throat is a valuable prophylactic agent, which means that children who have had tonsils and adenoids removed have the best chance to escape after an exposure and if the disease does occur there is less liability of any complications.

The first symptoms in an average case of diphtheria are fever, restlessness, and a disinclination to play. An unfortunate feature in diphtheria is the usual slight elevation of temperature early in the illness and the gradual onset of the infection. The mother is not impressed with the severity of the illness and often times the physician is not called for two or three days, thus losing much valuable time, since the early use of the antitoxin is a highly important factor in determining the ultimate outcome.

Among the early symptoms, pain upon swallowing is prominent and in not a few cases a swelling of the glands will be noticed at the angle of the jaw. And examination of the throat shows the characteristic exudate. In some cases the patches resemble thin layers of putty spread over the parts, and at other times present the appearance of light yellow paint splashed upon the tonsils, or there may just be simple dots on the tonsils.

The only measure of value we possess is the use of the antitoxin, which must be given as soon as the disease has been diagnosed as a case of diphtheria.

The period of incubation—the time from exposure to the development of the disease—may vary greatly. A child may develop diphtheria within twenty four hours after exposure or it may be delayed over a period of several weeks. Transmission of the disease is usually by direct contact though it may be transmitted by means of contaminated clothes, toys, or most any other article at all.

Of course, as is the case in all contagious diseases, the child should be isolated and complete quarantine should be observed. If it is possible, a room on the top floor should be used.

During convalescence the child must not be allowed to mingle with other children until a bacteriological examination of the throat and nose secretion shows that there are no diphtheria germs present.

Then, when the child is well, let this rule apply: *Give them plenty of outdoor play.* The country bred child lives in a happy little world of her own, but the city child must have her share of health-giving sunshine too. I recommend all the play possible.

The country bred child lives in a happy world of her own

Date Your Stockings

The new way to test hosiery value

A charming little hosiery record and number tags make "dating" easy. Free with every purchase of the Durham styles listed. Get them from the nearest Durham dealer.

Your eye tells you instantly when hosiery is smart. There is no mistaking style. If you could be as sure of long wear, hosiery buying would be simple. But there is only one way to test durability—by actual use.

We believe Durham Hosiery will give you the most wear. Only the choicest materials are used; every pair is made with infinite care and all wear points are protected by Durham special reinforcement—hidden honesty that only wear reveals. But do not take our word for extra wear. We offer you a new way to prove it yourself—date your hosiery.

Dated hosiery was first introduced in Paris by one of the smartest women's shops. Enthusiastically received by the Parisienne, it is now being adopted by America's smartest women.

With every purchase of Durham styles listed below your store gives you the attractive Durham booklet, "Pair and Compare," in which to keep an exact record of how long your stockings wear. Also six pairs of numbered cloth tags, enough to date six pairs of stockings. Use this simple method to compare the value of Durham Hosiery with any other kind you or your family happen to be wearing.

By keeping this record, you can prove to yourself what millions of wearers already know — that Durham durability is not mere talk but established fact. As for style, just examine a pair.

Durham Hosiery Mills, New York City, N. Y.

Because Durham Hosiery is durable as well as stylish it meets the demands of strenuous sightseeing and is highly regarded by American tourists abroad. If you contemplate a trip to the continent this summer write us for the name of the shop that offers Durham Hosiery exclusively in Paris.

DURHAM HOSIERY

Durable ..... made with infinite care in the world's largest hosiery mills

FOR WOMEN: In season's charming colors — *Phyllis* or *Phantom,* full-fashioned, silk to top, $1.95 . . . *Penelope,* full-fashioned, service silk, $1.85 . . . *Daphne,* all-purpose silk, $1 . . . *Periwinkle,* silk reinforced with Rayon, $1 . . . FOR MEN: *Traymore,* silk reinforced with Rayon, 50 cents . . . *Dollar Bill,* finest mercerized lisle, 3 pair, $1 . . . *1700 G. S.,* lisle sox U. S. Marines couldn't wear out, 25 cents . . . FOR CHILDREN: *Polly Prim,* triple strength heel and toe, 25 cents . . . *Mohican,* with derby rib, 25 cents . . . *Ruggles,* strong, comfortable, 29 cents. *If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name with order and remittance. Specify size, style and color.*

©1927, D. H. M

A Super-Soft Flaky Powder

...like a healing cream, this powder-lubricant *protects your baby's skin*

YOU know how a mother buys an undergarment for her baby. She tries its softness with her finger tips, presses it against her own cheek to make certain that the fibres will not roughen or chafe.

Yet even a baby's silken skin can carry its own source of irritation. For, skin-folds, if not properly protected, grow moist and rub against each other. And painful chafing quickly results.

To prevent this very condition—to shield your baby's skin against itself—Johnson & Johnson have produced a super-soft, flaky powder, Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Light as a fairy veil, its effect on the skin is that of soothing cream. By covering sensitive flesh, by *lubricating* the skin-folds, it prevents discomfort.

The base of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder is Italian talc, a super-soft substance, which breaks into airy powder, light as thistle-down. Blended with boracic compound and delicate perfume, it becomes a gentle skin-healer, useful after the baby's bath, every time diapers are changed. It guards tender skin without clogging the pores, keeps your baby fresh and sweet every hour of the day.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, as well as little babies, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically demand it above any other baby powder.

Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.

3 Rules for your Baby's health and comfort

First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally relieve roughness, rash, or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant

SPEAKING OF BLONDES

[*Continued from page 37*]

not take him too seriously. But when he grows older, when life becomes more serious, then he wants a woman who will make him think that his troubles mean everything in the world to her. That is the real femininity.

"That is what the world is looking for; and that is the characteristic the true blonde has, if she only will use it."

Miss Banky has definite ideas about the colors a blonde should wear. She tells how, when she was a tiny girl, her mother often laughed at her when she chose certain shades for her clothes and refused to wear others. "To me," she said, "the pastel tints, soft blue, rose, green and lavender are the true blonde colors." She reached out impulsively and picked up from the table a book bound in scarlet leather. "There are many blondes, I know," she observed, "who like this color. But bright red, to me, is not right for blondes. It is too conspicuous, too startling."

"This feeling for color comes often in very little children. Out in California we wear light shades because of the climate. And it seems to me that many little ones must suffer because they are dressed in such terrible colors. Sometimes I want to tell mothers that their children's personalities should be dressed as carefully as their own."

As I sat beside this girl, so calm, poised, sedate, almost, I found it difficult to believe that she was really a movie idol, and that in making a picture she leads the hectic existence of a star. When I remarked that she did not show that weariness or tension which mars the beauty of so many of our actresses she laughed her gay, silvery laugh. "Well, I must confess to you," she said quaintly, "that I have no dissipations. I do not smoke or drink or go to late parties. Now, this is not because I am what you call a Puritan, for I come from one of the gayest capitals of Europe, Budapest. But it is simply that I do not care for those things. I am happiest when I am leading a very quiet life. It does not sound very exciting, but it is perfectly true."

Miss Banky's fan letters would make contemporary history if they were ever published. "I cannot get over you Americans," she said. "How you love and admire the people who act in the movies! And yet I am sorry when young girls want to imitate moving picture actresses. So often I have seen them, dressing their hair like this one, wearing clothes like that one, painting their lips like still another."

"Now, much as I love the movies, I hate it when some one points me out in a crowd and says, 'She is a movie actress.' I don't want to look like an actress when I am not acting. I want to look like myself, like Vilma Banky. That is why I never wear conspicuous clothes or too-bright colors in the street. If these thousands of young girls only knew, they would never imitate extremes. How much better they are being just themselves, not pretending to be some one else.

"It is true that many times they can learn good things about dress and deportment from good acting." Then she added, smiling ruefully, "But they do not want to imitate the good things."

In our conversation I felt in her a deep, underlying sense of modesty. So I am adding here what I did not dare to tell her. That is, if you are a blonde, you cannot do better than to watch Vilma Banky. She understands so clearly the blonde personality and its contrast with the modern girl's desire to be something else. To her, the whole trend towards boyishness misses the greatest fact of a woman's attraction for man—*femininity*. If you remember only one thought from our interview, remember that she said "The world is crying for femininity."

Next month Miss Fillmore writes on WHAT DOES YOUR VOICE TELL THE WORLD ABOUT YOU?

HOW DO YOU COOK THEM?

[*Continued from page 38*]

become more juicy the longer they are cooked; the skins of baked potatoes should be broken or pricked when done and before they are served, to prevent their being gummy or sticky, and to allow steam and gases to escape.

If you want to retain the flavor of any vegetable, it is advisable to cook it in the skin. When the skin is removed, the flavor cooks out into the water in which the vegetables are being boiled. Vegetables with a very delicate flavor should be cooked in a small amount of water. Then, if you use all the water either for a sauce for the vegetables or for soup stock, you lose none of the flavor. Throwing away the water from vegetables is throwing away flavor and nourishment.

Over-cooking injures the substances in vegetables which add to the flavor. It also changes the composition and causes a peculiar taste. Vegetables when cooked are often more bland because the flavor-yielding substances have been destroyed.

It is impossible to get the *best* flavor in vegetables if they are salted after they are cooked. They should be salted some time during the cooking process to give the seasoning a chance to penetrate through the vegetables. If peas are salted too soon, they harden and shrivel.

There is no difference in the amount of minerals lost in cooking, whether the vegetables are cooked in hard water or soft. There is much loss, however, if the vegetables are soaked before cooking or are parboiled, or if they are blanched and the water thrown away. Minerals and some of the vitamins are soluble in the water, and you lose a great deal of both if you cook them in a large quantity of water and then pour it off. Cutting up vegetables before cooking them increases their surface and while it may shorten the time of cooking and be somewhat more economical of fuel, it will cause a greater loss of mineral salts. Vegetables which are boiled rapidly for a short time lose less of both mineral salts and vitamins than those boiled slowly for a long time.

Steaming is a good way to cook vegetables, as it reduces the losses of minerals and vitamins, unless the steam washes over the vegetables and drips back into the water in the lower part of the steamer. Steaming is also an economical method of cooking, because you can cook several different vegetables in the same steamer, using only one flame.

In using the pressure cooker for vegetables, it is interesting to compare the difference in results when the cooking is done in enough water to cover and when only a very small amount of water is used. In the Food Work Shop at Teachers College we cooked cabbage (both white and red), potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips, sweet potatoes, cauliflower, egg-plant, turnips, brussels sprouts, beans, celery, spinach and pumpkin The same weight of each vegetable was put into each of two inset pans but different amounts of water were used in each pan. One pan had in it enough water to cover the vegetable and the other had much less water, although enough to keep part of the vegetable in the water. Both pans were put into the same pressure cooker and processed for the same length of time at the same pressure. The results, in general, indicated the following conclusions:

1. Light-colored vegetables, such as white cabbage, potatoes, onions, celery, cauliflower, and so forth, when cooked in large amounts of water, are whiter than when small amounts of water are used, but some of the flavor is lost.
2. Vegetables with color, such as spinach, carrots, sweet potatoes, red cabbage, and so forth, retain their color and flavor when a small amount of water is used.

So, whatever the method of cooking, you must decide whether you want a vegetable which has the best flavor and the most nourishment or one which has the best color. For all the desirable qualities in vegetables cannot be preserved by any one method of cooking. Though we have made real progress in vegetable cooking, there is still much to be accomplished.

Every woman who makes cake should know *these important facts* about flour!

by Frances Lee Barton

OH, the cakes women write me about! The stiff cakes. The leaden cakes. The bready cakes. The cakes that end up in pudding. And the cakes that never get to the table at all.

When I get these letters how I wish that I could go into every kitchen and talk with the woman who makes the cake! Because a cake failure is a sin and a shame! Time wasted. Precious ingredients wasted. Chagrin and disappointment. *All unnecessary!* Again and again I have found that the root of the trouble was —wrong flour.

There is more than one kind of flour. There's bread flour, meant for bread. And there's Swans Down Cake Flour—an entirely *different* kind of flour made expressly for cake and pastry.

Bread flour contains a type of gluten which, to give the best results, must be leavened from three to five hours by yeast. Swans Down Cake Flour is made from a different kind of wheat —a special soft winter wheat that grows near the Swans Down mills. This wheat contains a delicate, tender gluten that gives perfect results with the "quick" leavens—baking powder, egg whites, etc.

And then Swans Down Cake Flour is so marvelously milled! Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used. In the flour milled from 100 pounds of this special wheat, only 26 pounds are good enough for Swans Down! Swans Down is sifted and resifted, through finest silk, until it is 27 *times as fine* as good bread flour. Naturally, it makes finer, more velvety cake.

It will pay you to use Swans Down Cake Flour in every cake, humble or ambitious. Flour is a cake's most important ingredient. Yet, compared with other ingredients, its cost is trifling. Swans Down costs only 3½c per cake more than bread flour. *And Swans Down means success.* It is cake insurance!

For the love of good cake, don't take chances. Use the flour that is made *expressly* for cake—Swans Down Cake Flour! Try the cake illustrated. Follow the recipe carefully, and your cake will be tender, fluffy, and a credit to your skill.

SWANS DOWN CARAMEL CAKE

½ cup butter or substitute
¾ cup sugar
4 egg yolks, beaten light
Second ¾ cup sugar
3 cups Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream shortening with ¾ cup sugar. Beat the egg yolks until light, and add the second ¾ cup sugar, beating well. Add this sugar mixture to the first. Mix well. Sift the flour, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift three times. Add flour mixture and milk alternately to the first mixture. Then add the vanilla extract. Fold in the egg whites, and bake in two layer cake pans in a moderate oven (350°F.) Put the layers together and cover cake with caramel icing.

CARAMEL ICING

Cook 2 cups light brown sugar with 1 cup milk or water until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (238° F.). Add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla; remove from fire, leave until cold, then beat until creamy. (Note: if the sugar curdles the milk, add a pinch of soda.)

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INCORPORATED
Established 1836
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Swans Down Cake Flour is sold only in the package shown below. Each package contains enough flour for six cakes. Your grocer has Swans Down.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

You'll Need This Cake Set!

For just what it costs us we will mail you this superb cake set—the very kind we use in our own kitchens . . . *Set consists of* . . . Set aluminum measuring spoons; Wooden slotted mixing spoon; Wire cake tester; Aluminum measuring cup; Steel spatula; Heavy square cake pan (tin); Patent angel food pan (tin); Sample package of Swans Down; Copy of recipe booklet "Cake Secrets".

"Cake Secrets" is the only item sold separately. Send 10c for your copy.

An oven thermometer is essential to proper baking. We can now supply you with a standard thermometer, postage prepaid, at $1.00 ($1.25 at Denver and West, $1.50 in Canada).

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., McCall's—5-27
Evansville, Indiana.

Attached is $1.00 ($1.25 at Denver and West, $1.50 in Canada) for which please send to address below one full set Swans Down Cake Making Utensils—with which I am to receive, free of charge, the booklet "Cake Secrets". If not entirely satisfied with set I may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and my money will be promptly refunded.

Name.....
(Write plainly)

Street Address.....

City.....*State*.....

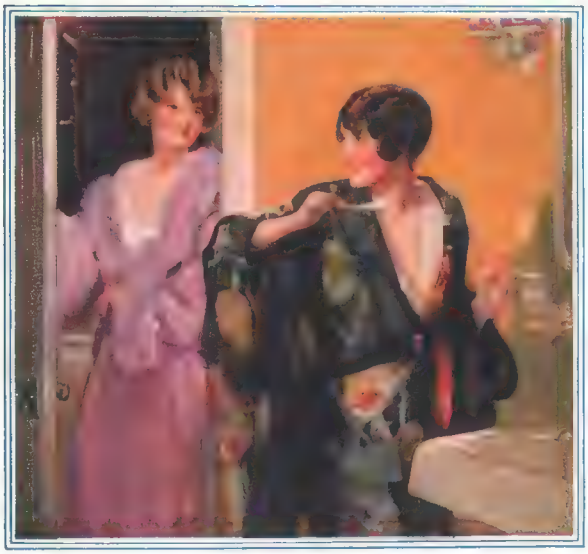
No orders accepted for shipment outside U. S. or Canada.

Cleanse TEETH of Dingy Film

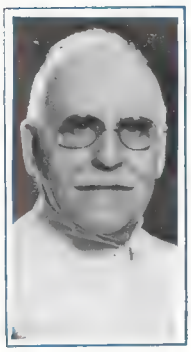
Smiles Brighten Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.



A method dentists now are widely urging

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

By running the tongue across the teeth, this film can be felt. Modern dental science charges it with many tooth and gum disturbances; with most of the clouded teeth one sees, with much of the prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

Film—Enemy of Sound Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film
Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those now found in Pepsodent.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1137, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2391

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

"So we decided to write one ourselves"

THESE LETTERS WIN PRIZES *in* McCALL'S *Radio Fairy* CONTEST

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

FIRST PRIZE $50

MARY S. HAWLING
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey
15 years old

Dear Editor:

I THINK I have found the story in the contest. It is one of my favorites. I don't want to turn Tempa exactly, but I have decided to write it in verse. I have been writing verse for four years, and it seems the most natural thing to do. I certainly hope that this is the right story.

The Story of Elizabeth of Hungary

Elizabeth of Hungary was beautiful and kind;
Nowhere a princess of her worth could anybody find.
While yet a child she used to give her lovely toys away,
That children who were very poor might learn the joy of play.
King Herman hoped someday his son would marry this fair maid,
Who went around and helped, while other princesses played.
So this young girl of royal blood, to all the people dear,
Became the bride of Louis before her fifteenth year.
Well known she'd been for kindness to the poor folk of her land,
And many a home of poverty had known her gentle hand;
So still she journeyed oftentimes unto the poor man's door,
And gave him food, and left him blessing her forevermore.
One winter day a basket full of bread and meat she bore
Out from the cozy castle walls, out from the castle door,
And, bending almost double with the weight she carried then,
Went down into the valley to the aid of hungry men.
Her husband's hunting party passed; he stopped her, asking where
She went, and angrily inquired just what she carried there.
She tried to hide the basket, but he drew it into sight—
Behold, he saw it full of fragrant roses, red and white.
He knew they were not flowers of earth; and, bowing to her low,
He took one rose, and rode away, and she was free to go.
Thru all her life she helped mankind, e'en to her dying breath,
And still today we love her well, sweet Saint Elizabeth.

Mary S. Hawling.

SECOND PRIZE $25

ANNE ROSENBERG
Passaic, New Jersey
15 years old

Dear Editor:

I JUST know that your next story is going to be about Saint Elizabeth! When I was a little girl my mother once told me the story of Saint Elizabeth and as I grew older I found that of all my books I loved "Saint Elizabeth or the Miracle of the Roses" best. I know it *is* that story, for who but Saint Elizabeth was the child who was sainted because of her goodness to the destitute? Whose husband but Elizabeth's was so heartless because of her generosity?

Of the whole story the part I loved best was the "Miracle of the Roses." To poor Elizabeth wandering through the wind-swept streets nothing could be worse than meeting her husband. It was only because she felt it her positive duty that she again went among the poor. At his demand to know what the basket contained she put her soul in the hollow of his hand and not daring to let him know the truth she chokingly murmured "Flowers—Roses."

Unbelievingly he snatched the basket from her arm and uncovered it. There before him instead of the food and medicine he expected to see, he saw fragrant, blooming blood-red roses.

Anne Rosenberg.

THIRD PRIZE $15

JEAN SPEARS
Blind River, Ontario
14 years old

Dear Radio Fairy:

I AM an interested reader of your stories in McCall's Magazine and I have decided to write one myself. I have concluded that the story you are going to tell in the December issue is, "The Roses of Saint Elizabeth." This is the story.

The Roses of Saint Elizabeth

In Thuringia there lived a beautiful queen who was very much loved by her subjects because of her kindness and generosity to the poor.

Elizabeth, for that was the queen's name, was very young and had a husband whom she feared very much.

One day the king went out to hunt with his courtiers and while he was away Elizabeth and her maid filled their aprons with loaves of bread and started out to visit the poor. [*Turn to page 131*]

"My hands are soft and smooth now in spite of washing dishes"

Free your hands of "*Dishpan*" redness

QUITE out-of-date—"dishpan looking" hands! And quite unnecessary even if you do have to wash dishes 3 times a day. Women are finding this out themselves!

By the hundreds of thousands they are discovering that it's not good economy to use ordinary soaps or soap scraps in the dishpan *at the expense of their hands!*

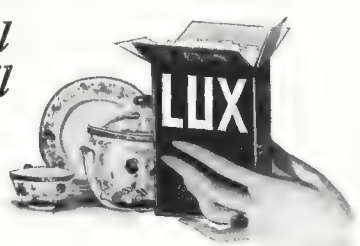
For it is the injurious alkali in so many soaps — regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—which dries up nature's beautifying oils and makes hands red and rough. So women are discarding soaps that irritate their sensitive hands.

They are using Lux, instead, for washing dishes! There's *no* harmful alkali in its tissue-thin transparent diamonds.

You know, yourself, from washing delicate silks and woolens how soft and smooth Lux leaves your hands. Now let it save them while you wash dishes, too!

There's enough Lux in the big package for 135 dishwashings. Let it keep *your* hands white and soft! Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

One teaspoonful is plenty for all the dishes



Are American women really contented?

American women are attractive—yet, but tense and restless. Strained under the press of modern life, unrelaxed, well one day and tired the next—Auto-Intoxication is often the cause.

* * *

NO one can reasonably lecture the American woman upon her taste in dress, her carriage, or upon the way she attends to her duties. She is brilliant socially—she goes to many parties—she is an excellent manager and a good mother and her home is the best conducted home in all the world.

But the American woman may be justly lectured for trying to do too many things. For nervous, hurried living takes its toll in damaged health and in frayed nerves.

When we ignore nature's rules, digestion is impaired, "stoppage" in the intestines occurs. Fermentation begins, setting up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—causing Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in dull headaches, fatigue, indigestion and in a hundred different ways. It makes women look tired, worn, old. It brings unhappiness, depression, irritability.

* * *

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication, the first step is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination, is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly.

Sal Hepatica stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination. Dissolved in a glass of water it makes a palatable, pleasant drink.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal. It is sold in three sizes in all drug stores—30c, 60c, $1.20. Buy the large size for economy.

* * *

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how this common ailment affects health and beauty.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. F-57, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica

© 1927

A POOR MAN'S COTTAGE

[*Continued from page 21*]

many behind her. The bare woods filled with the first Sunday crowd, and she left them again, for the muddy road and slowly climbed to the top of the hill. She leant on a stonewall and let her eyes roam. And then they found him again—the sun god. At a little distance he lay, beyond the stone wall. He had climbed it, somehow—with his crutches and his useless legs—and then he had fallen, and couldn't get up.

"Oh!" said the girl, involuntarily, and stood stricken, watching.

He heaved, he thrashed, like a wounded animal. He tried every manoeuvre that brain could devise, with strong arms and body, but to no avail.

She moved, then. There were tears in her eyes, but they shouldn't show. Over the wall she called to him.

"Hello. Have you hurt yourself? Let me help you."

At the bright sound, his head twisted round to look up at her.

"Hello," he said, "I'm down for good."

"Oh, mercy!" cried Violet Gibbs, but it was because of his smile that she cried out. "What made you climb that wall?"

"The same thing that made me come out here at all. Because I've always walked in the country in Spring—because I've always climbed walls."

"I'll help you," she said, lashing at her own strength, "I'll pull you up."

"*You!*" And he laughed at her five foot three, her slimness and frailness. "It will take a derrick!"

"No," she said, "no, it won't."

He let her do what she would with him. It was like dragging at a sack of meal—a bale of hay. But they laughed, both of them, all the while. She rolled rocks off the wall and made a ledge; heaving and hauling they got him onto it; and then she brought him his crutches.

"Whew!" she breathed, nerves and muscles shaking beyond her control. Was she going to cry? Not the struggle, harrowing enough—it was the *gameness* of him that ruined her!

"Thank you a thousand times, in the the name of Joshua Richardson," he said, gaily, from his perch.

He shouldn't be stronger than she! And her eyes met his gleam for gleam.

"Oh, what a good, sound, sensible name! What do you think mine is?—Violet Gibbs! And not just to dress up Gibbs, either. My mother never stopped at *Gibbs* with any of us. I was to be Violet, Duchess of Devonshire, or Lady Violet Mountfalcon—*you* know—destined from birth!"

"And you've beaten destiny?"

"To a frazzle!" she said. "I'm the family skeleton. I'm a shop girl!"

"Cast off, and all that?"

"Cast *myself* off!" Her eyes drew back from the valley, and rested nearer, on a cottage with weatherbeaten shingles and a long, long Cape Cod roof. "Have you ever noticed in a family how one, alone, won't run to type? Something left out—or added—in just one, that sours on the whole structure? My family structure was built round a ladder that, painfully, we were all to climb to castles. My mother stood behind us, cracking a whip like a ring master. But *I* did a bolt when my turn came, and went hunting alone for a cottage. Look—there it is! I ask you—isn't that the duckiest place you ever set your eyes on?"

She saw the smile stiffen on his lips, and heard his voice go partly serious.

"*I* saw that little house. I was trying to get to it. What do *you* want it for?"

"To live in—ideally!" she cried. "To furnish it with painted chairs and tables—and little spotted wall papers and pewter things—to breed Scottish terriers, and love them and play with them and watch them grub in my sweetpeas—out there on the further slope—flowers, flowers, flowers I'd have—and at night I'd light the lamp and call in the pups—and then—I'd write!"

"You—would?" His voice reached her rather queerly, but she was looking only at the cottage.

"I would," she nodded. "But *you* wanted the cottage, too. What do *you* want it for?"

"To hide in," said Joshua Richardson. "Ah," she said, as if she'd been waiting, "I thought it was too good to be true—for I saw you long before you saw me—when you were alone in the car."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your face told me then what you really feel about your—smashed life."

"What makes you know and understand?" he asked.

"Because I haven't the strength of a flea," she answered, "and I've the spirit of a lion, and in the face of my spirit I'm thrown down and down and down by the—the *force*, and I rise and rise and ask for more. But I live in terror of being thrown for good, outraged and ridiculous before the world, my family."

"But you can wake up from your terror—your sickness, whatever it is, and say, 'I'm well. I can walk again to my work, I can climb hills and walls, run, ride.' There's no waking up for me."

She shivered. "How did it happen?"

"Flying," he answered. "Navy stunts." His eyes, wide, dry, with that small boy despair, turned to the valley below. "I can't keep it up," he said. "I know how a man should behave—I gave you an exhibition. It was all right, wasn't it?"

"Marvelous," she said, and bit her lip.

"Well, I can't keep it up. I *have* to behave when I have to, but why must I have to? Haven't I enough to bear in just bearing life? There's nothing left for me to do but look on at life. I'm going to have my own dugout and hide. Not a soul in the world shall know where it is."

"But I *do* know," said Violet Gibbs. She eyed him for a second, daringly, but turned before he caught her out. "Let's go down and peek in the windows," she said, with a flash of fun.

Half an hour later, they said a casual good-by. "I'm going further," Violet smiled. "It's simply perfect—the house."

"You don't want it yourself?"

"Heavens, it's just a cottage-in-the-air to *me!* Good-by."

"Good-by."

Warmer, Springier, than the week before, Sunday arrived, and Violet woke, perhaps whiter of face, but with youth's tingling anticipation lighting her dark-circled eyes. Silly thumping heart! It thumped in the trolley; it thumped so climbing the hill that she gasped.

But he was there—hanging on his crutches in front of the cottage door. He saw her, and waved; waved above his head something that glittered in the sun.

Breathlessly she laughed, and the silly heart pounding in her throat dimmed her eyes. Words tipped her tongue, dying to fly on ahead. "Darling, darling—you've got it? Thank God!" Yet on reaching his side she could only cry: "I felt such a fool, but I *had* to come! Such a glorious day. What's that? A key? You've bought the cottage? Oh, good!"

"I'm a landowner," he told her, laughing with elation. "Look at my view."

"May I go in and see?" and she actually grabbed at the key, and thrust it into the lock on the weather-stained door.

All excitement, they made the grand tour of the cottage.

"Adorable! I could burst I love it so!" Violet went the rounds in ecstasy. "Don't paint or paper too much, will you? That old greenish gray and the buff will scrub off, and be lovely. But never a stick nor stock to sit on!"

"I wondered if you'd choose me some furniture—Violet," he returned.

It seemed the happiest hour she'd ever known—back on the ledge in the stone wall while they planned the furnishings of the house.

"Not too chintzy—p l a i n things—wouldn't you?" she pretended to ask. "How about denims—they're manly?"

"How about those painted chairs you spoke of?" he broke in. "Come too high, do they?"

"They *are* expensive as the deuce," she sighed.

"Couldn't we get plain wood—and—and paint it ourselves—I mean *myself*?" he asked.

"We could—we could!"

"You see," he explained, "my father bought the house, and I don't want him to do any more. He was awfully decent—he understood."

"I'll hunt round," [*Turn to page 70*]

Her future health—*and today's Shoes*

INCORRECTLY designed or poorly fitted shoes force tender, growing bones, muscles and tendons into unnatural positions. Gradually the foot takes form—and the damage is done! Nervous disorders and much physical pain can result during the years of maturity from *shoe abuse* in childhood.

Simplex Flexies are the best "foot insurance" you can buy for your children. Flexies safeguard the precious heritage of "perfect feet" that is every child's birthright. Flexies help growing feet to exercise and develop *naturally*, as they should. The famous Flexies health lasts conform in every way to the demands of Nature. And yet, with all this, Flexies are delightfully stylish—shoes to be proud of!

Ask your shoe dealer about these healthful, charming, inexpensive little shoes.

Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of leathers.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. A-75, Milwaukee, Wis.

Simplex

Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 21.

Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets—one for your information and one for the children's entertainment.

Gentlemen: Send me the name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Browne Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies

Name.....

Address A-75

"Stop!" . . .

no traffic cop ever gave this command more compellingly than this tempting display of *bottled* carbonated beverages. And these bracing drinks are not only good, but *good* for your children.

Dr. W. W. Skinner, famous federal authority, says a half-pint bottle of carbonated beverage contains calories equal to a pound of carrots or two ounces of bread. The sugar in these beverages is pre-digested through natural action with the other elements in them and is instantly assimilated, yielding a store of energy that youngsters just must have.

Besides finest sugar, these drinks contain pure water and wholesome flavors. Carbonation adds the tangy zest and prevents the possibility of lurking germs.

Encourage the children to drink freely of these safe, healthful beverages!

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

SPONSORED BY

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

There's a BOTTLER *in your town!*

Send for this Helpful Book . . .

A. B. C. B.
826 Bond Bldg.
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find 10c. Send me your helpful illustrated book "Recipes for Housewife and Hostess"

NAME_____

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CITY_____ STATE_____

Just as you choose *foods* for their *vitamin* and *calorie* content—so you should choose *your toilet preparations* for their *scientific effectiveness* and *purity*

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," *Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN makes her exquisite Venetian Toilet Preparations with all the nice care which safeguards the products of a modern food laboratory. Each formula is the result of experiment and research, to determine the effect of every least ingredient on the skin. And then the ingredients are purchased with scrupulous attention to their purity and quality. "Table grades" or "medicinal grades" of fine oils are chosen. Fresh eggs, lemon juice, the pick of the world's markets. You can *eat* the skin foods, if you wish. Only vegetable colorings, certified by the Government for use in foods, are used to tint the powders.

The immaculate purity of these Preparations protects and promotes the health of your skin. Each Preparation has been created for a definite purpose. The *Cleansing Cream*, to dissolve and dislodge impurities in the pores, but not to be absorbed. The nourishing creams—*Orange Skin Food* and the more delicate *Velva Cream*—to be absorbed by the tissues, to round out lines and wrinkles. If you use these specialized Preparations each morning and night, according to the method of an Elizabeth Arden Treatment, your skin cannot fail to be benefited.

Venetian Cleansing Cream. *Removes all impurities from the pores. Cleanses thoroughly and soothes the skin, leaving it soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.*

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. *Tones, firms, and clarifies the skin. A gentle bleach and astringent. 85c, $2, $3.75.*

Venetian Orange Skin Food. *Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.*

Venetian Velva Cream. *A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.*

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Venetian Amoretta Cream. *An exquisite protective cream, gives a smooth natural bloom to the skin, prevents roughness. A becoming powder foundation. $1, $2.*

Poudre d'Illusion. *Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent:* Illusion (*a peach blend*), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana *and* White. *$3.*

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.

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CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries

©Elizabeth Arden, 1927

A POOR MAN'S COTTAGE

[*Continued from page 68*]

she said, hurriedly, "in my lunch hour, and find plain wooden stuff—"

"You won't! You won't do any such thing! I forgot all about your absurd lunch hour. Violet, what's really back of this shop girl game? Will you tell me?"

"It goes way back," she said, "to a terrible childhood. My mother was obsessed by marriage and money. She rammed rich marriages down my sisters' throats, and they thrived, but I—sickened. Man and money became synonymous. Then, at last, I took a course in salesmanship. I found that you could rise there—become a buyer, and travel, and make honest money of your very own, that in the end would buy you an honest cottage, Joshua, my dear," she laughed up at him, "where you could breed Scotties, and grow sweetpeas and —write."

"You really want to write?"

"I'd love to spend my old age writing. I often think of it now, when I'm lonely, but I'm too dead beat at night to hold a pen. So I put it off till the time when I'm all rested up in the cottage."

"Come to *my* cottage on Sundays, and rest—will you, ol' thing?" Joshua said, at last, gently humorous. "You know I don't count as a man."

It was probably from that moment when with chivalry and understanding, he had stabbed his pride to give her comfort, that Violet loved Joshua Richardson. But she didn't know it; nor week by week did she know it, though time and again she saw him, with her own eyes, take out the dagger and use it on himself.

"He won't try to marry me—or any other girl," she thought. "He's put that out of his life. I could *die* to get it back for him, but at least I've given him something to live for—the cottage, and the most wonderful friendship in the world."

Joshua moved in before the first of May; and, as she dragged her own weary legs home from work each night, Violet wished—oh, mightily—that she were there, too. But she wasn't. Only on Sundays. Rain or shine, when the day came, she had just strength left to get herself out there, and from very contentment, to revive. Always Joshua, like a little boy, was waiting, champing, to show her something new.

One Sunday two little black things were flanking him, as he waited in the June sun. Two little black things bounded forward as she ran down the fields from the gap in the wall.

"Oh," wailed Violet—a moan of rapture. "Oh, Josh, you angel—Scotties!"

They barked at her voice—two different barks—a lady's and a gent's.

"Sheila!" scolded the god. "Mac! Shut up. Go speak to her, boy."

Violet was down on her knees, cajoling. "Mac—come here—come to me, puppy. 'At a nice little feller, Mac. Won't come? When I love you so? Oh, where'd you get 'em, Josh?"

"A man got them through another man who had to get rid of them—going out West or something. They're good 'un, too."

He was getting everything—everything she had said she wanted.

Violet got up and went to him, as he hung there on his crutches with the yellow sun burnishing his hair, shining in his smiling eyes, and she leant against him in a sudden flood of feeling.

"Hi!" said Joshua, queerly, from above her head, "look out—you'll tip me over!"

Oddly, the joy never quite came back to that day. What had he meant? She wouldn't have tipped him over and he knew she wasn't making love. She spent long stretches of that day, while she was wooing the dogs, in thought that was more than a little injured and misunderstood.

But she kept that back till parting time, when the family escorted her to the gap in the wall. She felt intensely aware of Joshua lumbering beside her—of the house, the garden—the painted chairs—the dogs—and that it couldn't end as usual tonight. And yet they moved on, and she climbed the wall, and he sat on the ledge for the usual last words.

"Oh, Joshua," she said suddenly, in a smothered voice, "I *am* an idiot, I suppose —but—but *let* me have [*Turn to page 72*]

Reproduced from a photograph of a Hartshorn metal roller that was installed in 1864. Note the unusual construction. The pawl, or controlling device, is part of the bracket, rather than of the roller itself, as is the case today.

It served at a window for sixty-three years and watched the troops of three wars go by.

WONDERFUL thing—a window shade! One of the little BIG things of life. One of the things that is unhonored and unsung. But, one of the things that makes home—HOME.

And thus we, whose business it is to produce the things of which fine window shades are made, cannot stifle a feeling of pride when we look at the Hartshorn Roller that is reproduced above. It was hung in a window of a home in Brooklyn, New York, in the stirring war-time days of '64. It looked out upon another world at war, in 1898. It served in the same old window, accompanied by a blue-starred service flag, in 1918.

And all through those sixty-three years, it never failed to respond to the will of a hand upon the shade cord.

What more need be said of the quality that was built into it?

• • •

Why not insist upon your dealer estimating on Hartshorn Cloths *on* Hartshorn Rollers for *your* home?

Hartshorn Shade Cloths are available in every desirable color and for every conceivable purpose.

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 Fifth Ave., New York

Hartshorn
SHADE PRODUCTS
Established 1860

A shade is only as good as its roller.

Made by the makers of Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Gloved finger tips rubbed over the new Liquid Veneer are not discolored at all. There is no greasy film.

Gloved finger tips rubbed over ordinary polish are discolored by the greasy film.

© 1927 L. V. Corp.

Which furniture polish requires LEAST *rubbing?*

THE photograph shows distinctly. The same amount of each of two polishes was applied to the table top — one to the left side (A), the other to the right (B). Then each side was rubbed with the same number of strokes.

The left side is finished; the surface is clean, clear, brilliant — nothing more to be done to it. But the right side is still so smeared with grease that much more rubbing is needed to produce the semblance of a good appearance.

Surely, you want to avoid polishes calling for such tedious effort, and yet you may be fretting with this very kind, for the polish used was typical of hundreds, including many having no national reputation and sold only in the cities where manufactured.

Just as surely, you should know the name of the labor-saving polish, for it is the new greaseless kind the intelligent housekeeper has been wanting for years. It is an old friend in an improved form — Liquid Veneer.

After you have tried the new Liquid Veneer for furniture, other uses will suggest themselves to you — floors, pianos, woodwork, automobiles, and all other fine finishes. Its freedom from grease will save you time and effort in the care of all of these.

The superiority of the new Liquid Veneer has been proven scientifically by the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York. Their report is in our files. But, you can make a similar test in your own home by comparing the new Liquid Veneer with any other furniture polish you may be using. So it will be easy for you to do this we make the special offers listed below.

1115 Liquid Veneer Bldg., **LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION** Buffalo, New York

IMPORTANT! The new greaseless Liquid Veneer is on sale everywhere. There is no change in the design of the container but the contents of the packages now in the stores were manufactured according to the new formula.

Special Introductory Trial Offers

Send coupon. Check offer desired.

Special Offer No. 1

	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit. (Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes.)	$ .50
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth. (Crepette treated with Liquid Veneer.)	.25
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	.10
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes". (Furniture, floors, woodwork, automobiles, etc.)	.25
Total value	$1.10
Special price	**$ .50**

Special Offer No. 2

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes"	.25
Total value	$ .60
Special price	**$ .25**

Special Offer No. 3

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Total value	$ .35
Special price	**$ .10**

The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

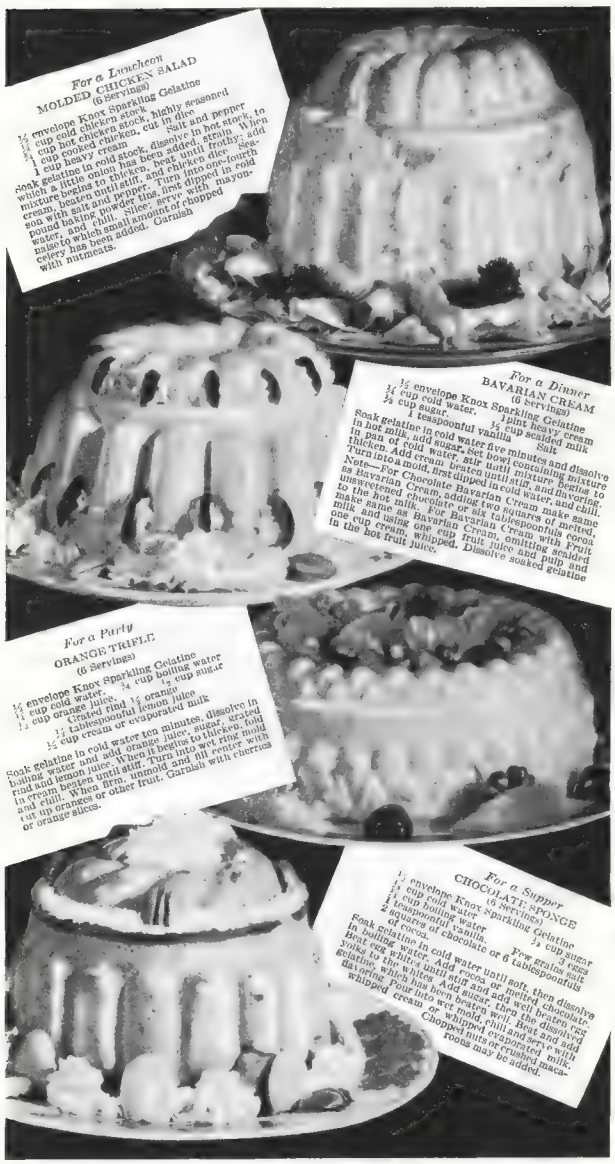
Liquid Veneer Corporation, 1115 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of the offer checked:
— No. 1, 50c postpaid — No. 2, 25c postpaid — No. 3, 10c postpaid

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

With one package of KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE you can make these four delights!


For a Luncheon
MOLDED CHICKEN SALAD
(6 Servings)
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold chicken stock, highly seasoned
1½ cup cold chicken, cut in dice
1 cup cooked chicken, cut in dice
1 cup heavy cream
Salt and pepper
Soak gelatine in cold stock, dissolve in hot stock to which a little onion has been added; strain. When mixture begins to thicken, beat until frothy; add cream, beaten until stiff, and chicken dice. Season with salt and pepper. Turn into one-fourth pound baking powder tins; first dipped in cold water, and chill. Unmold on lettuce; serve with mayonnaise to which small amount of chopped celery has been added. Garnish with nutmeats.
For a Dinner
BAVARIAN CREAM
(6 Servings)
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoonful vanilla
½ cup heavy cream
½ cup scalded milk
Salt
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot milk; add sugar, set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water, stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.
Note—For Chocolate Bavarian Cream make same as Bavarian Cream, adding two squares of melted unsweetened Cream, adding two squares of melted chocolate. For Bavarian Cream with Fruit make same as Bavarian Cream, omitting vanilla and using one cup fruit juice and pulp and one cup cream whipped. Dissolve soaked gelatine in the hot fruit juice.
For a Party
ORANGE TRIPLE
(6 Servings)
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
½ cup orange juice
½ cup sugar
Grated rind ½ orange
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
½ cup cream or evaporated milk
Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add orange juice, sugar, grated rind and lemon juice. When it begins to thicken fold in cream beaten until stiff. Turn into wet ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold and fill center with cut oranges or other fruit. Garnish with cherries or orange slices.
For a Supper
CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(6 Servings)
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful vanilla
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls of cocoa
Five grahs sugar
Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate and sugar and add when well beaten eggs. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Beat and add yolks of eggs, whites beaten until stiff. Add vanilla and when gelatine begins to thicken fold in whipped cream. Turn into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or evaporated milk. Chopped nuts or crushed macaroons may be added.

THAT is the economy of Knox Sparkling Gelatine! *Four* desserts, salads or candies (enough of each for six servings) may be made from *one* single package. And there is almost no end to the *variety* of exquisite dishes which you can prepare with Knox Gelatine because it combines so perfectly with all kinds of fruits, vegetables, meats and fish.—You know Knox Gelatine does not contain any flavoring, coloring or sweetening. Physicians pronounce it "the highest quality for health".

Try a package—try one of these recipes tomorrow, and remember, you will still have enough gelatine left in the package to make the other three whenever you like.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Write for Mrs. Knox's books, full of new ideas, suggestions for varying menus, entertaining guests, and economizing. Please mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c postage.
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, 108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

A POOR MAN'S COTTAGE

[*Continued from page 70*]

my cake and eat it, too!" Her arms closed round his shoulders from behind, and she kissed his cheek and pressed it in her own.

They stayed so, perfectly still.

"What's all this?" he asked, quietly.

"Why shouldn't I thank you this way?" she said, a choke in her voice. "Must it mean more? It *doesn't*."

"Just as if I were Mac or Sheila—what?"

"Yes, Josh. Can't you understand, after all I've told you?"

"Don't talk that bosh, Vi. I understand, though. Sure." He raised her hands and kissed them quickly. "All right?" he asked.

"All right," she had to answer.

"Come next week. Don't fail. And bring a summer dress with you, Vi, will you? I'd like to see you out here in something flowery—*you* know."

As she hurried away in the twilight, she heard him whistling to the dogs.

And then the weather took a hand, sending to the city a week of scorching heat that burned suffering humanity like a fever, sizzling their brains to the point of delirium. Violet, already worn down, already dazed, staggered to her work on reeling feet. It seemed to her that her heart must cease its beating.

Sunday came at last and Violet with the movements of a sleep-walker, put on a gown like a tropical forest—green leaves and flaming blossoms and parrots of peacock blue and a silver green hat. How she passed through the city and out to the country, she never knew.

Joshua's voice reached her ears as she stepped from the trolley. It came through the window of a cab, and struck her, as if his hand had laid hold and twanged the taut strings of her being.

"Get in," he called, gaily, "and look out for the pups. We couldn't have you climbing the hill on foot today."

"Oh, Josh," she said, blindly feeling her way, "I don't know how I got here," and fell onto the seat at his side.

"Old dear, you *are* all in! But you're looking marvelous—absolutely Byzantine I call that get-up. Here, take Mac on your lap. He likes to look out. He sees an Indian behind every tree."

What strained voices! Strangers' voices! Both of them prattling, making talk—both of them snatching glances—oh, the week had begotten something *each* feared to see, in the eyes of the other.

Only distantly familiar—only associations—everything seemed; dimly aching, dimly sweet, in the torrid glare on the blackened shingles and the long, steep roof of the house; in the grateful shade of the tiny hall, in the room to the west, where the faintest breeze stirred the moss-green curtains that she had made herself, and hung. She must have walked toward it in a silence, for she was looking down on the gleaming valley, when the drifting sensation, the dreamlikeness, suddenly, like one last gasp of life, seized her by the throat. She turned and found the man, silent as the silence; found his eyes at last—molten blue steel, above a grim line of lips that she had only known in the past.

"Josh," she said, her own eyes wide as a frightened child's, "if I should be ill, don't hunt up my family. And if I should die, bury me here. Will you promise?"

He made a strange sound; reached her as if he had walked the steps between, and held her against him, crutches and all, his heart pounding under her cheek.

"You're not going to die here," he said, "you're going to *live* here. You're going to begin your vacation today—stay here and get well—with the dogs, and all the things that you love. And I—I'm—going away—for my vacation, too. I'm going away from you—I've got to go."

But Violet's eyes closed before those struggling lips, and her dead weight slipped away from his precarious balance, crumpling at his feet.

It was there on the floor, under the west window, that she came to. Her face felt cold and wet; she blinked water out of her eyes. And then she heard a sound and her eyes turned heavily, to see Joshua vanishing through the door—shutting the door behind him.

She lay a long time, hardly conscious, till she became again aware of a presence, advancing now. Billowing with blue gingham, babbling with concern, the neighboring farmer's wife stood over her.

"Oh, Miss Gibbs, dear—still on the hard floor! He sent me over to you, as fast as I could run. 'Go to Miss Gibbs,' he says, 'She's fainted. I'm going in town to get her bag,' he says. Poor Mr. Richardson, thumping himself down the hill in all this blazing sun. Get up and lay on the couch, dearie."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Oh, yes—pretty soon. There, now."

She lay waiting, waiting vaguely. Hours slipped by, but it seemed 'pretty soon' to her shadowy mind that a knock on the weather-stained door broke the hot nothingness that enveloped her. Curiously the knock startled her alive.

Suspense bound her to the couch. A murmur of voices—a closing door—footsteps—Mrs. Snow—a bag—and a letter.

Violet sprang upright, fear wild on her face. "A letter?—He sent it? He didn't come back?"

"No, dearie—just a messenger boy."

"He's not coming back," she said, aloud. With unseeing eyes she turned and stumbled to the apple tree, and crouching against it, tore open the letter.

"Dear Vi," she read, "The cottage is yours. You must let me give it to you, for you know to do so is the greatest pleasure left in my life. You know, too, that I made it for you—that you've been the inspiration of everything about it. Everything you've wanted is there—down to the paper on which you're going to write.

"But I don't think you'll write, my dear, because you're awake, now. I wakened you, but you mustn't think you love me out of gratitude or pity. You mustn't send for me to come back—because I won't. I wakened you, and when you're well, you'll know you're no longer a lone, lone soul, and you'll never write a word, but you'll go out and find a real, live man to love—not a crock, who couldn't even pick you up when you lay fainting at his feet.

"Keep everything, dear. I meant it for you. Things only broke a little sooner than I thought. J. R."

Violet looked up and round her at the simmering, bright day. The dogs lay panting in the shade.

"I shall *die* without him," she mumbled. "Mac, Sheila—I shall *die* without him!"

Mrs. Snow spent the night. She didn't dare to leave, Miss Gibbs had gone so queer—whispering as she wandered round with great, wild eyes; rocking herself on the couch, with a sheaf of yellow writing paper gathered to her breast.

What Violet whispered was the same question, over and over—all her mind held. "How can I get him back? How can I get him back?"

She was terribly weak; still capable of developing only one thought, very, very slowly, and this one as it developed, threw off a sort of halo of hope—that dazzled and shut out everything else. She might have died; she believed she nearly had; if he didn't come back to her, she knew that she would. There was only one hope.

She laid herself out, and awaited Mrs. Snow. "I want you," she breathed slowly, faintly, when the scared round face of the woman bent over her bed, "to call up—Mr. Richardson—and tell him—I'm dying." She moved her head with closed eyes. "Don't worry about me. Don't get a doctor—till after—he comes. Tell him he must come."

She heard the woman scuttle away, and opened her eyes, sharply, with a little gasp, as if she had come up from a dive. Perhaps she *had* just reached the surface, for her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, bewildered, and tinted with dismay. More of herself reached the surface and dismay clouded her eyes; but into them crept a fighting spark; her whole body stiffened on guard; her hands clenched on the sheet at her sides. It was a face in vital agony that was turned to the door as Mrs. Snow came creaking up the stairs.

"Miss Gibbs, Miss Gibbs, dear," came an excited whisper, before the buxom figure was in the room, "I've had a turrible time gettin' him. I had to telephone his home. But he's coming in spite of everything. What do you [*Turn to page 77*]

Children's Hair Looks Twice as Beautiful – –

when Shampooed this way

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use. See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE 27-M-22

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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City or Town.....*State*.....

In Canada address THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Save Hours with this Guaranteed Lacquer

"Rogers" dries hard in 30 minutes. Just brush it on!

Everywhere, people are amazed and delighted at the speed and ease with which Rogers Brushing Lacquer works. It is almost magical.

No tedious preparation is needed. "Rogers" goes on *right over the old finish.* This saves a lot of time. Then it does not require long, expert "brushing out"—because it covers readily and spreads easily. You merely *flow* it on with a full brush. This, too, saves time. "Rogers" forms a beautiful, tough, colorful film that sticks tightly to any new or old surface. Then, it

Dries while you wait!

Dries in 30 minutes or less. *Dries* free from laps or brush marks. *Dries* before dust can spoil its lustrous sheen. *Dries* before damage comes to it. *Dries in time* for any urgent need. *Dries* to a smooth, hard, colorful finish that wears and *wears* and WEARS. Does not "*print*"—or gather lint.

Think what this will mean at house cleaning time—when you want things done well but quickly.

There are scores of uses for Rogers Brushing Lacquer in your home *right now.* A few are suggested on the opposite page. Every store, office, factory and building can use it in hundreds of practical ways. Many industries are employing it. Try one can and see for yourself.

Dealers everywhere carry "Rogers." Comes in cans, mixed and ready for use. Your choice of 18 wonderful colors—also black, white and clear. For best results insist upon the genuine in the "Oriental" can. Read our "Money-back" Guaranty to the right.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Michigan
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

Our "Money-Back" Guaranty

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price

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No. 43

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

LACQUER IT
DRY IN 30 MINUTES
ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING
LACQUER
DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

Complexion - figure - eyes - hair - teeth

There's one beauty treatment that improves them all!

✿

CREAMS AND LOTIONS and powders on your dressing table. Ointments and tonics and washes and pastes on your bathroom shelf. Good, of course, as far as they go . . . But what's on your breakfast table—and your luncheon and your dinner table? Until that question is answered in the right way, the cosmetics are up against a losing fight!

Poor body! Expected to keep its beauty—to take on added beauty—by means of chemical compounds applied *outside*. What it really needs is the marvelous working together, *inside*, of Nature's food elements. All of them—every one of them—every day. All are needed to take care of *all* the body—to make clear, fine skin; firm tissues and muscles; bright, young-looking eyes; thick glossy hair; sound teeth and healthy gums.

Beauty experts know it. The most famous ones acknowledge it frankly. "Health first," they say. "Careful diet." . . . Of course they tell you, persuasively, truthfully, that cosmetics are *aids* to beauty. But the really great beauty specialists will never, never tell you that cosmetics are a *basis* for beauty.

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A POOR MAN'S COTTAGE

[Continued from page 72]

think, my dear! His father's dead—dead in his bed! And read the morning papers, dearie, if you can."

With a moan, Violet sprang forward, her hands grasping at the out-stretched news. His father! Oh, not anything more, dear God! Don't let it be true! "Clayton Richardson, multi-millionaire, dies of heart failure in the heat. Leaves widow—daughters—sons—Jonathan—Joshua—U. S. Navy lieutenant, whose accident while flying—injury to spine—paralysis—"

"Oh, while he was going through *that*—think what I've *done*, Mrs. Snow—think what I've *done!*" cried Violet. "I've lied and I've cheated. Call him again and tell him never to come!"

She was plunging out of bed as the farmer's wife ran from the room, scared now out of her wits; she was hauling at stockings, flinging on silk things, pulling over her head the flowered dress. Her eyes swept the room, her breath sobbing in her throat. "Oh, little house, good-by, good-by! And the dogs!" Calling, she flew down the stairs, "Mac! Sheila! My babies—I'm going. Come to me—kiss me good-by!" She fell on her knees, gathering the dear, black things close. "Love him for me, always—love him, love him for me!"

Up on her feet again, racing through the dining-room—out through the kitchen—into Mrs. Snow. "Don't let him find me! Hold him till I get away!" Then out the back door and into the field; running, stumbling, ducking down behind the wall at the top of the hill. "Can't run bending over." Up again and on—on—on—*Honk! Honk!*—Oh, no!—not *he?*

"Violet—stop that absurd running! Violet!"

Running—running—running! Something whirring on ahead—stopping far ahead. Should she double back? No! Face the music!

Head up—white face framed in black hair, a small tropical forest swept forward to meet the man who hung upon his crutches, in a June sun that burnished his hair and his face till he looked like the sun god himself, barring her path.

The last few steps—eye to eye.

"Violet!"

"Joshua!"

"I've got a parson in that car. I came to marry you—to nurse you—and to love you, Violet, forever and ever, world without end. And I can't go away again, Violet—I haven't the strength to go away."

"Joshua, you don't want me. I've bad blood, Joshua. You wakened my soul, and it was like all the others. While I slept, it lied—it cheated—it schemed for a man—"

"A rich man, too, Violet!"

"But I woke, and in horror, Joshua, I ran away—"

"Right into his arms. And you're going to marry him and live on his money, darling—"

Her face was hard with her own shame.

"—in a poor man's cottage, darling—"

Her face was hard with her own pride.

"—with a man who lost his life and found it again in you—Vi, darling—"

And suddenly with a ring of memory and of pain, she was crying softly, "Don't, sweetheart—don't!" and discovering that there was no self, no soul, no Violet—only Joshua to be cherished— and that she was saying, "What you want you shall always have, as long as I can give it—as long as I shall live!" and reaching out tender hands for his, and lifting up ardent lips to his—there in the sun on the wind blown hill.

THE ANCIENT TRUTH

[Continued from page 18]

skill—a conquest worthy her best talents. Yes, it would be Niggard.

THE summer season passed, six months of it, and again the little dirty tramp came sailing in around the northern horn of the atoll, Captain Hansen gazing shoreward with half fearful eyes. He wondered what he should find there. He had thought many times of the strange wicked woman at Paolo, the lovely strange thing with the daring eyes and the curved red lips.

He found her on her tiny veranda. She ran to meet him through the rain, shook his hard hands in genuine joy and pulled him in to cook fish on a brazier, to serve him native liquor in a fine glass and to ask a thousand questions of the world she had left behind her.

"And you," the old man asked at last, "haven't you had enough of this hole? Want to come back with me?"

"Go back?" she cried, "go back? Man alive! I'm the darling of the gods—such gods as there be in Paolo and the island. I've had half the latter offered me already. I'm waiting now to make up my mind as to what and which I shall take. When I do choose, believe me friend, it will be a spectacular choice. And when I go back, some years hence, it will be to all the ports of the world, as a princess goes, heavy with gems, beautiful with raiment."

"I'm sorry," said the captain simply.

"Forget it!" she said. "I cannot be worse than I am at heart already. I told you once before that I have no conscience. It's been dead for nearly seven years. Think, rather, of the courage and acumen that have made me, an ex-convict, a potential millionaire in something less than a year. Few men have done as much."

So the captain sailed away in the little old ship, shaking his grizzled head as the northern horn shut out the white circle of the bay

AND in the midst of the rains Fentress came back to Paolo. He had been gone ten months, somewhere on the hinter side of the island. He was a drunken, unkempt scarecrow, and he wobbled in erratic arcs with his arm around the shoulders of a native girl, but the great beauty of his eyes blazed from the depths of his degradation like harbor lights.

It was so the woman met him, walking briskly on the beach and she stopped suddenly to gaze upon him, open mouthed. The scarecrow stopped, too, and immediately withdrew his arm from the girl's shoulders.

"Go on, Aála," he said thickly. "I'm done with you." He stared helplessly, pulling at the neck of his collarless shirt as if to hide his naked breast.

"Forgive me," he muttered foolishly, "didn't know there was a white woman on the island. Not dressed—"

His eyes, deep blue and bright in their ghastly hollows, gazed squarely into hers, wide with a stupid wonder.

"Wish you hadn't seen me!" he whimpered, his lips shaking in his beard. "Pity—you see me. Please don't look—"

As if under some urge outside herself the woman drew his arm across her own shoulders. "Come," she said abruptly and led him through the rain to her house.

Once inside she put him in the little chair and quickly drew the heavy curtains across the windows. She put fuel on the brazier and made a pot of *kona* coffee, got a can of milk from the cupboard and poured it into a little cut-glass pitcher.

All the time the scarecrow watched her in silence, his great blue eyes following her every motion.

"Come," she said again and pushed the table to him. But he rose at that shaking on his legs.

"Can't do," he whimpered, "not fit. Gimme—give me—and I'll go outside—"

The woman smothered an oath and pushed him down in the chair.

"Sit down," she said bitingly, "and drink—as a gentleman should. You've reached the bottom. It's time you started up."

Two hours later she sat on the veranda, rocking in the night, her brows knitted in deep thought. Fentress slept in the chair, his dirty arm stretched on the snowy cloth of the table, the great red flowers in the little vase spilling their perfume into the mop of his curly hair.

Later still she knocked on the screen door of the Commandante's house.

"Take me in," she said, meticulously proper. "There's a man sleeping at my house. I took him in [Turn to page 78]

Three on each side, they should be working day and night—

1 The numbers show where the mouth glands are located. One pair is clear back in the throat.

2 In the cheeks, a second pair needs daily care.

3 Under the tongue two more must be kept active. Daily use of Pebeco renews the vigor of the mouth glands, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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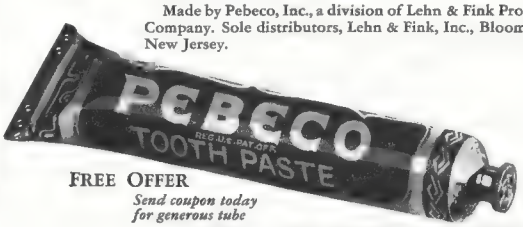

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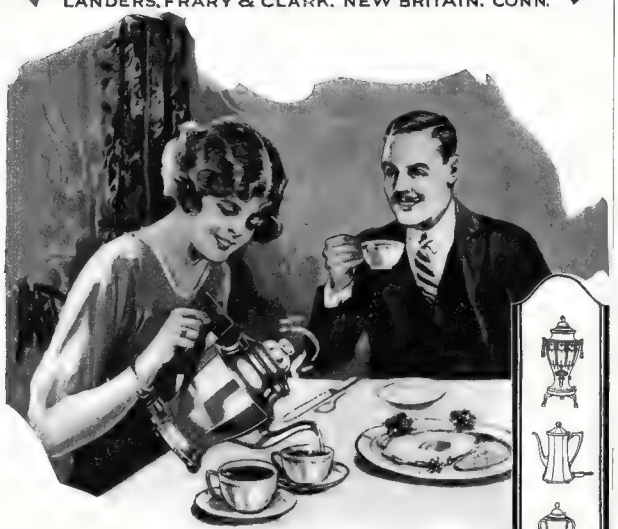

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THE ANCIENT TRUTH

[*Continued from page 77*]

from the rain and made him *kona*—he's drunk."

"That's Fentress!" said the Commandante, outraged, clicking his tongue. "I'll go and turn him out—the rat!"

But the woman wouldn't hear of that. Alila took her in and made her a bed of mats on the wicker couch, and she lay staring at the darkness, her cheeks burning, a trembling in her bones.

She had never before laid eyes on the wreck of a man who slept in her chair, yet all the tides of the universe seemed beating in her soul. Every baffled instinct of right and beauty which she had thought securely battened under the hatches of her heart rose up and cried for mercy.

But daylight saw her stepping foot upon her own veranda, opening the door, looking down into the sodden face which raised to meet her.

"There's a pool back under the banyan tree," she said, "get into it—all over. Here's soap and a towel. Here's a rain coat. Here's the Commandante's second suit. I'll leave it on the back veranda. Get into it—then come to breakfast."

"Can't do," said Fentress stupidly. "Go back side—today—where I belong."

A quick fear leaped in the woman's eyes. "No," she said, "never again. You're going *up*. Back to a man again." He shook his ragged head.

"Too late," he muttered.

For a month Fentress stayed in the warehouse shed. He met the devil's choice battalions in the matter of drink and its absence. The Commandante saw to it that the shock was not too great, tempering the shut-off with little potations, at the woman's wise request.

And Fentress, gaunt as a skeleton, shaved and clean, silent with abasement, sat obediently on her veranda. He ate white folks' food, long forgotten, learned to use a silver fork again, listened while she read aloud from her books. And, strange anomaly, one of these was the small black Bible which the missionary had given her. Out of the Psalms she got the aching beauty of "Have mercy upon me, Oh, God, . . . blot out my transgressions . . . wash me from mine iniquity." And from Omar the antipodal comfort of "Surely not in vain my substance from the common earth was ta'en and to this Figure moulded, to be broken, or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Over these passages she looked at the scarecrow with eyes of smouldering emotion, and Fentress trembled with shame.

"Too long a road," he said, hanging his head, "effort too stu—stupendous. And for what?"

"There is no road in this world too long!" she cried passionately, "no cross too heavy! Not when they lead to love and eternity! *For me!*"

And with a sobbing cry Fentress sank forward, his arm about her knees, his face on the floor.

IT was the summer season again when the copra tramp put in around the atoll's horn. The first thing Captain Hansen saw was a larger building where the woman's little house had stood—a square enclosure fenced and gay with transplanted flowers. Two hours later he opened the painted gate and walked wonderingly up between the coral-edged beds. There was the sound of native singing somewhere in the depths of the new building—of all odd things, a gospel hymn! It ceased as he pulled the screen door open—and a dozen native children looked, round-eyed, at him.

A woman in a white dress turned—the woman, yet another. The same sweet mouth—earnest and half-opened in some quiet speech, the same dark head but unconscious of its beauty now, the same eyes, but they, more than all else, changed.

With a cry of joy she dropped the book she held and came to meet him, running, her hands outstretched in welcome.

"Oh, man!" she cried, "dear Captain! I'm glad you've come again, so glad!"

"Tell me," he said with the authority of old friends, "tell me quick."

"A miracle, Captain," she said, sobering. "I am married—"

"Thank God!"

"I do. Daily. To Fentress—"

"What?"

The horror and astonishment of this statement brought the old man to his feet.

"Shh! We met in the rain one day—one lost already, the other planning to be, and everything bad in the world fell away from us both.

"Love, earthly and divine, stood forth in its naked beauty, and we could do nothing but redeem ourselves."

Captain Hansen closed his open mouth, passed a hand across his eyes as if to clear his mental vision.

"And the copra plantations, the wealth of the island, the men?" he asked.

She flung up her hands, palm out, empty. "All vanished dreams, the former. The latter—think they were mistaken in me. I am the missionary of the island a power for good, I hope. Already we have done much for the children, Fentress and I," there was a world of meaning in the inflection of the name, "and hope to do more. Teaching right and decency and the hope of a hereafter. It's a glorious work, Captain, the lighted highway of the world."

Captain Hansen, looking deep in her eager eyes, marvelled. He knew that she believed it.

"And you'll—stay here?" he asked wonderingly. "Always?"

"Always," she said and added profoundly. "I have found my recompense, my joy and my sunlight, my romance, and the wealth of the Indies in Paolo."

"Amen," said the old man gently.

TRINKET

[*Continued from page 9*]

that consumed her strength as a flame consumes dry tinder.

Beside her a voice spoke up—a casual, lazy voice. "Why don't you get something to eat, youngster?" and Barry Nelson dropped down beside her.

Trinket shook her head. "Don't want anything," and thrusting her feet out she began rubbing them gently.

Barry chuckled. "Babyin' those feet of yours again! Say, why don't you get a man to love?"

Trinket turned on him. Weariness made her cross. "If I mooned over my feet the way you do over your face, I'd have 'em in cotton batting or mud packs."

Barry laughed. "Go to it, Trinket! By George, there's a spark in you when you get mad. And when you dance, too!"

But Trinket had no ears for him now. Nor eyes. She had heard Kerrin Storm call her name—seen him motioning for her. She sprang to her feet, and the next moment she was standing in the center of a great flood of light. She raised herself on her shining tiptoes and Kerrin Storm drew a deep breath.

"Light! Music! Camera!"

Trinket lifted her slender arms. Lost in the melody of her own movements, she danced. A dance that was of Trinket's own weaving. She flung herself from one lovely pose to another, and all about her, beyond that circle of light, they paused and watched her.

Suddenly—like the unexpected swoop of a bird—it came! The danger that threatened Trinket! A movement—and the eyes that had been watching her were drawn upwards. One of the great palms, loosened from its cement foundations, trembled as a great tree trembles when the wind blows through its boughs. For a breathless moment it stood there, poised and balancing. Then, all in the twinkling of an eye—it began its downward lurch!

"Trinket—jump!"

With a face gone suddenly grey—Kerrin Storm cried out. But Trinket could not. Even as Kerrin shouted, she looked up. Looked up and saw the huge palm falling towards her. But all the weariness that had lain upon her young limbs seemed to fall upon her—paralyzing her—chaining her to the spot! A frozen, immovable little figure of [*Turn to page 79*]

BAKING POWDER
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to Her Imperial Highness
The DAUGHTER

HER Highness, the Daughter. With her "spotty" appetite—"just starving" after tennis, or day-dreaming her way into young ladyhood, not particularly keen about eating . . . proper food means so much to her now!

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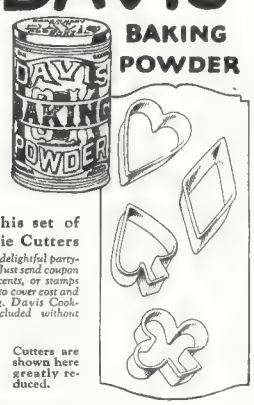

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TRINKET

[*Continued from page 78*]

panic, she stood there, until the swift rush of the heavy tree caught her—flung her slim body into a still, distorted heap!

They got her out tenderly, for Trinket's eyes were open and she was conscious. And gently they laid her upon her little pile of pillows. With her small hands clutching tightly to Kerrin Storm's strong ones, Trinket lay there and rocked her narrow shoulders in her agony. But her pretty feet moved not at all, and over them crept a death-like numbness.

Even in her agony, Trinket felt the dead weight of her feet.

"My feet!" she gasped. "I—can't feel them! I can't—I tell you!"

Kerrin held her tighter. Something about Trinket's broken little body gripped his heart. "You'll be all right, Trinket!" he tried to tell her. "The doctor is coming."

During the weeks that followed—weeks of pain and torture for Trinket, from heavy casts and iron weights and torn nerves—Kerrin Storm was often at her bedside. Trinket wanted him more than anyone, for she seemed to know that, of all who came to bring her sympathy, Kerrin alone knew the dread that lay on her heart and the fierce determination she had to cast it off. And later, it was he who stayed with her in those agony filled hours when Trinket tried to walk again—tried and could not!

"Why can't I!" she would cry fiercely. "Why! They're not broken or smashed! It's just that I can't—*make* them!"

Kerrin Storm tried to tell her. Tried to explain that the numbness that lay upon her slender legs was not from a physical hurt but was that more to be dreaded condition known to the medical world as hysterical paraplegia; a state similar to shell shock; a paralysis of the nervous system of the spine, due, in main, to the intensity of the emotion of fear that had gripped Trinket when she had seen the huge palm falling towards her.

At last there came a day when Trinket knew she could try no more. They laid her back on the cot when she asked them to—the nurse and the orderly who had been trying to help her walk. And it was so that Kerrin Storm found her.

He took her hand. Trinket turned her face to him. "I'll never dance again, will I?" she cried. "Oh—you *must* tell me!"

Kerrin met her eyes. "Perhaps—when you are stronger—"

But Trinket shook her head. "No—I know now! I'll never—dance!" Her lips, that had been so pitifully firm while she had lain there alone trembled. With the touch of Kerrin's hands, the tears had glistened on her cheeks. And Kerrin Storm, there beside her, could only sit and listen to her sobs.

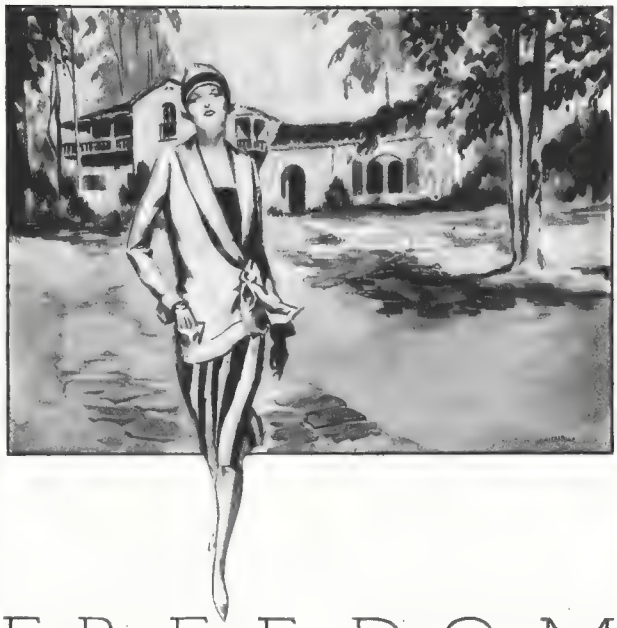
It was almost like a reception to royalty, the day Trinket returned to the studio. For return she did. Where else had she to go? These were her friends. Her weeks in the hospital had proved that. This was all the life she had now. And Trinket stayed. Her wheel chair became a sort of shrine to which her friends brought their pleasures and troubles alike. They knew, too, that Trinket, lying in her chair with wistfulness stamped upon her red lips, had become a personality that Trinket of the dancing feet would never have dreamed of being. And they knew another thing; that Barry Nelson, whose fickle heart had been a by-word with them all, had taken to sitting near the chair of Trinket.

For Barry seemed the tonic that Trinket needed. She began to laugh again, at Barry's teasing raillery. She even got saucy, with the audacity of the old Trinket. But always when she was laid back in her chair again, it was to Kerrin Storm that she turned her desperate, hopeless eyes.

Kerrin Storm was filled, these days, with thoughts of the picture he was making.

It meant the making of his career. The plot had been named, tentatively, "Through the Flames" and the only sequences left to take were those that had to do with the forest fire that was the climax to the whole picture. It was none of it in miniature, as such fires usually were, for Kerrin had a complex against miniatures. So he had built, instead, an artificial forest; a man-made forest on a huge scale.

Trinket, all eagerness [*Turn to page 80*]



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Hickory Aprons are another great protection. Wear one always, under every frock, to keep ugly wrinkles and creases away. Look at Hickory Belts and Aprons and the Step-ins and Shadow Skirts, the next time you shop—just to know what's available in this better line of protective garments. If you do not find Hickory products at your favorite store, write, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1147 West Congress Street, Chicago.

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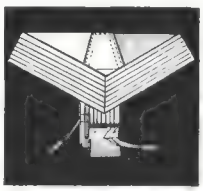

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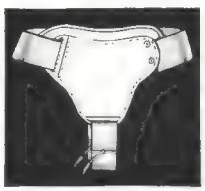

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WHEN *FRIED* FOODS ARE A FAMILY FAILING

In households where the family has a *penchant* for fried foods it is especially important that the cook know *how* to fry—how to make the food as wholesome and digestible as fried foods can be.

There is no better way to fry than with Wesson Oil—a clear, light-in-color salad oil that is itself a wholesome, nourishing food—that makes things wonderfully good to eat.

This choice oil (or liquid fat) may be brought to the proper frying temperature long before it burns; and a crisp, light crust forms quickly, before much fat is absorbed. There is no smoke, no scorch, but inside its crust the food cooks to a tender, digestible goodness.

Cooks find it more convenient, of course, to fry with Wesson Oil—a fat they do not have to melt before the cooking is done. And more economical. Wesson Oil can be used again and again for frying, after it has been strained to remove the crumbs. It does not retain the odor of foods cooked in it—not even fish or onions.

Frying with a fine salad oil is the modern way to fry. Good cooks are prompt to recognize its merits.

TRINKET

[*Continued from page 79*]

for the big fire, grew impatient at last over the delay. For three nights Kerrin Storm had been working his cast, and still the final forest fire spectacle hadn't been shot. Trinket, upon the fourth night, sighed to Barry, "If it isn't fired tonight I shall never believe in Santa Claus again. Also, I shall go home."

That made no hit with Barry. "If you do, I'll strike! I'll be darned if I'll mop up any more soot and ashes for Kerrin unless I have you to talk to."

For which Trinket scolded him. "Silly! Isn't Kerrin Storm making a great actor out of you?"

"He *may* make an actor out of me, if he doesn't make mincemeat out of me first!" conceded Barry, but he grinned as he trotted off to do Kerrin's bidding.

Trinket watched him go, then turned to find Kerrin Storm dropping down into a chair beside her. "Tired, Trinket?"

"Oh—No! Why, there never has been such a fire scene! You'll be famous!"

"I'll be famous—or ruined, Trinket. And for the life of me, I can't tell which! For this is staking everything on one throw of the dice! I *have* only one throw. This fire makes us or breaks us and luck alone will decide which it's to be!"

But Trinket would not have it so. "Not luck! You! It will all go like clockwork. You'll see!"

Kerrin looked back at her—at the gleam of her hair against the shadows and the loveliness of her face in its eagerness. And he said, suddenly, "Trinket, do you know you are like all the beauty in the world?"

Trinket thought her heart would stop its beating.

He would have said more; would have opened his heart to her, told her that all this—his struggle for fame—was only that he might lay his success at her feet, a tribute to her dearness! But voices called him, and he had to go. Yet as he turned away, he said: "You're all right, Trinket? It will be hot. But you'll be safe here with the cameras. You won't be afraid?"

And Trinket answered back, "I won't be afraid! Nothing can hurt me—now!"

Trinket sat in Kerrin's chair, beside the head camera man. There were little flags of red in her cheeks.

"Oh, it *will* be all right!" she cried to Barry, who stood nearby.

"Quite all right," he grinned. "Simplest scene in the world—leave that to old Kerrin. I simply hide under cover until the whole countryside—at least some two thousand trees on it—is burning like a nice little furnace! Then I trip down that fiery lane and jump off a little embankment of some eight or ten feet—get my ankle caught in two nicely arranged logs—let the fire creep in around me and probably lose my eyelashes—and stay there until Kerrin gets a satisfactory picture!"

"Anyway—it's exciting," Trinket reminded him.

But Trinket, watching the last of many thousand trees soaked in gasoline, turned to Kerrin when she saw Barry go up into the forest to take his place.

"Is it—O. K.?" she asked.

Kerrin caught the note of uneasiness in her voice. "Don't worry about Barry, Trinket! He's perfectly safe!"

Safe! Trinket turned her eyes upon the forest again. A whistle blew. The first of the torches were lit. Then another whistle, and the flaming flares, like comets of white fire, were held high in the air by a thousand men stationed at as many places. A moment and the flares were thrown into the great piles of oil soaked excelsior. With a roar, the wind machine was turned on, and in an instant the great flames were throwing their banners to the sky.

Back among the trees stood Barry, waiting for the flames to creep nearer; waiting for the call of "Camera;" waiting for Kerrin's signal for him to run into view. Trinket felt her pulses race.

Kerrin watched the flames. They must come near enough so that the cameras, when they began to grind, had a fiery forest for a background. He turned again to the tree that was to fall as the sign of Barry's release from that furnace. He looked to see if the narrow lane, spread with sawdust soaked in some chemical that fire would not burn, was ready for Barry's escape. He made certain that behind the tree to be pushed over, standing just beyond the line of the fire, stood the man with the fifteen foot pole that was to send it on its crashing way. It all seemed as perfect as he could make it.

Then at last, when Trinket thought she could not stand it another moment, came Kerrin's cry.

"Camera! All right Barry!" went up the call. And Barry, like a shot from a gun, answered that call. Through the lane of burning trees he ran, over the embankment he leaped, and down into the crock of the two fallen logs.

Trinket caught her breath. "Oh it's marvelous!" she breathed, while Barry, with one eye on the flames and the other for the tree that was to fall, did one of the best bits of acting that Kerrin Storm had ever known him to do.

It came then—the moment when the flames were so near that Trinket had to lift a shielding hand before her face! The moment when Kerrin, seeing that the climax had come, turned!

"Push the tree!" he cried, while Barry, within the circle of fire, cringed instinctively at their heat.

A second passed—two—moments that seemed like eternity. The flames swept nearer. And still the tree stood.

"Push the tree!"

From the background a voice—stifled with panic—came, "I—can't get near! It's too hot!"

Too hot! And Barry, within that furnace, was still carrying on!

In that moment Trinket forgot herself; forgot that she was chained to her chair; forgot everything save that something must be done. And for Barry, who faced the flames, and for Kerrin who faced disaster, she sprang from her chair! Upon her two small feet, that had been like dead things, she tottered. Then stumbling, wavering, but ever running, she plunged through the flames and smoke, tore the pole from the hands of the man and shoved against the blazing tree!

It fell with a crash, and Barry Nelson had given the finest acting of his career. But Kerrin Storm, to whose credit it would mostly go, had eyes alone for the miracle of Trinket running! Trinket, forgetting herself in the moment of Barry's need!

With a cry he was after her—snatching her back from the flames—pulling her own smoking coat from her—wrapping her in his heavier one. And even as Trinket fainted against him he told himself over and over that she had done this for Barry's sake! For Barry's safety!

Later, Kerrin Storm sat at Trinket's side, while Trinket, after her examination, lifted a face flooded with light. To the doctor who bent over her, she cried: "Oh, tell me! Is it true? Did I really—walk?"

The doctor tried to tell her, then; to explain how the delicate connection between nerves and mind and body had been shattered by the shock of her accident, had been in that moment of heightened emotion—that second shock, miraculously resumed. But Trinket cared not a whit for all his definitions. She, who had been a cripple, had walked. That was miracle enough for her!

When the doctor had gone, Kerrin looked down at Trinket's bandaged hands. "After all," he said slowly. "What does it matter what the doctors say. *You* worked the miracle, forgetting yourself for Barry's sake."

Trinket looked back at him, a little shyly. "Barry was fine," she said, "just as I knew he'd be. But it wasn't to save Barry that I forgot myself!" Her lips trembled. "I couldn't help it! I thought—your picture—would be lost! Oh—" for Kerrin had swept her into his arms.

"Trinket—if it wasn't for Barry—do you mean—you might love me a little?"

"A little!" Trinket gasped. "I love you so much—I would starve if I couldn't have the sight of you! But oh—I've no age and I don't know who I am and I haven't even any name!"

But here Kerrin kissed her, and how could Trinket protest, when Kerrin's kisses were something she had not even dared dream about!

"Besides," as he pointed out, "what good would a name do you now? You'd have to change it, you know, to Mrs. Kerrin Storm!"

Saves Time, Work and Money

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Prettier Floors

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30c to $3 Sizes At Your Nearest Store

O-Cedar Polish

"I thought I was so careful . . *and I ruined them!"*

She knows now that there is only one way to wash delicate fabrics

23 Flint Road, Watertown, Mass.
[Suburb of Boston]

"AMONG MY WEDDING PRESENTS were two handsome pairs of blankets which I took great pride in. When the time came to wash one pair I was afraid to trust them to anyone else. I washed them myself. I thought I was being so careful and I ruined them! To my horror they came out harsh and stiff and matted!

"An older married friend who was visiting me at the time told me that there are two things that quickly ruin delicate fabrics, especially woolens—rubbing with cake soap or the free alkali in so many soaps, regardless of whether they are flakes or chips or cakes. She suggested that I wash the second pair in Lux. I followed her advice and to my joy, they came out as beautiful and soft as the day they were given to me!"

—*Ann J. Liston.*

(A recent investigation shows that 76% of the women interviewed in Boston wash their fine things, including blankets, in Lux.)

These three interesting letters were selected from the 475,000 received this year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts

941 Tower Road, Winnetka, Ill.
[Suburb of Chicago]

"LIKE SO MANY MOTHERS, I think my baby girl is the most precious one in all the world. Toward the end of her first year she became fretful and naturally I was very much distressed. In despair I consulted an old family doctor. The first thing he asked me was how I washed the baby's clothes. Then he went on to tell me how cruelly irritating harsh, shrunken woolens are to tender little bodies. He said, too, that shrunken woolens retard the proper growth of bones. He advised me to wash my baby's woolens in Lux because it won't shrink woolens. I use Lux now for washing all of baby's clothes and her disposition is sweet and cheerful all the time. I am certainly grateful to Lux!"

—*Mrs. Walter Stocklin.*

(78% of the women interviewed in Chicago used Lux.)

12 East Abington Ave., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT I paid enough for my silk stockings to have them last longer. But in no time they would 'wear out' unexpectedly, often causing me great embarrassment.

"This happened at a dance recently. The stockings I wore were practically new, having been washed only a couple of times, yet a 'run' suddenly appeared, to my great confusion. The next day I took the stockings back to the store and asked for an explanation. They told me that sheer stockings are too delicate to trust to most soaps and advised me to use Lux. I've used Lux ever since and my stockings stay lovely so much longer! Lux has actually saved me many, many dollars that used to go for more and still more stockings."

—*Alberta H. Williams.*

(75% of the women interviewed in Philadelphia use Lux for washing their precious possessions.)

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER— IT'S SAFE IN LUX

Resinol Soap wins professional favor

The effect of its Resinol properties brings warm praise from nurses

CRISP, immaculate, clear skinned and wholesome trained nurses are quick to recognize real merit in a toilet requisite and to adopt its use when they find it produces comfort or other beneficial results. Resinol Soap has won their endorsement through its distinctive Resinol properties.

They realize at once that these Resinol ingredients make the luxuriant lather soothing as well as cleansing and help to keep the skin soft and natural. They freely express their satisfaction, and in their letters are such statements as:

"Has always been my preference because it has such a soothing feeling on the skin."

"Am delighted with the wonderful lather and appreciate its healing qualities."

"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."

"Use it for my patients because it is so refreshing."

"As a cleansing agent, I like it very much."

Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap. Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Dept. 4-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 16*]

want soft words of comfort. We do not want theological argument. We want to find a way to make the Christian Religion effective in the world of today. We are asking what can we do to save our homes, our children, our community and nation."

The groceryman paused. No one moved or spoke for it was evident to all that the man was summoning all his strength for that which was to follow.

Then simply, quietly, with no unnecessary words, the groceryman told them what had happened in his home—how the discord and coldness had grown as he had been absorbed in his business and his wife had found other interests—how their daughter had drifted from the church to follow dangerous ways—and how the crash had come the night of Harry Winton's death. He told them of Georgia's drunken condition—of her relation to Ellory—of his wife's affair with Astell—and how nearly he had come to an act of violence which would have resulted in utter and complete ruin.

It was a terrible thing to hear this man laying bare the shame of his home and loved ones. Often he paused, and seemed to gather strength to continue.

"I am telling you men nothing which you do not already know," the groceryman continued. "I have courage to say these things because I am aware of your secret troubles. I have pretended that you did not know my shame, and that I did not know of your troubles, and you have pretend with me."

"And so I have come to face my personal responsibility," he continued. "I have pretended to believe that my church was all right, and the church has played the game of pretense with me. I can make believe no longer. My wife is not a bad woman—my daughter is not a bad girl. They have simply lost their grip on the realities of life. Religion is not, for them, a living force—it is not real. Therefore they have turned to other interests—interests, which, however right they may be when seen in proper proportion, do not in themselves have the character sustaining power of the Christianity of Jesus."

When the groceryman had finished, Henry Winton rose to his feet. The banker's face was grey and worn. His voice was low and steady but they knew it was so by a supreme effort of his will.

"My son is dead. You all know how he died. We have all pretended and lied about it. The sympathy of my friends is very dear to me but it is not the death of my boy that wrings my heart—it was the shame of his life. It is the awful realization that I am responsible. If my wife and I and our fellow church members had been living the teaching of Jesus, our boy would have found the Christian Religion a sustaining influence in his life instead of a thing which he learned to hold in contempt. We of the church are to blame because there is nothing vital, nothing real and genuine in our religion upon which boys, like Harry, and girls, like Georgia, can take hold.

"The ministers blame the prohibition officers and demand that the place, where the fatal party was held, be closed. Their demand is a confession of their weakness. It is a confession that Tony's Place exerts a more powerful influence than the teaching of the church.

"We of the church, I say, are to blame for what has happened in Joe's home. You are all to blame, with me, for the death of my son. I am to blame for the trouble and shame in your homes. I, too, am ready to clear the decks of every hindering thing and to give the Christian Religion a chance. I am hoping sir, that you can help us to find a way to begin."

Mr. Saxton spoke with quiet meaning. "When Mr. Paddock told me why you wished me to meet with you tonight I felt that the hour for which I have been waiting was at hand. I confess that I did know you were church men when I asked you to dine with me. I had a definite purpose in bringing this particular group of men together and in provoking a discussion of religious conditions. I am satisfied tonight that I made no mistake. I am now ready to make known to you my mission in Westover— I represent Mr. Dan Matthews.

"Mr. Matthews plans to invest a considerable sum of money in Westover for the purpose of working out, or helping to work out, these very religious problems.

"At Mr. Matthews' request I invite you five gentlemen to be his associates—to work with him. But before you accept that invitation it will be necessary for you to meet Mr. Matthews and to consider the plans which he will lay before you."

IT was early evening. In that suite of offices high up in the Union Mining Building in Kansas City, old Uncle Zac was busy with broom and dust cloth. In that inner office, where Big Dan had talked with John Saxton the night of the storm several months before, the groceryman and his four Westover friends were sitting with Saxton about a long table. Every eye was turned toward the man who stood at the head of the table. Dan Matthews was speaking.

Big Dan's manner was that of one accustomed to dealing with questions of large importance. His voice was quiet, with no effort at persuasive eloquence.

"It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of the contributions to our national life which the church has made in the past. All that we know of the Christian Religion we have received, directly or indirectly, from the church.

"To say that the existing immorality is to blame for the existing irreligion is to reverse cause and effect. Immorality follows irreligion as darkness follows the setting of the sun.

"To find the reason for the church's failure, we decided to make a study of actual conditions in a representative American community. Then we would attempt to work out in that same community a remedy, thus making a demonstration which would be applicable to the country as a whole.

"Westover, with its population of 40,698, in its culture, traditions, civic, social, business and church life, fairly represents the average American community. If you wish detailed and reliable information as to what is actually going on among your young people of the High School age, read Judge Lindsey's, 'The Revolt of Modern Youth.' His findings are based upon actual cases which have passed through his court in Denver. Your churches, too, are fairly representative. The figures which I am about to submit to you check with the averages of all cities between twenty-five and fifty thousand in the United States."

Big Dan took a typewritten sheet from the pile on the table before him.

"Referring again to Mr. Saxton's report, and keeping in mind that these figures are the averages for cities of this class throughout the United States, consider first the strength of the Westover church as it is expressed in property.

"There are in Westover 44 church edifices. With their furnishings, organs, lots, parsonages and so forth, the total property value is $2,559,494.08.

"The total seating capacity of these 44 edifices is 20,321 or one edifice for every 461 possible worshippers.

"But, gentlemen, the total average attendance at the regular services of the church in Westover is 4,845. In these 44 places of worship there are, at the average regular services, 15,476 empty seats.

"In other words, the Westover church has put $2,559,494.08 of its money strength into 44 edifices in order that there might be one edifice for every 110 worshippers.

"The annual running expense of the Westover church is $137,732.19. *This, as I shall show you later, is a total loss.*

"Nearly one-half of the church's money strength, as it is represented in property, is wasted and every cent of the annual running expense is literally thrown away.

"The preaching strength of the Westover church is more important than its property cost or running expense.

"The truths of Jesus, which constitute the Christian Religion, must be taught.

"Well, 44 ministers of the Westover church, at their average regular Sunday services, preach to 4,845 persons, which is an average of 110 souls for each teacher. And yet any one of these ministers could easily preach to two or three times the entire church going population of the city.

"Mr. Saxton, in his [*Turn to page 84*]

Every stain vanishes!

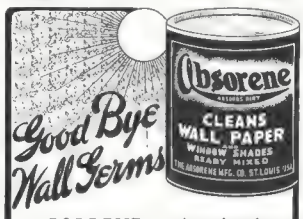
THESE stains, marks and unsightly incrustations, *how hard they used to be to scrub off!* But this task is no longer unpleasant, for Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl and leaves it glistening white.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Doesn't it sparkle like new?

The sparkling cleanliness of Sani-Flush reaches even the hidden trap, where you can't get with a brush. Makes it clean too. And banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. Keep Sani-Flush handy. *Important!*

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



Good Bye Wall Germs

ABSORENE contains a harmless germicide that disinfects the Wall Paper, while restoring its original newness.

It is easy to use and does the work so wonderfully well. You'll be proud of your Absorenely clean rooms. Renews also Window Shades, Frescoing and Water Colors.

At Paint, Hardware, Wall Paper, Drug, Grocery and Dept. Stores

MAIL OFFER—If not easily obtained you may send One Dollar (includes postage and packing) for 5 cans, sufficient for 4 to 5 rooms, or for both **ABSORENE** and **HRH** Paint Cleaner assorted. A sample package of either will be mailed for 10 cents in coin or stamps.

ABSORENE MFG. CO.
51 Absorene Bldg. St. Louis, U. S. A.

HRH *The Master Cleaner for Woodwork*

Campbell's Automatic
Electric Fireless Cooker Range

Works right off home lighting circuit. Does everything any good range will do and more. Low in price and operating cost. Oven heat turns on and off automatically. Wonderful for pies, cakes, roasts, etc. Large electric fireless cooker—also automatic. Big aluminum cooking top and splasher back. Beautiful French Grey enamel finish. Write quickly for easy payments.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer
Write for catalog and factory-to-you price. Our low price will surprise you. Mail postal today.

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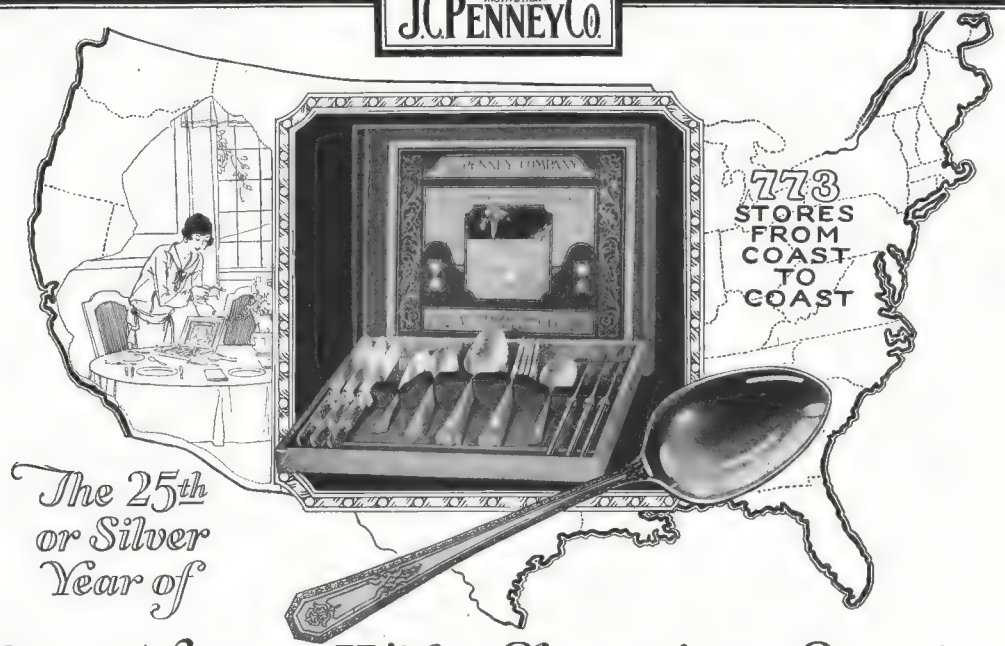
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION

J.C.PENNEY Co.



The 25th or Silver Year of

This Nation-Wide Shopping Service

To Be Signalized — Starting April 1st — by

Extraordinary Memento Offerings

FOR a quarter of a century the J. C. Penney Company Department Stores have been solving the shopping problems of American families through utilizing their tremendous co-operative buying and selective power.

Our great buying advantages and cash purchases save millions of dollars every year. These important savings are passed on to our customers in better quality at lower prices.

The J. C. Penney Company has become a household word thruout the United States for *quality* in General Dry Goods, Outer-Apparel, Millinery, Corsets, Dress Accessories, Clothing, Hats, Furnishings, Footwear for the entire family, and also well-known notions at 4 cents and 8 cents.

Some of our own Nationally-known brands and values: Lady-Lyke Corsets, 445 and 449 Full-Fashioned Silk Hosiery, Honor Muslin, Penco Sheets and Sheeting, Ramona Cloth, Pay-Day Overalls and Work Shirts, Nation-Wide Work Suits, Big Mac Work Shirts, Marathon Hats, the famous J. C. Penney Company Shoes and other brands.

The convenient location of our 773 Stores, distributed over 46 States, gives everyone the advantage and pleasure to be had from personal selection. If there is not a J. C. Penney Company Store near you we would like you to write to us.

26-PIECE SET
Original and Genuine Rogers'
Guaranteed Electro
TABLE SILVERWARE

6 Forks	6 Tablespoons
6 Knives	1 Sugar Shell
6 Teaspoons	1 Butter Knife

$5.90

Per Set, In Artistic Box
25c. Extra if Ordered by Mail

PROMINENT among our Silver Anniversary Offerings is an extraordinary saving in 26-piece sets of original and genuine Rogers' guaranteed Electro Silverplate Tableware.

One of the largest makers of quality silverplate has liberally collaborated with us in providing this Silverware in a new, original "Silver Anniversary Pattern," as illustrated above. Its chaste lines and beautiful design will always be in good taste in every home and for every occasion. It is made of the highest quality nickel silver metal with a heavy deposit of pure silver. Knives have quadruple silverplated handles with steel blades that will not corrode or stain. Forks and spoons have reinforced plate where wear is greatest.

The manufacturer's certificate of guarantee accompanies every set.

The price—$5.90—is so low as to bring this Silverware within reach of all for everyday use.

This remarkable Silver Anniversary offering is a high spot in our long, enviable history of Value Giving. Whether you buy one of these beautiful sets for yourself or for a gift, it represents one of the most extraordinary savings ever offered. It is a Great Memento Silver Offering for a Great Silver Anniversary.

"THE PROOF OF GOOD SERVICE IS CONSTANT GROWTH"

WRITE TODAY FOR "THE STORE NEWS"
beautifully illustrated by rotogravure, showing you how to save large sums on Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes and kindred lines. —standard quality goods! A postcard will bring it.

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION
J.C.PENNEY Co.
Executive Offices and Warehouse—330 W. 34th St., N.Y. City

RETAIL SALESMEN WANTED
experienced in our lines, to train for Co-partner Store Managers, providing for the continuous growth of our Company and especially the expansion planned for 1927. Write for particulars.

When life's at stake

or for just a blistered finger

Prevent suffering and infection from burns—ward off scars . . .
with this surgical dressing

THE touch of hot metal—the swish of boiling water—a little one's screams:—the agony of burns and scalds every family knows. And, without proper care, a greater tragedy may come—infection, with its legacy of hideous scars . . .

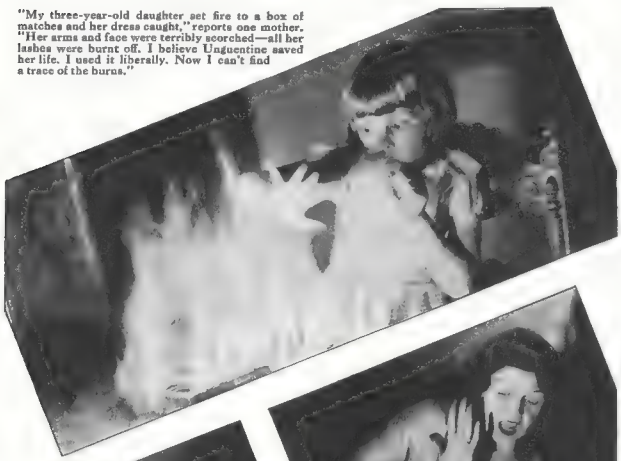
Today you need never stand by helpless—in your own home you can keep the same dressing hospitals use—the surgical dressing your own doctor would prescribe—Unguentine.

Ease the pain at once—with Unguentine. Prevent deadly infection of sensitive tissues—promote healthy healing—ward off needless, hideous scars. Minutes are precious—Unguentine, quick!

Spread Unguentine on thick. The pain vanishes—the wound begins to heal at once—swiftly, antiseptically. And most wonderful of all, almost invariably, *no scar is left!*

Have a tube of Unguentine always at hand. For severe burns and cuts, spread it liberally on gauze, apply and bandage lightly. You will find many uses for Unguentine for the whole family, with active children especially. Unguentine is made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's, 50c.

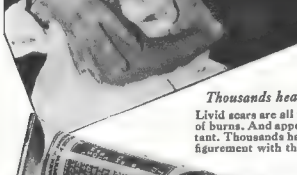
"My three-year-old daughter set fire to a box of matches and her dress caught," reports one mother. "Her arms and face were terribly scorched—all her lashes were burnt off. I believe Unguentine saved her life. I used it liberally. Now I can't find a trace of the burns."



"I was careless," says a housewife. "I should have replaced the cord for my old electric toaster. The worn connection caused a short circuit. My arm was pitted with tiny bits of molten metal. I applied Unguentine—the pain stopped at once. In a week I couldn't find even the slightest scar."

Thousands healed—unscarred

Livid scars are all too often the legacy of burns. And appearance is so important. Thousands have been spared disfigurement with this famous dressing.



Unguentine
FREE—a generous tube

Norwich —*a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations*

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Dept. M-29
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 82*]

report, gives a list of the subjects discussed by your religious teachers in Westover during the last six months. *Not one subject in five suggests that a preacher of the Christian Religion will deal directly with the personality, the teaching, or the life of Jesus.*

"Think what this means, gentlemen! With the God of Jesus to worship, the modern church is offering jazz bands and motion pictures as its chief attraction! With Jesus, Himself, to present to men, the ministers advertise amusing, humorous and clever entertainments! With the happiness of our homes, the future of our children and the very life of the Nation depending upon the saving, keeping powers of the Christian Religion, our church teachers strive to make the people laugh!

"Take Jesus out of the Christian Religion and your religion is no longer Christian. *The tragedy of this situation is that it is not chargeable to the ministers, themselves.* In all the world, there is no body of men more Christlike, as a whole, than are these preachers of Christianity.

"Many a minister faces his audience with a heavy heart because he longs to teach the simple unassailable, character-building, saving truths which he has from his Master, and for which he knows the people hunger. But he cannot. The material needs of his denominational church are imperative. He must put the sectarian interests of his pulpit first or yield his pulpit to some leader who will.

"This same waste is found in what is generally known as the 'Young Peoples Work.' The young people's societies, under the guidance of the church leaders, all stress loyalty to their parent denominations. The youth of the church are taught that to serve Jesus they must serve a denomination. In all of their activities a good time is stressed, the argument being 'join our society because with us you will have more fun than you will otherwise.'

"Consider this full page newspaper advertisement of what the church is offering young people. It is headed: 'Flaming Youth. Get This New Thrill.' 'You say you are after the "big time stuff." Then why don't you come into the main tent? . . . . Be a sport and give Him a chance. He will not take the fun out of life. He will add to it . . . . If He should fail in your case *you will have lost nothing* and the experience will at least give you something to talk about. Come to Church. Come to Sunday School. Come to Young People's Meeting.'

"Certainly there is nothing in Jesus' teaching to take the joy out of life. But it is as certain that Jesus never based his appeal to the world upon social pleasures, good times, or fun.

"*Make no mistake, Young America is rejecting the church because it sees through the pretenses, shams and failures of denominationalism.* The modern church, by inviting Young America to accept the Christian Religion for amusement, has driven Young America to seek its fun elsewhere.

"One other element of the church's strength remains to be considered—worship. The essential element of worship is the offering. It has remained for the modern denominational church to do away with offerings to God as acts of worship, and to substitute membership dues, pew rentals and public collections to pay the preacher and defray the expenses of the sectarian institution.

"The spirit, which characterizes the taking of the so-called offerings at the typical church service today, is not the spirit of worship. The act is often comparable to the passing of the hat by a street performer following his 'free' entertainment. If the person, who has been drawn to the meeting by the advertisements, is pleased with the program, he pays. If he is not pleased he does not pay.

"To see God through the personality, teaching and life of Jesus, and to see Jesus in that humanity with which he identified himself—and then, in the spirit of Jesus' ministry, to give money for the relief of those who are naked and hungry and sick, as an offering to God—this is the essential element of Christian worship. But such worship, if restored to our modern religious gatherings, would wreck the denominationalism which lives on membership dues, the earnings of the church activities, and the ability of the ministers to please their congregations and to draw pennies from the pockets of a more or less appreciative public.

"To sum up this analysis: The irreligion of the present day is directly chargeable to the lack of Christianity in the modern church. This lack of Christianity is the result of substitution of theological differences for the teaching of Jesus. The appalling immorality of our generation is chargeable to the denominationalism which renders the church powerless to meet our religious needs."

"We hear a great deal about church union," remarked Henry Winton. "Some of the denominations in Westover have been trying for years to get together."

"Yes," returned Big Dan, "but as I have said, the denominations are not built upon the teaching of Jesus, they are formed about various distinctive theological theories, views, or central thoughts. These various sectarian institutions do not go directly to Jesus as the source of their distinctive doctrines. Taking them at their own terms, their origin is not Jesus; it is Calvin, or Wesley, or Luther, or Campbell. We cannot produce the Christianity of Jesus by union of all the theological differences which were not founded upon His teaching. Denominations will end, not by uniting them but by abandoning them. They will go as the candles and whale-oil and kerosene lamps went, when the electric light of Jesus' teaching is made available to the world.

"And this, gentlemen, is exactly the central idea of the plan which I have to propose. The only possible remedy for the increasing irreligion and the moral bankruptcy which threatens our country is to somehow ignore this denominationalism which has arisen, and make available to the world the full value of the Christian Religion.

"Any plan to effect the freedom of the Christian Religion must be, in a way, experimental. As I have said, the first step was to find a community which would most adequately represent the conditions throughout the country as a whole. The second step was to find the men. I say 'men,' because no one person, by setting himself up as an inspired reformer, could ever, in this enlightened day, accomplish the desired end.

"As the experiment requires a representative place, it calls for a representative group of men. These men must be Christians, active members of different denominational churches. They must be prominent in business, meriting the confidence of the people in matters or questions of judgment—leaders in civic affairs. They must, as far as possible, represent the different business, political, and professional interests. They must be men of families—fathers. And last"—Big Dan's voice was gentle— "they must have suffered from the irreligion which is everywhere causing such suffering. The plan is to build, in Westover, three edifices which, it is hoped, will take the place of the forty-four now in use. To simplify the experiment, the plan is to start with one, in the district where the largest of your denominational houses are now located. The other two will be built later.

"To make the experiment or demonstration most effective, each of these Temples is to have a seating capacity of at least five thousand, which you will note, would give the three edifices a total seating capacity of *more than three times the total average attendance of the present forty-four places of worship.* These three Temples are to cost one million five hundred thousand dollars, or five hundred thousand dollars each, *which is more than eight times the cost of the average church edifice now in Westover.*

"These Temples must be as sacred to worship as the Mosque of a Mohammedan, or the Temple of a Hindu. They must never be closed, night or day, in order that those who feel the need of communion with God may enter at any time for meditation or prayer.

"These places of worship will not be identified by any names of denominational character. They will memorialize no one but Jesus. They will call to mind only the Christian Religion. [*Turn to page 87*]

You expect great things of him

Is he getting every chance? . . . even a little thing like this counts much

IT'S WONDERFUL to be the mother of a boy like yours . . .

You are planning great things for him—for his education and success.

He has a long hard stretch ahead. Years of study, of growing. Even now, just starting, he is putting into it every bit of mental and physical energy he has.

He needs all the help you can give him. This means not only help in big obvious ways but help in little things, too often overlooked.

For instance, school authorities are pointing out to mothers today one of these little things which counts more than you might think.

It is the school day breakfast. They have proved in country wide tests that the kind of breakfast your child eats has a sure effect on the way he grows and learns.

And what should he eat for breakfast? In the greatest study of school children's needs ever made, the American Medical Association and the National Education Association give the answer. *Fruit, milk, hard bread, hot cooked cereal.*

Only a *hot* cereal breakfast provides the mental and physical energy your growing children need for the strain of school. As the Breakfast Rule this fact is displayed on thousands of school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

It is easy enough to understand why nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat breakfast as the best preparation for a good morning's work.

First, a dish of Cream of Wheat is just full of energy substance—the mental and physical energy your child must have.

Second, it is in such a simple form, so easy to digest that he gets *all* the energy it contains. Every grain of Cream of Wheat is food; it has none of the indigestible parts of the wheat that make digestion harder and longer.

And it is so rich and creamy in flavor! Children always love it. You can make it a new dish every morning by serving it with dates, prunes, raisins, brown sugar, poached egg.

In your planning and doing for your children, remember this—even such a little thing as the cereal you give them for breakfast counts much in their development. Tomorrow morning give them the one children's specialists have recommended as ideal for 30 years. Cream of Wheat! Is there a box now on your pantry shelf? If not, your grocer has it.

* * * *

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins. Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat*

To mothers and teachers

To get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit, send for colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal, with 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps by pasting in gold stars. Posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. G-8, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

Girl?..... *Boy?*..... *Age?*..... *If teacher, number?*.....

This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat*

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

Buy Vegetables as you buy Fruits

You know how to be sure of quality in canned fruits. Why not enjoy the same certainty—in vegetables?

Here are just a few of the many DEL MONTE Canned Vegetables—all DEL MONTE Quality

peas
asparagus
corn
spinach
tomatoes
string beans
pimientos
sauerkraut
pumpkin
carrots
beets
etc.

Be sure you say

DEL MONTE

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 84]

They will be holy ground—sacred to the worship of God as He is revealed in the personality, the teaching and the life of Jesus.

"*Of the $2,559,494.08 now represented by your present 44 Westover church edifices, the $1,500,000 cost of these three proposed Temples would save $1,059,494.08. This amount invested at five percent would yield an annual income of $52,974.70, which would give, for the annual operating expense of each Temple, $17,658.23, or more than five times the annual running expense of each one of the 44 edifices now maintained by the present system.*

"*This, you see, would effect a saving of the total annual running expense of the present denominational system which is $137,732.19, and enable the Christian people of Westover to spend that amount annually for the relief of the poor, in the name of the Christian Religion.*

"Which would Jesus have his followers in Westover do—spend $137,732.19 every year to maintain 18 divisions of his followers—or spend that amount annually in ministering to those who are naked and hungry and sick and homeless? Which plan would make the Christian Religion most effective among men?

"The Temple ministers will be free to preach the teaching of Jesus only.

"These teachers of the Christian Religion will not be dependent upon their congregations for their material needs because the endowment of $1,059,494.08 will provide for them and for all other running expenses. The people will understand clearly that neither the ministers nor the Temples receive one penny from the public or from any individual. These preachers will feel no *financial* necessity for drawing a crowd. *Each minister will be free to center his whole strength upon the one thing, and will teach nothing but the truths which Jesus taught.*

"Each Temple minister will give all of his time and strength and talents to his ministry of teaching. He will not need to devise and promote schemes for raising money. He will not engineer campaigns and drives; he will not need to make himself a social favorite in certain circles. But in addition to his public preaching, this minister will be accessible to those who are in need of his counsel and advice—as free to devote himself to this ministry as Jesus, Himself, was free—free to declare without fear or favor those truths which reveal God and which, if so declared, will make God a vital force in the lives of the people. These Temples and their ministers will be as free from any spirit of denominationalism as the Christian Religion itself.

"Do you think that the people of Westover would go, under such conditions, to hear such preaching?"

"I believe," said Judge Burnes, "that such a demonstration of Christianity would be irresistible—it would Christianize Westover in a year—it would make itself felt in *every life, every home, every business, every school in the city.*"

"I have asked you gentlemen," Dan Matthews continued, "to consider these things which I have put before you, because it is my wish that you will act as Trustees of this foundation, which must not even bear my name. I suggest that it be called simply the 'Westover Church Foundation.'"

There was no mistaking the answer which the five Westover men were ready to make. They sat in silence, with bowed heads, too deeply moved for words.

"This plan is not a reformation. There will be no organization formed about anyone or anything; there will be nothing for anyone to join, nothing to support, nothing distinctive; it will antagonize no existing order."

"But how can it be managed without organization?" asked Mayor Riley.

"How was the Christian Religion which Jesus gave to the world managed in His day?" returned Dan.

"How would it be possible, without organization, to conduct the necessary business?" asked banker Winton.

Dan answered: "The Foundation would, of course, be a legal corporation. The trustees of stewards would administer the funds. *But such an organization would not in any way be a denomination which people would be asked to join, to which they would pay dues, or with which they would become indentified as members.* It would be a business not a theological organization."

The groceryman asked: "And where would we find such a minister?"

Big Dan's answer came heartily: "Thousands of our most able and talented ministers in all denominations would gladly preach Jesus only. I doubt if there is a true minister of the Christian Religion today who does not feel the burden of his sectarian obligations."

"Will there be organization of the workers who engage in the activities of which you speak?" asked the Judge.

Dan answered: "I suppose that will work out as a necessity, but there will be no denominational guilds, or aids or societies for the purpose of making money for denominational ends."

"What provision will be made for the social life?" asked the grocerymar.

"None, in the sense of the present denominational churchs' efforts," Dan answered, "because there will be, as I have said, no distinctive organization. There will be no need for church balls to raise money and no need for Young People's Societies to perpetuate denominationalism."

"I can see how the experiment endowed by you would work in Westover," said Judge Burnes, "but the demonstration will have a comparatively small national value unless it can be extended to other parts of the country."

Big Dan returned: "My belief is, Judge, that this Westover Foundation will merely open the way.

"*I have faith that when the plan is established the most Christian members of all denominations will be drawn to the movement. The best paying members of the denominations—I mean those who pay most in proportion to their means—are the most Christian.* All this will make a strong appeal to the most sincere most intelligent, and most Christian members of all denominations, and they will drop their denominationalism just as all sensible people cast aside their candles and whale-oil and kerosene lamps when the electric light was put within their reach. The denominational churches will be abandoned as the old carriages and buggies were discarded when automobiles became possible.

"*The two and a half millions now in useless church property will then be converted in a Foundation similar to the Westover Foundation to set Christianity free in some other community.*

"*In addition to this, millions will be given to Religion when Religion is made effective.*"

Said Mayor Riley: "There is no doubt that the plan would make great inroads upon the strength of denominationalism. At the same time there are many of the older members who would never change."

"Certainly," returned Dan, "*but what about the younger generation? It is this generation which is just coming into power in the country that is most important to our national future.* I am convinced that the youth of the land, in their daring independence, their intolerance of sham, and their insistence upon realities, would be irresistibly drawn to such a presentation of the Christian Religion as this plan proposes."

"And this," added Big Dan in conclusion, "brings us again to my request that you five men undertake this work in Westover. And again I urge—before you accept, count well the cost.

"You will be subjected to the bitter attacks of your denominations. You will be called renegades—disloyal, to your churches. You will be held up to scorn and ridicule. You will be charged with all sorts of motives. You will be called fanatics, fools. Business pressure will be brought to bear. You will lose friends, patrons, customers, votes. Indeed, you should count well the cost before you undertake the task.

"You should look also to the end to be gained for your homes, for your children, for your country, and for humanity."

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]

THE BORAX WAY IS A BETTER WAY

to wash woolen sport things

FOR several seasons sport clothes have been gaining an ever-more-important place in the modern woman's wardrobe. And this year comes a wave of popularity for the knitted sport sweater. Smart women are wearing them not only on the links—but at the informal tea or bridge as well. Soft pastel shades ... horizontal stripes ... these are the important notes in the new style.

Woolen sport things—their popularity has brought a real laundry problem. For there is no fabric that requires greater care in the washing process. So we know it will be really helpful to you to have these practical, safe directions for washing woolen things in your own home.

The way to wash woolens. Incorrect washing methods so often lead to shrinkage, to "yellowing" of white clothes and the ruin of lovely expensive garments. So when you are about to launder woolens—whether your own sport things or baby's soft little garments—give careful heed to these hints.

Use lukewarm water (about 110°F.), as extreme temperatures cause shrinkage. Have the rinse water at the same temperature as the wash water. Woolen things should never be boiled. Use any good mild soap but be sure never to rub it directly on the fabric.

Add 20 Mule Team Borax before the soap—one tablespoonful to a gallon, or if the water is very hard, enough more to soften. No matter what soap you use, the Borax will increase its suds from 3 to 5 times—and plentiful suds are all-important.

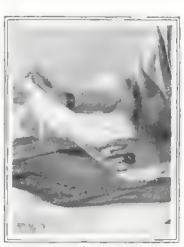
Avoid harsh washing "chemicals." 20 Mule Team Borax is mild and harmless, and yet as a water softener and as an aid to soap it acts almost like magic. Immerse the garments and squeeze the rich suds through the fabric with a gentle kneading motion of the hands. Do not rub or twist.

Thorough rinsing is essential. Add one tablespoonful of 20 Mule Team Borax to each gallon of the rinse water. The Borax insures complete removal of the soap, it prevents "matting" and leaves the fabric soft and fluffy after drying. Press the last rinse water from the garment gently without twisting.

WE OFFER in each issue of this magazine our practical suggestions for performing some household task in a better way with 20 Mule Team Borax. Get the habit of reading our "better way" page each month. You will find it well worth while.

Don't take chances when you launder your smart sport things. Do it the Borax way.

Squeeze the suds through the fabric. Don't twist or rub.



Dry between turkish towels.

Such a helpful product should always be at hand.

Dry in a warm place but avoid direct sunlight as it tends to yellow the clothes. Sweaters should be carefully shaped to their original measurements and dried between turkish towels. It is best to press while still damp, using a medium hot iron.

The action of Borax. Not only in the washing of woolens but in your general home laundry work as well, you will find 20 Mule Team Borax a tremendous help. It is an aid to the cleansing action of soap and water—hard water as well as soft. By actual test Borax causes any soap to produce from 3 to 5 times more suds. And plentiful suds are so necessary to hold the dirt particles in suspension and to insure thorough cleansing.

Borax softens water and makes the clothes white—absolutely free from that streaked, greyish appearance. While it is well known that many water softeners are injurious to the clothes, Borax is safe for the finest of fabrics and for your hands. And then, too, Borax is a cleanser, a grease solvent a deodorant and an enemy to germ growth.

A valuable handbook. We have prepared a valuable handbook called "Better Ways of Washing and Cleaning." Your copy is waiting only for your request. It gives clear, practical directions for laundering delicate garments and for more easily handling the family wash; for washing dishes and cleaning paintwork; for keeping refrigerator, tubs and bowls sweet and clean. In fact, it covers the whole subject of home laundry and cleaning in a very thorough way—and shows how 20 Mule Team Borax can lighten so many household tasks. In the bathroom as well as in the kitchen and laundry, Borax is a useful and efficient aid. As a mild antiseptic for the bath it is delightfully refreshing.

If you are not a regular user of Borax, you *should* be. For Borax is helpful. It is pure. It is safe. The old reliable 20 Mule Team Brand is on sale at all grocery, drug and department stores.

Our new handbook is well worth having—and it is absolutely free. Write for your copy now, addressing the Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William Street, New York City. Dept. 519.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

Won't you follow the doctor's advice?

8 out of 10 advised Nujol type of treatment

IF you suffer from constipation—even if it's only occasionally—you will find that Nujol is the *safe* corrective. That is why such a large proportion of physicians advise its use. Among several thousand doctors recently interviewed on this important question, seven out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural function.

But Nujol may be taken at any time by any person. "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels," said one doctor. "In chronic constipation Nujol type of treatment is especially successful," said another.

Because

1. A lubricant is better than a laxative
2. Nujol is not habit-forming
3. It's a more natural method
4. Does not cause distress
5. It is non-irritating
6. Nujol gives lasting relief

Nujol acts entirely differently from cathartics. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the intestines can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION

© 1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

"Regular as Clockwork"

Accept This TRIAL Offer

NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room No. 809-H, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

TARBAU

[*Continued from page 20*]

"Gathering some food and blankets, which I helped her carry, she took me about a sixteenth of a mile to a cave cleverly sheltered by a scrub, and parting the scrub, showed me the opening. Into it I crawled and I fond myself in a roomy sort of chamber, quite dry and comfortable, and on one side was a fairly good camp bed. For three days I lived like a dormouse, issuing at night only, yet putting my head out of the opening now and then during the day.

"On the third day I heard approaching footsteps, and a voice, not the Boer's voice nor that of his wife. Presently the voice called down: 'Come up, Bill Briscoe.' I knew if I did not I should be fired at in the cave, so I crawled out. There were my two detectives. They had traced me here, by the aid of the Irishwoman in the village, and they knew of the cave from a Boer neighbor who had seen me running to the house.

"'Hands up!' said the uglier of the two detectives, so my hands went up. As I stood so, he raised his pistol and struck me with all his might. It made the scar on my forehead and brought me to the ground.

"When I came to myself I was in a Cape wagon, bumping over the veldt with the house of the friendly Boer far behind. Again and again on the horrible ride the detective rammed the barrel of his pistol into my mouth with ugly oaths, and said: 'Thought you'd do us, did you? Thought you'd get clear, you—son of a gun! We've got you now, and if you squeal I'll blow your brains out.'

"We arrived at Cape Town. I was taken at once to a police-cell. At my brief examination I said little. I only described how I was taken in a country where there was no extradition, and said it was a breach of international law. The magistrate smiled sourly. 'This is not my affair,' he said. 'It is a matter for England and General Kruger's Government, and that must be settled in England. All I know is you are Bill Briscoe who jumped his bail and you're going back to London to be tried for your crime. Here you are in a British Colony, a criminal, and you've been caught. Let it go at that.'

"I was taken back to England, and then they gave me three years; but for good conduct—ye gods—good conduct!—they took off eight months at the end. It was a lonely life and I kept myself from dry-rot by reading. What did I read? Well, you'll think it strange, but I'd never read a line of the Bible before in my life, nor one of your books, so I read the Bible and your books, and they did me a lot of good. A most interesting book is the Holy Bible, with some first-class stories that take a lot of swallowing, like that about Jonah and the whale and Daniel in the lion's den, and Joshua making the sun stand still, and the manna in the wilderness, and Noah and his daughters. The New Testament was fine, but too sentimental for me, yet I liked it. So, whenever I got tired of reading the Bible, I read your books, and I will say this, that there are no dull spots in them. Now, I've been free for about a month, and I came straight to Paris with my savings, and here I am, and I meet you again, and it's good for sore eyes."

"Well, it's good for my eyes, Tarbau, and I hope you're giving up gambling at last."

He shook his head. "I dunno about that," he said, "I dunno. I ain't played since I left prison, but I expect I'll do it again. It's an old habit and a strong one. Why, in prison, I used to itch to get hold of a pack of cards, and I'd have played with the warders with nothing at stake, if they'd ha' done it. But you couldn't get cards there, of course. Say, you can't guess how I felt when I stood in the dock and heard what the Judge said. He was pretty nasty with his remarks. He called me a peril to good society, a foe to humanity—all the stock phrases, and laid it on with a trowel. The one advantage of the whole thing is I was condemned in a name not mine, so that you and other friends couldn't know it was me except you had been at the trial." He sighed. "I'd not like Miss Rahlo to know that I'd done two years and more in Pentonville—no, I wouldn't!"

[*Turn to page 93*]

FREE— *The Kissproof Girl—Send coupon for 12 color art print*

Kissproof *Lipstick* stays on *all day*

No smearing or rubbing off as with the ordinary kind, as *Kissproof* is *waterproof*. And the color—an indescribable blend of red and orange, so utterly natural it flatters every complexion. Your first application of *Kissproof* will show you lips—gorgeous, intriguing, beautiful, more lovely than ever.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a generous sample of *Kissproof Rouge*—waterproof—a lovely miniature box of the new windproof *Kissproof Face Powder* and a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the orignal waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.

Delica Laboratories, Inc.
3012 Clybourn Ave.,
Dept. 2085, Chicago, Ill.

Send me the *Kissproof* Beauty Box and a 12-color art print of the Kissproof Girl. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Check shade of powder.

☐ *Flesh* ☐ *White* ☐ *Brunette* ☐ *Ivory*

Name.....

Address.....

Just Slip this on

Sore, Aching Feet

Pains vanish in 10 minutes or you pay nothing

Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee — shooting pains, spreading of the feet, sagging arches —all now quickly ended.

90% of all foot pains can be stopped in 10 minutes. For science attributes the cause to the weakened condition of a vital set of muscles. Now an amazing device acts instantly to support and strengthen these muscles. It's a strong, superelastic, yet amazingly thin band designed and tensioned with scientific precision. It's called the Jung Arch Brace. You slip it on. That is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear tight shoes comfortably. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. 2,000,000 now are worn. Specialists are amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. **Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.**

JUNG'S *"The Original"* **ARCH BRACES**

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co.,
275 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, $1 and postage. ☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), $1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.

Shoe size..... Last.....

Name.....

Address.....

P. O..... State.....

Canada: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto. Can. prices: Wonder, $1.25; Miracle, $1.75. Cash. No C.O.D.

Amazing Introductory Offer!

New Tonic Face Powder...FREE

With the Bleach Creme Over a Million Women Use

HERE is a startling offer—an offer which will literally take your breath away! We have recently created an amazing new kind of face powder—a powder which is an entirely new idea in face powders—it is a powder containing imported ingredients which actually improve the health and beauty of the skin.

To introduce this wonderful new Tonic Face Powder we are going to give a full size 75c box of this new powder FREE with every jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—the most popular, most used Bleach Creme in America!

This marvelous new harmless formula—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—gently draws out blemishes, clearing and whitening the skin with amazing quickness. Already a million women all over America are keeping their skins fresh and lovely with this safe treatment.

Now you need no longer suffer with unsightly freckles on face, arms, or shoulders, or dusky tan. Even skin eruptions, sallowness, roughness and muddiness respond rapidly to this treatment. In no time at all you will have the charm of a crystal clear skin—soft, velvety and milk white!

Take advantage of this big bargain—decide to try Golden Peacock Bleach Creme right now while you can get a box of powder free. Just go to your favorite drug or department store and ask for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. If you present the attached coupon your dealer will give you absolutely FREE a full size 75c box of this unique new kind of Face Powder—Golden Peacock Tonic Powder!

You do not pay one penny for the large box of powder—all that you pay for is the famous Bleach Creme.

Take the coupon to your dealer right away before this offer expires!

Golden Peacock

PARIS TOILET COMPANY
Paris, Tennessee

BLEACH CREME...TONIC FACE POWDER

New Powder Prevents Coarse Pores, Blackheads

Don't tolerate shiny nose, enlarged pores and blackheads! This amazing new kind of face powder—an actual skin tonic—stimulates the skin to new health and vigor. It heals, soothes and protects the skin, correcting enlarged pores, pimples, blemishes and roughness.

Even blackheads yield to treatment. And it stays on until you wash it off—preventing shiny nose and constant powdering all day long.

Now through this big special offer you can try this new Tonic Face Powder without the slightest expense—you can secure a full size box absolutely FREE.

Free Powder Coupon

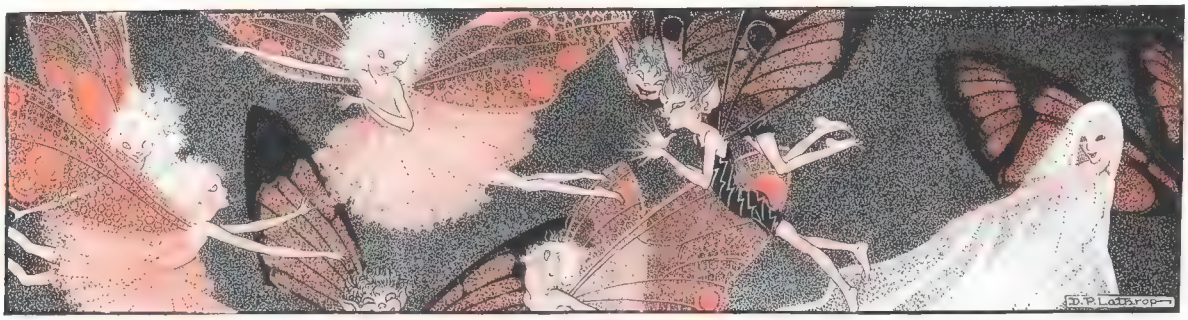
Take This FREE Box Coupon to Your Dealer

This coupon entitles the bearer to a full size box of Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder when purchasing a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme from an Authorized Dealer before July 15th, 1927.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Suddenly round her danced a crowd of gay young things that looked like Tempa

The RADIO FAIRY GIVES A FAREWELL PARTY

BY HELEN MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY LATHROP

IT was Friday afternoon, and almost time for Tempa, the radio fairy, who visited Caroline every now and then and told her a marvellous story. But this time it was going to be rather a sad hour for Caroline, for Tempa had told her that she would not come again at least until next year.

"There are such a lot of children who know me, and then there are a lot who don't know anything about me at all, and who need my stories. Now Caroline, I want you to think carefully about my stories—all the ones I've been telling you. And then when I come again I want you to tell me what you remembered of them, because I want to know if any of them helped you in the way I wanted them to be of help to you."

So Caroline had been thinking hard and now she was bursting with things to tell Tempa. Then suddenly she heard a shrill little laugh and when she looked up she saw Tempa really sitting on the loud speaker at last and blowing a kiss to her. But this was a different Tempa. She wore a trim little blue frock that looked almost like a little uniform.

"I'm going a long, long way tonight," she announced, "away over to South Africa, to some little English children, who are very hot and are homesick for their own dear land. I'm to tell them stories to make them forget their troubles for a little while. But I'm going to show you something very nice today for a good-by party," she said. "I want you to sit very quiet and listen hard."

SO Caroline smoothed down her frock and sat very still. In a moment she heard a sound like soft summer wind in the maple tree in the early morning. Then suddenly round about her, as if they had come right out of the air, was dancing a crowd of gay young things who looked like Tempa when she wore her pretty pink and blue and yellow frocks. And some of them looked like the mischievous little Puck that Daddy showed her sometimes in his book; they were little laughing boy fairies. And there were some rather dignified ones in traily white who were impatient with the frolicsome fairies and kept reproving them for their gay little pranks and mirthful tricks.

Tempa was close beside her. "Now, listen, Caroline, they are going to sing for you. It's really an honor, for they are frightfully busy and very shy besides. But they are doing it to please me. It's sort of a farewell party for me, and I asked them to give it here so you could enjoy it with me."

By this time the white fairies did a stately sort of minuet, and their lovely wee voices sounded sweet in the quiet room.

WE are the fairies who send to you
Voices of singers great and rare;
Over the radio we send to you
Musicians famed beyond compare.
Voices of beauty we bring to you,
Messages earnest, brave and true—
We travel here and we travel there,
We spend our days on the whispering air.
And when a child is ill or sad,
We bring him a story to make him glad.
And when a child won't do as he should,
We tell him a story to make him good.
For we love little children everywhere,
We dancing folk of the whispering air.

There were gorgeous ices that tasted like June roses

The fairies got up and did a stately sort of minuet

AND now the music became a hum in which they all joined, and they danced and circled round Caroline till she was dizzy. Suddenly they stopped and the static fairies said all together, in a deep voice, "Time for refreshments," and out of nowhere that Caroline could see came little tables suddenly sitting right on Caroline's rug.

Caroline and Tempa had a table to themselves. Most of the other fairies could manage about ten to a table, but of course Caroline was at least as big as ten fairies, so she had to have that much space. There were gorgeous ices that tasted like June roses, and there were violet petals all crusted with some marvelous sugar, and in glasses made of twisted leaves was a lovely drink.

Suddenly from the loud speaker came a warning hum, and up jumped all the fairies, smoothed down his or her clothes and stood at attention. They arranged themselves two by two, and began to march, or rather float, up to the loud speaker, and though Caroline could hardly believe her eyes, they marched into it sedately, blowing kisses to her, and then they disappeared right into it! The serious ones went first, and then the little Pucks pirouetted in gaily. And last went Tempa's group, and Caroline waved to them especially. She couldn't see Tempa and was afraid she had gone in with the rest, but then she caught sight of the little blue frock.

"Now Caroline," she said soberly, "have you been thinking of my stories, as I told you to?"

"Oh lots and lots, Tempa." Then Caroline narrated almost word for word the stories about Galahad, Joan of Arc, and Florence Nightingale. But Tempa interrupted her and laughed. "Never mind any more. You have remembered just what I wanted you to remember. Now you are beginning to measure yourself by the deeds other people have done. You have passed your examinations with a high average. Only you never guessed they were lessons, did you?"

Caroline shook her head seriously. "I never thought lessons could be that nice," she said.

"I've had a nice time here," said Tempa. "It has been nice to have such a polite little girl to tell stories to. You just tell all the children you know that if they learn to be polite and well-mannered, the radio fairies will come to them. And now I must go. They are waiting for me. Good-by, dear child, and be a good girl till I see you again."

"I should think any children you told stories to would be polite," said Caroline indignantly.

Caroline's eyes were so blurred with tears that she hardly saw the little figure vanish into the loud speaker, and when she was really gone, she almost cried, but she remembered in time what Tempa had just said about children smiling.

So she smiled and decided to keep a smile on her face till Tempa came to her next year. It would be a long year, but patience was one of the things that she had learned from the stories Tempa had been telling her all this time. What a selfish little girl she had been before Tempa came!

The Newest Methods of Perfect Frying

SELECTED FROM

Ida Bailey Allen's New Book

"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

NOTE: *Have you your copy of Mrs. Allen's New Book? (see coupon below). The makers of Mazola are receiving many thousands of requests for this remarkable book of 112 pages of unusual suggestions for Better Cooking. Nothing like it was ever offered to the housewife—at anything like the low price of 10 cents which does not cover the cost of producing this remarkable book even in immense quantities.*

TO tell every reader how easy it is to prepare fried foods that are *greaseless* when ready to serve—that are temptingly delicious and easily digested—is, briefly, the object of this message.

The flavor and digestibility of fried-foods depend on the fat that is used. Mazola has the delicate flavor of the hearts of fully-ripened corn kernels from which it is pressed.

Because Mazola is an absolutely pure vegetable oil—free of any moisture—it can be heated to the *right temperature* for deep frying without scorching or burning.

Deep-Mazola-Frying is really BAKING in a pure, wholesome vegetable oil—and all foods thus prepared are singularly free from grease. After frying with Mazola, merely strain and save—and use over and over again. Mazola never absorbs flavors or carries odors from one food to another.

Once you try Mazola for frying—and the recipes on this page are offered for the purpose of proving its superior qualities to you—you will never go back to the old fashioned methods of using animal fats.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

1½ pounds Irish potatoes *Salt* *Mazola*

Scrape and pare the potatoes and cut lengthwise into long strips, about sixteen to a potato. Rinse, dry on a towel, put in a frying basket and plunge into deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 325 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

SHOE STRING POTATOES

Follow the preceding recipe, cutting the raw potatoes into match-like strips.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

Use good-sized onions. Peel and cut in crosswise slices one-fourth inch thick. Dust with salt, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with one-half cup cold water, then in fine dry crumbs and fry as directed for French Fried Potatoes.

FRENCH FRIED CAULIFLOWER

Clean a cauliflower, separate into good-sized flowerettes, dust with salt, dip in egg and crumbs as directed for French Fried Onions and cook in deep Mazola.

FRENCH FRIED EGG PLANT, SUMMER SQUASH OR CUCUMBER

Wash, but do not peel the egg plant. Cut in crosswise slices one-third-inch thick, dust with salt and pepper, roll in flour, egg and crumbs as in French Fried Onions and fry as directed.

Peel squash and cucumbers and prepare the same way.

FRENCH FRIED MUSHROOMS

Select good-sized mushrooms. Use the stems for a mushroom sauce or soup. Peel the caps, dust with salt and finish as for French Fried Onions. Serve on toast with cream or tomato sauce as the main dish at luncheon or supper, or use as a garnish to broiled steak, broiled or creamed chicken or veal cutlet.

FRIED TOMATOES

4 medium sized tomatoes *1 egg*
Fine dry bread crumbs *¼ cup milk*
Mazola

Wash and dry the tomatoes and slice crosswise to make three thick pieces. Dust with salt, pepper and a little sugar and roll in fine dry crumbs. Beat the egg, add the milk, dip the slices in this, dip again in crumbs and fry in deep Mazola, hot enough to brown a bit of bread in one minute, 350 degrees F. Drain the tomatoes on crumpled paper and serve plain, or on toast with white sauce.

PANNED LIVER

1 pound beef liver, sliced very thin *3 medium sized onions, sliced*
Salt and pepper
½ cup Mazola

Scald the liver, remove the outer skin and membranes. Fry the onions until soft and yellowed, in one-half cup Mazola. Remove the onions and keep hot; fry the liver first on one side, then the other in the Mazola, allowing about six minutes. Dust with salt and pepper and serve garnished with the onions.

VEAL CUTLET

1½ pounds veal cutlet *1 egg*
Fine dry bread crumbs *Salt and pepper*

Order the veal cut one-half inch thick and pound it until quite thin. Cut in pieces for serving, dust with salt and pepper, dip in fine dry bread crumbs, then in an egg beaten with one-half cup cold water, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep Mazola heated to 350 degrees F. or until a bit of bread will brown in sixty counts. Drain on crumpled paper and serve with creamed noodles, and spinach garnished with hard-cooked egg.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT

IN the kitchen when you are cooking and at the table when you are eating, isn't it a pleasant, satisfying thought to know that Mazola is pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened corn kernels and that this pure vegetable oil is itself as good to eat as the corn from which it comes?

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY Mc-6-27
P. O. Box 161, New York City

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me postpaid a copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

A "smacker" of this . . . a "pinch" of that

. . . now America's most widely used recipe

WHERE did you get the recipes you like best?

"In the story of women in the United States," says one well-known authority on foods, "nothing is more impressive than the zeal with which they are today gathering and testing new recipes; nothing more noteworthy than their ever-growing interest and skill in the art of pleasing their families at table."

Think of the countless new recipes that are being tried out by American women every month in the year! How remarkable, then, that a *single* old-time recipe has today pleased more women than any other in history.

Years ago, down on the plantation it was known only to the mammy cook who perfected it. From miles around people came to enjoy her tender, golden-brown pancakes with their wonderful flavor. But no one learned her secret. Just a "smacker" of this, just a "pinch" of that—so she must have described it.

Today millions of women in all parts of the country are following Aunt Jemima's recipe, serving light, fragrant pancakes just like her own.

Only one way to get that flavor

It was only after the Civil War, with her master dead, that Aunt Jemima was finally persuaded to disclose her recipe. She sold it to the representative of a now famous milling company.

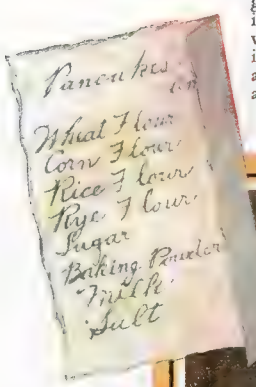
Today her own ingredients, proportioned exactly as she used them, come to you *ready-mixed*. We grind her special flours in machinery designed for that purpose. They cannot be bought in stores today. In Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour you get a recipe no cook book gives—the *only* way to have pancakes with that old-time plantation flavor which has made Aunt Jemima famous.

In a twinkling, now, the batter is ready for those tender, wholesome cakes. No trouble, no chance to go wrong! *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.*

See how soon your family ask for more when you first serve these pancakes with their matchless plantation flavor! Plan now to test Aunt Jemima's famous recipe, *ready-mixed*. Use coupon below to send for trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and of her Prepared Buckwheat Flour or get full size packages from your grocer.

Now—a chance to test this famous recipe

Trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Prepared Buckwheat Flour mailed on receipt of 10c, with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions. Send coupon today.



Her old-time recipe! Only once in her life, long after her master's death did Aunt Jemima reveal it

Many were the visitors to Aunt Jemima's kitchen to watch her mix her ingredients. But they never learned her secret

It was down on the old plantation, before the Civil War, that Aunt Jemima's pancakes first won fame

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch
Dept. D-16, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send trial size packages Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, Prepared Buckwheat Flour and recipe folder. I enclose 10c.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

TARBAU

[*Continued from page 88*]

"I don't think it would make much difference to her. Besides, she's married to a Mr. Simeon Drew, a tobacco millionaire. Now, what about Molly Melsham—have you seen her since she helped you in South Africa? That was a brick of a girl if ever there was one."

He gasped and turned pale. "Miss Rahlo married—Heaven above!" He stared at me, then recovering himself, said sadly: "And quite right too!. . . As for Molly Melsham, she was a wall of brick, and she came to my trial in London. Twice she came to see me in prison, but I did not see her after, for she went abroad again and I've not heard from her since. The girl was worth a better man than me any time. She had a heart as big as a house, and a lot of sense and beauty and a cheerful spirit. She played a great game for me in South Africa and I never forgot it. Say, when I saw you today with your wife—she's a beautiful woman and no mistake—I had a feeling that I'd like to do the same thing, and if I did I'd give up gambling—I think so, I dunno. I needn't gamble any more, for I've got enough to keep me while I live. There's a little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées, that I got a fancy for. She ain't the class of Alice Rahlo—there's few that's her class! But she's some, I can tell you. I dunno, but p'raps this very day I'll find out what she'll do. She's only about thirty-three, and in primest condition and most vivacious. A pretty little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées—perhaps I may!"

I laughed at him. "Tarbau, don't act rashly," I said. "You've got a long way to go yet. And if you marry you must banish thoughts of another woman. Do you think you can?"

He shook his head. "I ain't goin' to drive thoughts of another woman out of my head. Why should I? She's the only woman I ever really loved."

"But she's married to another man, Tarbau, and it isn't playing the game!"

"What's not playing the game?" he said flushing. "I loved her before he came into her life, and I bet she likes me better than her own husband, if it comes to that. I ain't goin' to forget her, be sure of that. I don't have to; and if I was to meet her again, I'd say so. It couldn't do any harm now that she's bound to another."

"Tarbau, don't be a fool," I protested, "Of course it'd do her harm. Remember our talk in London. You said a woman could love two men, her husband and another, each in a different sort of way. And now you talk as though it would do her no harm. Of course it would. I hope you'll never meet again."

His eyes took on a queer dilated look. "Meet again—we'll meet again! and when we do, good-by to all subterfuge. She's happily married—to a rich man. She isn't married to me. If she were it would be bad for her. But I can be her lifelong friend and no harm coming to her. I can—I can. And what's more I will, if we meet again."

"In spite of the little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées," I said, with a sarcastic laugh.

"In spite of her or of any woman alive or dead. Say, you can't know what the fortnight with her in New Zealand meant. It made a new life for me. Then you came and stopped it all!"

"I did right in stopping it all—you said so."

He smiled. "I know, and I gave her up. But I never got over it, never. And what's more I don't believe she has. I'm goin' to play fair in the world now, but I'm not goin' to give up the best memory of my life, not even for you."

WHAT do you think of Tarbau?" I asked my wife at dinner-time.

Her eyes flashed. "Wonderful man—hard to beat at any game—more French than Indian, and more American than either. The union of the three is powerful. Strange that a bad man can be so fascinating!"

I laughed. "It's according to scripture. 'There's more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine that need no repentance'!—unjust to the heavenly host! All I can say is, I hope he'll never meet Alice again. If he does there'll be trouble, I'm sure of that. She's happily married but—"

"Yes, he'd be dangerous. Destiny plays us all, and if Alice has ever loved him, Destiny will have its way."

We talked for some time longer and then I picked up the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. Presently I exclaimed and handed the paper to her. It announced that Simeon Drew, the great tobacco manufacturer, had come to the Hotel Continental with his wife.

"Was ever so strange a coincidence?" said my wife. "Tarbau will see that—and then!"

"I forgot to ask Tarbau's address, but he knows we are here. He's sure to see the notice."

"Does Mr. Drew know about Tarbau in his wife's life?" she asked.

"As she has singular frankness, I should think so!"

She laughed. "And you, a novelist, think you understand women! The frankest woman is never frank in affairs of the heart. She'll hide the truth when there's no need. That she has told her husband about him, I'm sure, but nothing more. She will talk of him in an impersonal way to prepare for the meeting with Tarbau."

"I'll call on Mrs. Drew tomorrow. Will you know her?"

"Of course, but I'll not go with you on your first visit. If I were you I'd write and tell her you mean to call. If her husband isn't there, be sure she's arranged it so that you may talk privately. You see I know about my sex a little."

"You know it in a big way—and I'll learn about women from you."

"'And the things that you learn from the yaller and brown 'll 'elp you a lot with the white'," my wife quoted, from Kipling, laughing.

I wrote a note to Alice and sent it by hand at once. We were at the little Hotel Vendôme, not far from the Continental.

The next afternoon at four o'clock I called at the Continental Hotel. I was shown at once to Simeon Drew's rooms. They were large and fashionable. There was no one in the salon. Presently the bed-room door opened and Alice entered, radiant. She had changed scarcely at all, was a little more plump, was fashionably dressed, but in her eyes was still the look of the dreamer.

"Oh, you dear man to come and see me!" she cried. "My husband isn't here yet. He may be another hour. I'm sorry, and so is he. Do sit down."

I sat beside her on the sofa. "You haven't changed a bit even though you're married," I said in pleasant raillery.

"You've changed a lot though you're married," she laughed. "But not materially—chiefly in expression."

"You are happily married, Alice?"

A wistful look came. "I've no child yet and Simeon wants one so. He has a big business, he is very rich, and it's too bad there is no child." Then she shook off her wistfulness. "It's nice to be rich, and I can have all I want; and just because I can, I don't want it. There's women for you."

"Had you known your husband long?"

"He's seen me since I was a baby, but I'd never known him, even by sight. He told me that when he was fifteen he fell in love with me, and I was only seven! So it's real love on his side."

"And on yours too, I'm sure," I said, with deep suspicion that it wasn't.

"It's as real as real," she answered earnestly. "I have a happy time with him. He's most thoughtful. One couldn't help but love him. He has big business deals on, but he's always thinking of little things to do for me. He knows I'm fond of flowers and chocolates, and he sends or brings them to me. I'm spoiled—I'm absolutely, teetotally spoiled."

Suddenly she looked me full in the eyes. "What have you heard of Mr. Tarbau?" she asked calmly.

"I saw him yesterday."

She was startled. "Yesterday—here in Paris?"

"Yes, but I don't know where he's staying. He'll see your arrival in the paper, as I did."

A flush came to [*Turn to page 94*]

772 New York State Doctors

declare: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is most healthful"

FAMILY physicians and specialists,—a representative group of doctors from New York State, were lately asked:

"What kind of baking powder is best from a health point of view?"

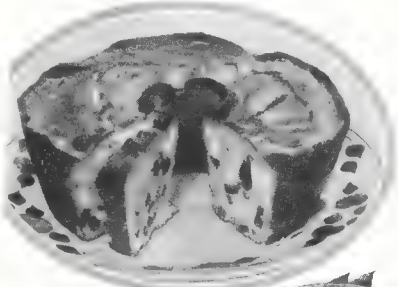
And 772 doctors, 83% of all who expressed an opinion, replied, ***"Cream of Tartar."***

Experts agree in preferring cream of tartar baking powder, just as housewives prefer it.

* * *

Experienced and inexperienced, alike, women all over the world who are particular about their cookery always use Royal—the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

For 50 years Royal has been made with the finest imported cream of tartar. It leavens perfectly every time—you've never known it to fail. And Royal leaves no bitter taste.

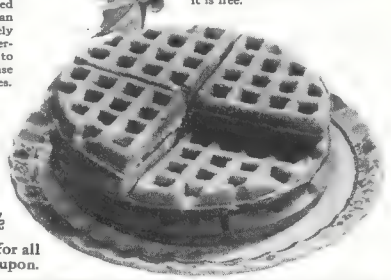


The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

FIG CAKE: Cream 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup butter; add 1 cup milk. Sift 3 cups pastry flour, ½ tsp. salt and 4 tsps. Royal Baking Powder; add one-half of the flour, then 4 well beaten egg whites, then rest of flour and 1 tsp. lemon extract.

Take ⅔ of the mixture and add 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, 1½ cups finely cut and floured figs and 1 tbsp. molasses. Put in a greased and slightly floured round tube pan a spoon of dark mixture alternately as for marble cake. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Increase heat to 360° F. and last half hour decrease to 350° F. Bake about 55 minutes. Makes one 8-inch loaf.

WAFFLES: Recipe for "melt-in-your-mouth" waffles is given in the Royal Cook Book. Send for it—it is free.



FREE—

a famous Cook Book

Contains nearly 350 recipes for all kinds of foods. Mail the coupon.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
Dept. E, 105 E. 42nd St., New York

Please send—free—the famous Royal Cook Book, which gives nearly 350 recipes.

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

You call in a specialist for your baby

demand this *special* treatment for DANDRUFF

IF YOU want a "cure-all," don't pick Wildroot. If you want to get rid of dandruff, Wildroot is your best bet. Without making any absurd claim, Wildroot is offered to you simply as a most effective and *special* dandruff treatment. Wildroot *does destroy* the *dandruff germ.*

NOT a Hair-grower

Wildroot does not wish to be classed with the so-called hair-growers. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Dandruff is decidedly unhealthy. Wildroot fights the dandruff germ . . removes dandruff.

A Typical Case

Mr. D. Curro of 1929 61st Street, Brooklyn, says:—"After many years of unsuccessful search for a dandruff remedy . . a friend recommended Wildroot. At last I found genuine relief. No more dandruff and itching of the scalp."

Such experiences are frequent among Wildroot users. They apply Wildroot. The dandruff loosens up and is quite apparent for a few treatments. Then—after faithful use, the dandruff disappears.

Send for Trial Bottle

The coupon will bring you a trial size bottle of Wildroot. You can try it . . feel its pleasant tingle . . experience the beginning of relief from dandruff. But please do not expect a small bottle to do a complete job. Your druggist has Wildroot in large, generous bottles for people who really wish to *end dandruff.*

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

SEND COUPON

WILDROOT CO., INC. Dept. 6-5-2
Buffalo, N. Y.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing the TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

TRIAL BOTTLE

TARBAU

[*Continued from page 93*]

her cheek. "How did he look?" she asked softly.

"Almost as well as I ever saw him look."

"Almost! what do you mean by that?" she asked in some concern.

"Well, he's had trouble with the police and they used him hard. He's got a scar on his forehead."

I meant to warn her from him and so I spoke of the scar.

"In trouble with the police—why?"

I then told her the whole story of the Quebec Street affair, and the business in South Africa, and I said that he had been used pretty badly, but that he'd reaped it all by his foolishness. I told her of the two years and four months in Pentonville.

When I'd finished, she said: "I think he was used wickedly. He was a brave man. My, the fight in the house and into the street must have been splendid: I saw an account of it, but Frank Tarbau's name wasn't mentioned."

"You won't see Tarbau, if he wishes it, will you?" I asked in anxiety.

"Yes, of course I'll see him. His bad luck shouldn't influence me against him. I'm married, and I've put him out of my thoughts so far as that's concerned. But I'll see him, if he wishes it."

"But your husband?"

"Simeon! He'll do what I wish. I've told him what Tarbau was, but not that I'd ever been fond of him; that wouldn't do. One's got to have sense. Why trouble when you don't have to?"

My wife had been exactly right. Without seeing Alice she had read the truth.

"You'll be foolish to see him. It mightn't be good for him, if he's still fond of you."

"If he's still fond of me!—of course he's still fond of me. He always has been—was when he gave me up. I see it all clearly now—all."

"Sim cares as little as I do. There's no good talking. If Tarbau wants to see me, he shall; and my husband will ask him to dinner. He will accept and we'll be good friends."

"Good friends!" I exclaimed. "What supreme nonsense! Your husband doesn't know that Tarbau was once a lover of yours. It's cruel deception."

"I don't tell him all because he mustn't have a thought about it." She tapped my arm with her finger. "Dear man, don't make trouble when there's no need. You imagine a lot of things and none is true. Frank Tarbau is only an old friend. So, don't fuss your bones about it."

"I don't fuss my bones at all, but there's a little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées, who might fuss."

She was startled. "What widow, whose widow, and what has she to do with Frank Tarbau?"

"She's a friend of Tarbau, so he told me, and he may marry her."

"He shan't marry her," she said insistently. Then I recognized that I'd been a fool to speak of the woman. To prevent him marrying she'd go to any length.

"How can you prevent him marrying her?" I asked. "You've married—why should not he? Shall one be taken and the other left?"

"I'm a woman, and I'm respectable, and I'm not an ex-prisoner. It makes no difference to me what he is, yet I married to make it all impossible! He should not marry a good woman, and he shall not." Her look had grim determination.

"Perhaps you know what you can do, and will do it," I said. "But it's playing with fiery tools, and if I were you I wouldn't see him. It's folly."

"You said that before, old friend, and it doesn't influence me. You don't know how a woman feels—yet you write books about them, so you pretend to what you haven't got!" Satire was in her tone.

I laughed gently. "I'm learning about women anyhow, learning fast. He isn't fit company for you. Suppose I tell your husband what he is—what would you say to that?"

"You won't do it, and anyhow I'll tell him all he ought to know. He's broadminded and he'd understand. If you think different, tell him yourself. He has just come in—tell him."

[*Concluded in* JUNE McCALL'S]

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All the irritating noises in children's wheeled things quickly vanish and "stay gone" when 3-in-One is used frequently and liberally.

And, best of all, the "wheeled things" last longer because 3-in-One relieves destructive friction. Also prevents rust on nickeled parts and polishes enamel.

3-in-One is the same good oil that housewives everywhere use on sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machine motors, locks, bolts and hinges. It's an *oil compound,* scientifically blended; far superior to ordinary "machine oils" and other light mineral oils.

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To make your little ones vibrant with health, rosy cheeked and vigorous, give them "ZO." This ready-to-serve cereal is so well balanced and abundant in nutrition that it will correct any defect in the average diet. Children love it. Its toothsome tidbits served with milk or cream are a delight to the whole family.

Because of its richness in food iron, lime and vitamin B, "ZO" has been served for years at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. For sale at all authorized agency stores. Try it.

"ZO"

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Please send free and postpaid a copy of "HEALTHFUL LIVING." ☐ Send name of authorized store featuring Sanitarium Health Foods. McC57

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by DOROTHY GRAY

PERHAPS the greatest privilege of my career is the opportunity I have had to analyze the ideals of beauty cherished by the most interesting figures of New York's social and dramatic life. . . . "Do not make us merely *pretty*," implore these charming women who come habitually to my Fifth Avenue *salon*.

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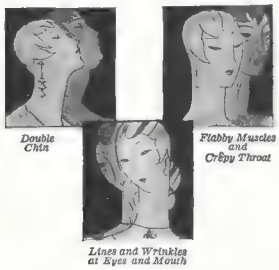
For true individuality is not mere prettiness—not at all. They know that my treatments and my preparations are conceived to control and develop the intrinsic loveliness of every naturally interesting feature.

Age starts taking toll at three danger-



points first—and often "first" means even in your gayest earliest youth—for crowded hours, irregular diet, and "nerves" are the subtle allies of insistent age.

Glance into your mirror: See whether you are paying that costly toll. *"Watch the chin . . . the eyes . . . the throat!"*

If there are tiny torture-lines at your eyes, if the white firmness of your neck discloses a crêpe-like cobweb texture, if your chin-line inclines to sag the least bit—thank heaven you have seen the warnings in time!

Three Treatments for Your Use at Home

For each of these "danger-zones" I have assembled from my special preparations, and packed in a dainty box, a complete treatment which you can use at home.

They are (1) the Double Chin Treatment, (2) the Treatment for Flabby Muscles and Crêpy Throat, and (3) the Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles at the Eyes and Mouth.

These complete Treatments are now ready for you in the better *toiletries* departments of the stores.

Of course all the Dorothy Gray preparations may be purchased there separately, if you prefer. But the complete Treatment Outfits are very new, and very popular!

Send for "The Story of Dorothy Gray"

Do write and tell me of yourself, of the condition of your skin, of your harassing facial worries—and I will do my best as surely as it is done for my personal clients. You may address me at any of my *salons*—though I'd love to have you visit them in person. In New York, at 753 Fifth Avenue, opposite the Plaza; in Washington at 1009 Connecticut Avenue; in Atlantic City at 1637 Boardwalk; and in San Francisco at The White House.

I do so want you to have "The Story of Dorothy Gray." Mayn't I send it on to you?

Dorothy Gray

DOROTHY GRAY
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NEW YORK

I am checking here the information I wish you to send me—

- ☐ The Story of Dorothy Gray
- ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles
- ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin
- ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

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CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 50*]

of the squadron. We know we're safe when he's along, don't we, Tom? His specialty is shooting Fokkers off other fellows tails and, since they have a habit of getting in that position, he's shot more of them than any of us. I don't think he could hit a Fokker unless it was on one of our tails. Stand up, Tom."

Tom Boone stood up, trying to hide his embarrassment. A rather worn tunic stretched across his shoulders and his evenly wind-tanned face under the short sandy hair made him seem somewhat older, harder, more rugged than the others. Or else the year more of war he had experienced had decreased his interest in the cut of his uniform, the bright embroidery of his pilot's wings, the smooth roll of his puttees. When he looked up, smiling, his deep gray eyes gave him away. He was a dreamer—that quality of imagination which is in and about the eyes. And no man with imagination should fly. It is too much. "Well, we got the Rumpler anyway," he said. "And none of us got killed. The Fokkers arrived there too late."

"They were in time to shoot up our St. George," said the Captain.

Tom Boone shook his head, "Phil would have come out all right. I'm not claiming that Hun. I think one of the other fellows knocked him."

The end of dinner was eaten in near silence, as if impending events had been sensed by them all, and there was no great surprise when, after coffee, Captain Baldwin rapped for attention. "I have something to say to you, gentlemen. Tonight the front breaks loose and at dawn the American Army moves forward to drive the German from the Argonne and, if possible, to break his back across Sedan. Our observation and day bombing squadrons will need the air. Our First, Second, and Third Pursuit groups have got to win it for them. Our two hundred and fifty fighting planes will have against them a concentration of many famous enemy squadrons, the fellows with the checkerboards on their wings. You've seen some of them and you know what they are—"

They left the mess hall and made their way down the road in groups of twos and threes, silent, or talking in low tones. The moon was shining upon puddles of muddy water which filled the ruts left by the wheels of heavy trucks. The Captain had told them to get what sleep they could—since they must be in the air at dawn. But they wouldn't sleep. They couldn't. Some of them would stay up to hear the bombardment and to watch the great search lights fan the air in search of the source of that duotoned hum which heralded the German night bombers. Others would write letters. Others would gamble—the absurdity of it. Others would talk.

Tom Boone hurried ahead. He was going up to Souilly. There was a supply depot, a hospital, an observation squadron drome at Souilly, fifteen miles up the Bar le Duc Highway near Verdun. That is not all there was at Souilly. He thought of taking Phil Blanchard with him again and waited in the road for him to come along. He rather liked St. George and it was nice to have company on the way up there and back. But he did not find him. Perhaps tonight, this night, he would rather be alone anyway.

At Squadron Headquarters he asked for a motorcycle and the Sergeant told him the office one had already gone out.

"Gone out?" he said. "Who took it?" His frequent use of the machine running back and forth between Belrain and Souilly had made him feel as though it were his private property.

The Sergeant wasn't sure who had taken it. "One of the flying officers. He didn't sign the slip either. But I can get you a motorcycle from the hangars, sir."

"Please," said Tom. "And get a side car and a good driver with it. I don't feel like running the thing myself tonight and the road will be jammed." He waited impatiently until the machine came sputtering across the field, out of the gray darkness. The great beams of two searchlights were crossing each other in the eastern sky and at moments, interrupted by the dull, almost futile popping of anti-aircraft shrapnel, he could hear the familiar oom-oom-oom of the Mercedes and Maybach motors of the German night bombers.

He rested back as comfortably as he could in the side car while, without lights, they wound down the narrow roadway from camp, through the village of Erizee le Petite and struck the highway. A parade was going on, moving slowly but without halt northward, a parade as long as the highway itself, great dark pounding shapes, trucks by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, no lights, artillery caissons, staff cars fighting to get ahead, motorcycles weaving in and out, no lights, a machine gun company plodding in silence, endless. There was the real Big Parade—on the Highway from Bar le Duc to Verdun, the road which already had saved France once and which now at the crisis fed the American First Army with the goods of war.

Tom Boone's driver was better than good. They darted ahead into every opening whenever the traffic drew apart for as much as the space of a few feet. Beside the road were indistinct black masses, trucks which had broken down and been pushed bodily over embankments rather than that they should block the road for five minutes. They passed through darkened villages and wound across open, bleak spaces where only the white road was visible. Up ahead there was a momentary halt and an altercation. Some motorcycle had crushed into the rear end of a truck. The motorcycle's front wheel was smashed and it was dragged aside.

Abreast of the point where the accident occurred Tom Boone saw two men standing beside the ruined machine, one of them berating the other for carelessness. The voice was angry, high and clear, and to Tom Boone perfectly familiar. But he gave no sign or signal to pull aside and stop. It was not important.

It was not important that Phil Blanchard's driver had wrecked his motorcycle. The important thing, at least the curious thing, was that St. George was on the highway at all. Of course they had gone up to Souilly together once or twice, those times Tom Boone had taken him along for company. Now Phil was going alone. Perhaps it was important after all.

Souilly was like other villages save that it was larger and a few more low, small windowed dwellings clung darkly to the road. Lieutenant Boone left his motorcycle and driver at the first café they came to and walked on until he reached another one. It was at the main crossroad and had a red door which, when he opened it, glowed under a yellow beam from inside.

In the main room were lamps, warmth, crude tables and chair, a broad fireplace, several American soldiers drinking yellow cognac and red cherry brandy, a few French lingering as long as possible over their white wine. He walked straight on through and into a small alcove set with a single table. At the table was a young woman in a nurses' cloak and cap. She was just waiting, thoughts far away, and she did not see him until he spoke. "Sorry I'm late, Marion. Terrific crush on the road."

She was startled. Her lips parted in surprise. "You, Tom? Didn't you get my message? I sent word I couldn't see you tonight. I—"

"But you're here, Marion—" Yes, it was very important that he should have overtaken Lieutenant Phil Blanchard on the road to Souilly that night. Tom Boone smiled to cover a pain. "Phil's motorcycle was smashed on the way," he said. "Your message didn't reach me. You wouldn't go in for suberfuges with me, would you Marion?"

"No. Not with you." She answered him slowly without looking at him. When she did meet his gaze, he felt with new poignancy that quick impression of eyes, her very large and dark and sensitive eyes which wouldn't let a fellow look at anything else. They were Marion's beauty. Her hair, [*Turn to page 101*]

Old Dutch is the Big Thing for Housecleaning – It Brings *Healthful Cleanliness*

Old Dutch is the "big thing" for perfect housecleaning. It relieves you of so much work because it is so active and efficient. You clean house for health as well as appearance. Health requires removal of endangering invisible impurities and germs. Old Dutch does this: bringing *healthful cleanliness*. It takes away all visible dirt and grime and makes everything spick and span.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. Free from harsh, scratchy grit, it does not make scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities. Under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers, these particles erase and remove all uncleanliness.

Old Dutch is ideal for all cleaning on every surface where water may be used—porcelain and enamel, aluminum, glassware, tile, painted woodwork, floors, windows, etc. Protects the surface and assures its longer life.

Old Dutch safeguards your home with *healthful cleanliness*.

Removes the dirt—not the surface

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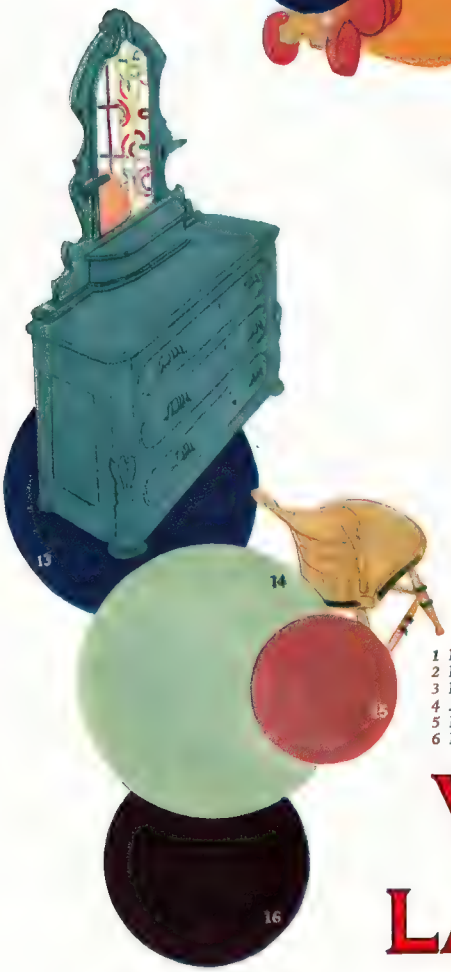
Who Could Nurse a "Grouch" in a Colorful Home?



HOW simple it is to make your home more *attractive* and *livable* by judicious use of color in furniture, woodwork and hangings! You can produce most pleasing color harmonies with Valspar Brushing Lacquer—the finish that dries in a few minutes.

You want your living room comfortable but cheerful—not too vividly colorful. If the general color scheme is a restful brown, or oak, or mahogany, why not enhance the tone effect and avoid monotony by introducing a "relief" note of color? Paint a chair or table, bookcase or some other piece of furniture in Coral Sand, Chinese Red or India Ivory Valspar Lacquer.

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In the breakfast room and kitchen you should use bright, cheerful colors that improve your disposition and your appetite—colors like Argentine Orange, Peacock Blue and Jonquil Yellow.

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"DEAREST"

THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[*Continued from page 14*]

Eliza is very well and happy and sends her dear, dear love to you—Father—Charles William (a brother)—and with the best wishes from my dear wife for your health and happiness, accept the same from yours very affectionately,

E. Hodgson.

At the time Frances was born, Manchester was a most prosperous English manufacturing town. Its specialty was fine to medium cotton goods, and millions of spindles and thousands of looms were working night and day. These prosperous manufacturers were erecting sumptuous houses, suitable to their newly-achieved stations and opulence. It was the beginning of the era of Interior Decoration, and the Hodgson business ministered to this new interest.

Edwin Hodgson was not exactly in trade, since his business was not an ordinary one, but dealt with the higher refinements of life. He was "in art" as much as in commerce, and doubtless the social position of the Hodgsons was estimated from that point of view in a community and land, and at a period, when distinctions along these lines were very finely drawn.

At the time of Frances' birth, Herbert was about four years old; John George was two years younger.

And then came Edith—sister Edith—Edith Mary. That was about two years after Frances' own arrival. Edith was destined to be something decidedly more than a younger sister; she was to be an Audience, an Inspiration, and a Comfort rolled into one. Edwina was the last arrival, a belated and sorrowful one who never saw her father. She came another two years (again) after Edith, and by that time Dear Edwin had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, though still only thirty-eight years of age.

The prostrated mother, left with her four infant children, showed that not for nothing was she descended from courageous and doughty ancestors. She decided that she would continue Dear Edwin's business, and started bravely to become a woman of affairs.

Alas! Dear Edwin's death proved to be only one of a series of catastrophies that were to make all of her efforts vain.

Distress of the most dire kind fell upon Manchester mill owners and operators, and, of course, no fortunes were made and many completely lost. Dear Edwin's business was therefore among the first to suffer.

So hard times came for the little family. The fine house in Seedly Grove was given up and a more modest place taken at Islington Square.

Even before Frances had left Seedly Grove, there is evidence that she had, as it were, burst her cocoon; and, spreading her wings, had become an Imagination.

All things that came within her infant experience, she brought alive, and made them dramatic figures in the stories that her childish brain was endlessly—even feverishly—creating.

Enter Education! It began with some sort of a nursery school conducted by the Misses Mary and Alice Hague. Recollection of it is extremely vague, beyond one important thing—the presentation to little Frances of her first *really own* book, *Granny's Wonderful Chair,* as a reward for politeness and good behavior. The donors said they had bought it hurriedly, had not read it, thought it perhaps too frivolous for a school prize, and would change it later for Frances. The prospect of losing a "fairy book" which was all her own, almost brought the wee scholar to tears. She clasped the small volume eagerly to her breast, declaring she would not be separated from it. And, as a matter of fact, during a long life of intense literary activity, she never was, for in one guise or another its influence was always upon her.

She read it through and through so many times that she had it by heart. It was a book that itself developed into a story. After she had read it to pieces, so to speak, one day when she was about eight years of age, it disappeared, and no amount of searching disclosed it. And though kind friends scoured old book stores of two continents for *Granny's Wonderful Chair,* it went into family history as *The Lost Fairy Book.* The stories she kept in her memory and from time to time retold to children.

One day the Editor of *St. Nicholas' Magazine,* Mary Mapes Dodge, hearing how Mrs. Burnett was retelling the stories, especially *Prince Fairyfoot,* to children friends, asked if these tales could be set down again for *St. Nicholas'* readers. It was agreed that under some such title as *Stories from the Lost Fairy Book Retold by a Child Who Read Them,* Mrs. Burnett should write out all she could remember. So *Fairyfoot* was published, and another, *Sour and Civil,* was on the way. Then, like magic, the *Lost Fairy Book* was found, and an admirer from England sent her a copy of the original edition with its quaint, but graceful illustrations. Years later, a new edition of the book was published, to which the grown-up Frances wrote a preface relating her childhood's connection with it.

The days at Seedly Grove came to what must have been a stressful close. Dear Mamma was being forced to admit that things were not going on so well in the "business," and faced the necessity of a less expensive home. The change brought the fatherless family to Islington Square, where the Imagination began to take up life with a world outside of the home group.

Education at this later period was administered by the Hadfields.

In the school there were wooden "forms" for seats, and three "grades" were kept. The learning was largely by the memory method—a few sentences from this or that instruction book, (such as *Pleasant Pages)* being got by heart. The reciting consisted in parroting them off as correctly as possible.

That Frances obtained any real education is explained only by the fact that it is not possible to keep culture away from people whose minds respond to the true and beautiful. "Have you any book you could lend me?" she always ended by asking a new acquaintance.

As chief confidante the child had always her mother. She sensed in a true motherly way that little Frances needed a friendly atmosphere, and, therefore, Frances could always be sure that any revelations she made of her cherished inner thinkings would get a loving and appreciative reception from her.

She wrote, reciprocating the understanding of Mamma, in *The One I Knew Best Of All:*

"Was Mamma clever? I think not. The Small Person never asked herself the question. That would have been most sacrilegious unlovingness. She was just the age of a mamma. Only as long as she lived her mind was like that of an innocent, serious, young girl—with a sort of maidenly matronliness. Not being at all given to eloquence or continuous conversation of any sort, it was a wonderful thing that her mere existence near one meant so much—that it soothed headaches, and made sore-throats bearable; that it smoothed stormy nursery seas, and removed the rankling sting of wrong and injustice. One could have confronted any trial, supported by the presence of this little, gentle, very ingenious and unwordly Mamma. It was because of these things that one grew up knowing that her unspoken creed would be:

"Be kind, my dear. Try not to be thoughtless of other people. Be very respectful to people who are old, and be polite to servants and good to people who are poor. Never be rude or vulgar. Remember to be always a little lady."

It was all so simple and so quite within the bounds of what one could do. And, all summed up and weighed, the key-note of it was but one thing: "Be kind, my dear—be kind."

Because of this feeling Mamma was her natural confidante on the occasion of her first literary efforts. Left alone by the church-going family on Sunday night when she was nine years old, she decided to amuse herself by writing poetry such as she was reading in Blackwood's. *The First One* was

[*Turn to page 100*]

Add them up

Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouth wash
Nasal spray
Sunburn relief
Body deodorant
Dandruff corrective
Shaving lotion
Water purifier

total = Zonite

A SINGLE trip to the drug-store—a single bottle of Zonite on the bathroom shelf. And yet the whole family, through that one purchase, comes into possession of a well-equipped medicine chest plus a whole regiment of toilet necessities. Such a family may well feel thoroughly barricaded on all sides against disease.

* * *

Not that Zonite pretends to do many *different* things. Its wide range of usefulness simply means it does one thing extremely well, and that is: *it kills germs.* These germs naturally differ in character. Some enter through a cut or break in the skin, causing blood-poison. Some exist in drinking water. Others colonize on the mucous membranes that line the cavities of the body. For instance, the lining of the throat and nose is the favorite breeding ground for the germs that accompany colds, grippe, influenza and more serious respiratory diseases.

Besides its power to kill germs, Zonite has another important quality: *it is harmless to human beings.* And this is really what sets Zonite apart as the Great Family Antiseptic. Before its discovery, nobody dreamed of a powerful antiseptic-germicide that could actually be held in the mouth, if need be, without injury.

In a household containing little children, the harmlessness of Zonite amounts to a godsend, as contrasted with the caustic, poisonous nature of the old-time germicides such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and iodine.

Fortunately, Zonite is now obtainable everywhere. Its fame as the Great War Antiseptic spread so rapidly that even in the smallest hamlet scarcely a druggist can be found that does not have the green-and-black label on display in his store.

For certain uses you can now buy the new Zonite Ointment, which gives a *continuing* antiseptic action; very grateful to the skin in cases of sunburn, and after shaving. Keep both Zonite and Zonite Ointment on hand at all times; they are household friends. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Ask your druggist what he uses *himself*

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

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the Great *family*
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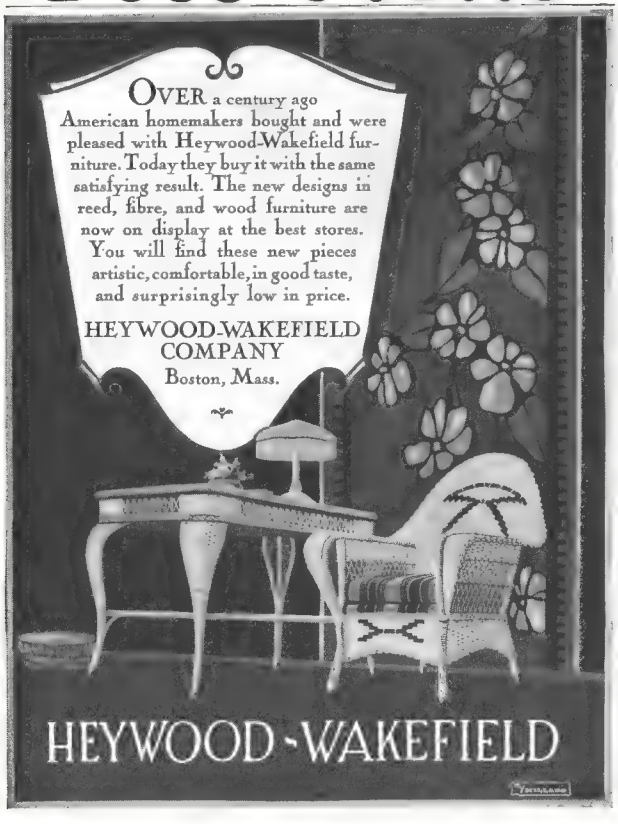
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"DEAREST"

THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[*Continued from page 99*]

something about church bells-bells, tells, sells, shells; ring, sing, fling, wing, etc. The second, induced by the melancholy of the night silence in the house, began most seriously with "Alone, alone, the wind seems to moan"—but refused to maintain the tragic strain. It took such a ludicrous turn, that, unabashed, she ran to Mamma with it.

"I've got a piece of poetry," said the Small Person. "I want to read it to you and see if you don't think it's funny, too."

She quite forgot to say anything about having written it herself. Just warm from the writing of it, she took it for granted that it was all understood.

So she read, and Mamma was immensely amused, but when Mamma asked from where she had copied it, she realized that she was in a position where she had to confess something.

"I didn't get it from anywhere," she hesitated. "I thought you knew. I—I wrote it myself."

Mamma, who had never even thought of writing poetry, was "undisguisedly filled with delight and almost incredulous admiration."

"Well, my dear," she said, "you have taken me by surprise, I must confess. I never thought of such a thing. It—why, it is so clever." And she put her arms about the overwhelmed and ecstasized Small Person and kissed her.

Then, of course, in the way of education, there was music. Frances took lessons on the piano. She achieved some little facility as a pianist—enough to be able to give some music lessons to help the family a little, in an even more stressful period. In addition, the family as a whole evidently made good use of such public institutions as the art gallery, museums and the like, and this sums up the matter of educational advantages.

Childhood to Frances Hodgson was largely synonymous with Islington Square. She arrived there when she was just out of her infancy, and remained there until well into adolescence. This is how she sets down her memories of it:

"It was one of those rather interesting places which one finds in all large English towns—places which have seen better days. In the centre of the Square was a Lamp Post. I write it with capital letters because it was not an ordinary lamp post. It was a very big one, and had a solid base of stone, which all the children thought had been put there for a seat. Four or five little girls could sit on it, and four or five little girls usually did when the day was fine."

And, inevitably, the little girls developed a sense of proprietorship in regard to that lamp post, and would become outraged when they saw anyone who was not a "Square girl" sitting on "our lamp post"—a "street child" for instance.

That everything, even from the very first, was literary grist that came to her mill, is evident from her attitude toward these "street children." She adored them and the dialect they spoke, and would often stray into forbidden streets to lure a dirty little factory child into conversation. She would stand at the iron gateway at noon to see and hear the factory folk as they streamed by.

One evening, looking out from the drawing room window, she saw a group of larger "Street children" gathered about the sacred Lamp Post.

"They were half a dozen girls or more, most of them factory girls in print frocks, covered by the big coarse linen apron, which was tied all the way down the back to confine their skirts, and keep them from being caught by the machinery. They had no bonnets on, and they wore clogs on their feet. They were all the ordinary type of small factory girl—all but one. She was dressed exactly as they were—print frock, tied back apron, clogs, and bare head, and she held a coarse blue worsted stocking, which she was knitting as she talked."

And while this Junoesque creature was standing there, her drunken father came reeling and cursing across the road toward her, the kind of a man who quite commonly beat his women-folk into insensibility with his clogs, or in general, terrorized them. But this girl was not terrorized. She looked him straight in the face and went on knitting.

"Dom the brazent impidence!" the Small Person heard him say.

But the girl walked calmly before him without a word or a hurried movement. She went on knitting the stocking until she turned the corner and disappeared for the last time from the Small Person's sympathetic gaze. She also disappeared from her life, for the little girl never saw her again.

But she thought of her often and pondered her over, and felt her a power and a mystery. She always wanted to know what happened afterwards. So it was that some years later she wrote a beginning, a middle, and an end herself. She made the factory operative a Pit Girl, and she called her Joan Lowrie. Thus was born one of her greatest successes in the literary field —*That Lass O'Lowries*.

As we have already seen, she started out as a poet, and throughout life, by literary avocation, so to speak, she was always a poet. When she had something particularly poignant or apt, or even specially amusing to express, she quite instinctively turned to verse.

One difficulty was hers as it has been that of many another aspirant to literary fame—she found it extremely difficult to get paper. Her chief recourse was old butcher's books, captured when discarded by the cook with perhaps a few unused pages—resulting in such combinations as the following: . . . . "Sir Marmaduke turned his anguished eyes upon her and cried in heart wrung tones, 'Ethelberta, my darling, oh, that it should be so.' Onions 1d. Shoulder of mutton 10s."

So, as she was slipping through the first years of her 'teens, we find her well along in her journey into her world of make-believe; the center of an admiring crowd of girl school-mates, and looked upon with curiosity and some admiration by the boys of her own circle, albeit chaffed by them. But she seems to have been by no means spoiled or vain, even though at this time more than average pretty in a poignant, regular featured way.

What has already been told of the Islington Square days gives a pleasant picture of a growing girl amid happy surroundings.

But there was another side, one fortunately not much remembered or commented on in after life. Days of real privation came. The Civil War in America was indeed a disaster to Manchester business.

Poor Mamma could not work business miracles, and therefore the establishment of E. Hodgson—following in the train of many others—found itself in financial difficulties. It was sold out, and the rather large family found itself obliged to live upon the income from the pitiful proceeds, and went to live in a smaller house on Gore Street.

In many ways Manchester people had close personal relations with America, especially the South. The Hodgson family had one such relative—Uncle William Boond. He had gone across the water before the war to try his fortune and had settled in Knoxville, Tennessee. The family had heard from him occasionally and as he was a picturesque figure, out there in the American wilds among the Indians, etc., the boys especially were always highly excited by every communication from him.

Therefore the family atmosphere was well prepared to burst into a flame of approval when a letter was received from Uncle William suggesting that they all come to America. It appeared that Uncle William had achieved, at this time, a considerable stability of fortune and that the future looked promising. He was the owner of a dry-goods store in Knoxville, and the town, with the cessation of the war, promised to "boom" as was a recognized habit with American towns.

It was decided to go, and they set sail on the *Moravian*, in the Spring of 1865.

[*Continued in* JUNE McCALL'S]

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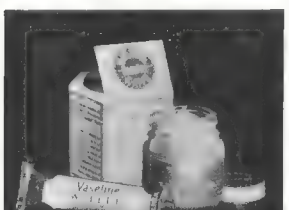

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PETROLEUM JELLY

CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 96*]

escaping the cap and lying against her brow, was soft and dark about her small face. She was young, not over twenty-one, although in her frankness, her natural attitudes, and the movements of her slender body was the older, more intense womanhood which sprang from her job. "No," she repeated, "I was going to tell you, Tom. And I will, although it will kill me. Because I'd rather have you think well of me than anybody. Sit down. No, over here by me. You'll have to help me out as always, even against yourself."

He sat beside her on the bench, against the wall, and put his arm around her. Outside in the main room a faded blue, little French soldier, who was the only one able to see them, blew a kiss at his wine glass. He was shell shocked, doubtless. "All right now, Marion," said Tom. "Let's have it. You've fallen in love with young Blanchard. Isn't that it? And what we've meant to each other during these months—months which are like other years—just doesn't make any difference. You can't help it. It's not your fault—if it's true. Is it true, Marion?"

She hid her face against his tunic and he could feel her shaking. "I can't say it, Tom. I can't tell you. Not after—everything. Is there anything I have you want, Tom?"

"Your happiness," he said. "That's about all. Let's not be sentimental. I won't pretend this doesn't knock me for a loop. But I can understand it. Since I first brought him, Phil has probably been coming up here every night, every night I didn't come myself. He is a handsome, dashing lad. You'd heard the stories of his daring, about our calling him 'St. George.' You see him as St. George—with a flaming sword. He is the *beau ideal* pursuit pilot, the knockdown and drag out hero who knows not fear. He considered nothing and with the same reckless unconsciousness with which he goes for the Huns he went for you, your wonderous little self. The two of you clicked. That's all. I don't blame you a bit, Marion."

She was squeezing his fingers hard, trying to make him stop. "I can't help it, Tom. It's true, but I can't—can't help it. You're worth a thousand of him. You're dearer, braver, finer. You're a better pilot. Oh, I've heard about you too, Tom. You have brains and imagination enough to be afraid but you go in anyway. You've saved his life—everybody told me—"

"Everybody perhaps," he murmured, "but I myself—and Phil. He doesn't know it. Well—let's talk about something else. Stop your silly crying, Marion. *Dis donc, garçon!*" He called for a waiter. "Bring us a bottle of St. Estephe. Let's talk about Paris."

Although he failed to understand why, that did not cheer her. Paris was one of their gay memories but the mention of it turned her quiet weeping into sobs. He thought again of the time, after months in the hospital, she had been granted a week's leave for Paris and had no girl friend, no one to go with. Tom Boone had been due for a leave of absence too. So he took her to Paris, as he might have taken a sister. They had "done" the town.

Marion pushed back and looked at him. "That was rough on you, Tom, to have to spend your only leave taking a—a nice girl to Paris. You were sweet." That absurd little French soldier out in the main room was weeping. Of course he was shell shocked.

They tried to talk about other things, her routine at the hospital, the Squadron, but it was useless. That uneven, reverberating roll of gun fire, which is so constant in the area of the front as to be no more than silence, stepped up to a higher, more constant note. Marion stiffened. "What is that?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Tomorrow is the day, that's all. The big smash. All America's got. You'll be pretty busy in the hospital. We take off at dawn."

She clutched his arm. "And Phil too? Tell me! But I know it anyway. He's going to be killed. [*Turn to page 105*]

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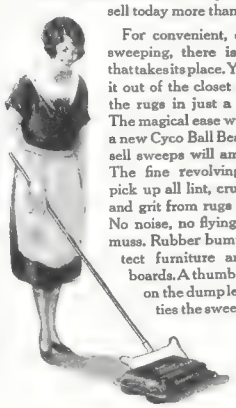

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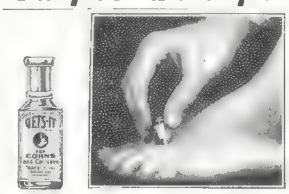

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EVAPORATED MILK

"Blue Petunias," a flower study by Georgia O'Keeffe.

IN *a* BLUE *and* PURPLE GARDEN

BY DOROTHY GILES

*First by enlarging the flower forms to huge proportions, then by simplifying the blossoms until they almost become abstract symbols, Miss Georgia O'Keeffe has made of flower painting a great and vital art. Primarily she is an artist in color—pure color. "In her canvases," declares a famous critic, "each color almost regains the fun it must have felt within itself on forming the first rainbow!" * * * Never has her chosen art attained higher perfection than in the flower study of "Blue Petunias" which is reproduced here. Critics and flower lovers agree that Miss O'Keeffe is the foremost woman painter if only in this—that she rekindles with a modern spark the fires of a long forgotten worship.*

THE warm, enveloping scent of petunias in the sun—great, velvety petunias that brimmed the green painted window box and poured in purple largess over the edge to entwine themselves among the yellow hollyhocks growing close to the house wall; all this wealth of color, scent and sound, yes, sound too, for the quivering violets, purples and magentas struck a sonorous chord of organ music against the sunlight of the afternoon, borne through the window on the stairs where I crouched to read *Alice in Wonderland*—that is my earliest of all garden memories.

No petunias that I have seen since can rival the glory of that summer's blooms. Once, for an hour, I thought that I had found their equal in a garden on the shore of Lake Erie, where a long, low, white house supported apple green lattices on which clematis, cream white with faint purple veinings, clambered upward to window boxes filled with wonderful, new, true blue petunias and mats of wistful white alyssum and candytuit.

The color symphony was perfect—blue lake water lapping at the white wall; blue trumpet blossoms luring the bees; green lawns and trees and masses of glossy leaved rhododendrons, and the patrician clematis blooms starring the lattices. But in that careful arrangement, the creation of one of America's greatest landscape architects, something was lacking that was mine on those sun-filled afternoons of long ago—the sense of wonder, of expectancy, of dwelling very near to the edge of magic which is too often lost, alas, when after the experience of many seasons, gardening begins to mean botany and bugs and blight and Latin names.

So it must be, I think, with all flowers that have their roots in gardens of past delight; their beauty fades not, nor does frost wither their exquisite fragility.

As I look down the vista of many garden years it is the blue flowers I remember that wield this spiritual enchantment over me—blue flowers and purple . . . .

A drift of scillas blooming very early under the lee of a forsythia bush in the Judge's garden. With what eagerness did I cling to the fence paling, wedging so much of my chubby person as might be inserted between the pickets, until such time as the Judge himself, a benign St. Peter in whiskers and broad brimmed hat, opened the gate and made me free of Paradise . . . .

A torrent of wistaria over an carwiggy summer house in the sweet, old, neglected New England garden where, at thirteen—in a starched frock of white piqué, and black, buttoned, cloth-top boots—I entertained my first boy caller. Our talk was of school, of Latin prose and baseball and the promise of vacation, but all the while bees droned in the wistaria, mauve petals drifted lazily to the grass, and in the moment of parting each shyly pulled and offered the other a half opened blossom to suck—youth's honeyed sacrament . . . .

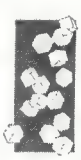
Long, narrow beds of myrtle edging the water brooks in the garden of a villa among the Sabine hills. Alleys of clipped laurels, punctuated with sharp cypress trees leading the eye to a vista of the Campagna and St. Peter's dome for sake of which tourists climb the hill and drink tea, and chatter by the walls, and purchase colored post cards and souvenirs in mosaic from the vendors at the gate. A green garden this and full of the sound of water flowing, the only other color in the uplifted faces of a million myrtle blooms!

Myrtles—periwinkles— have "gone out," some of my friends who keep abreast of all the latest garden crotchets advise me. I wonder why. The trustfulness of those candid blue blossoms lifted from their ivy leaves is unmatched by any other flower that I know. In a shady corner of my own garden myrtles edge a stone cistern curb, with many ferns and white trilliums for their neighbors. [*Turn to page 131*]

Pours in any Weather

Why, Even When it Rains it POURS

The reason is a simple one, as you can see from the diagram at the right



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Plain or iodized

CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 101*]

What are you going to do, Tom? You know the way he goes. He's sure to be if you don't—"

He looked at her steadily, strangely. "If I don't what?"

Her panic was stabbing him more deeply than any confession. "If you don't protect him, Tom. Promise me that you will. Do you still love me, Tom? Enough to do that?"

He stood up abruptly. "Come on. I suppose you're on duty early. It's ridiculous to talk about one pursuit pilot protecting another, but if it means as much as that to you, I'll—do what I can."

They walked in silence down the empty side street to the hospital. The rumble of cannonading was swelling and a faint glow began to edge the black horizon to the north. At the nurse's entrance Marion lingered. "You haven't said what night you were coming up again." When he made no reply, her eyes began to glisten in the dark. "Well then, will you tell him to come tomorrow? I shall not breathe until I know he's safe."

He started to go but she held his arm. "Wait. Oh, what have I done to you, Tom? You're the most man I ever hope to know. Would you care to kiss me just once again?"

He pushed her roughly towards the door and stalked away into the darkness.

The trip down the Highway was difficult and slow. During the halts Tom Boone's driver made a few efforts at conversation, but they went unanswered. Evidently Lieutenant Boone had drunk too much. His head hung forward as if he were half asleep. Behind them a red sunset blazed in the northern sky and the roadbed beneath seemed to tremble under the thunderous blast of the guns. The bombardment was in full swing.

The Sergeant reported that Lieutenant Blanchard had returned only a few minutes earlier, and Tom Boone found him in the barracks, undressing. He sat down on "St. George's" bunk. "You're going to have number two position in my flight in the morning, Phil," he said, "I wish, just for the one day, you'd be a little careful, attack when the flight attacks, pull out when the rest of us do, stick close on my tail."

A smile touched Phil Blanchard's regular, nicely molded features and a glow of anticipation gave life to his pale face. He had the face of an artist and the soul, perhaps, of a jockey—which may be—who knows?—the best kind of soul for a pursuit pilot to have. "So we're going to play it safe, are we?" he laughed. "Is this a fighting squadron or a—life saving station?"

Tom Boone flushed. "The Squadron's record answers that. In the past six weeks we shot down thirty-three Germans and we've lost fourteen of our twenty-one pilots doing it. I'm not urging caution. Just strategy, common sense, what they tried to teach you in training, the same kind of sense that makes an infantry man keep his head down in a trench."

St. George shook his head. "Well, I can't see it. I'm going to make myself an ace tomorrow or I miss my guess. And by the way, Boone, I'm fed up with this talk about your saving my life. When I need an aerial nurse, I'll quit flying."

Lieutenant Boone left him struggling into the top of his pyjamas and whistling a tune from the current *Casino de Paris revue*. "Yes," murmured Tom, "I think you will—quit flying." A step further on he said; "But won't we all? What difference does the day of the month make?" On the way to his own quarters he was thinking of Marion, her bad luck in picking pilots to fall in love with.

At five o'clock as they made their way to the mess shack for black coffee they could see the moon still up and shining dimly and coldly through a gray-white mist. The day would be cloudy no doubt. That was bad. Tramping across the field to the hangars they swore at the ill luck of it. The moonlight was giving way to a less silvery gray, the gray of dawn, and already they could make out the short, chunky shapes of their Spads being warmed up by the crews on the take-off line.

They gathered about a table in the Operations tent beside the hangars while Captain Baldwin assigned positions and gave instructions. "The First Pursuit flies low," he said. "The third at twenty-five hundred meters. We have the ceiling. We want to get as high over the lines as we can and as quickly as we can. Fritzy Fokker will be waiting for us as it is. I'm taking a flight of seven and Lieutenant Boone will lead a protecting flight above us. You will not get into action unless we need you, Lieutenant Boone. Good luck everybody. Circle wide—we'll meet above the clouds."

Three dark silhouettes, tails up and motors roaring, had raced across his vision into the brightening air when Tom Boone taxied his Spad out of the line and wheeled into the wind. He tried the motor and the stick and rudder controls, glanced at the tachometer, the clock, the water temperature gauge, the oil pressure gauge, the gasoline tank pressure gauge, the altimeter, compass, map case. He opened the throttle slowly and the plane lunged. He allowed the stick to move gently forward until the tail came up. Then he "gave her the gun," heard the motor roar and felt the plane tremble, ruddered a straight course as he shot away, faster and then faster. The wheels bounded from a hummock, touched ground again gently. He eased the stick—smooth, the terrific, smooth forward drive into the air.

Pennants of mist streamed by and a red roof in the village of Belrain caught his eye under the right wing. The air became thicker and darker before he was two hundred meters up and he could barely make out the ground. He climbed. A bank of low clouds swept about him, so that he could see nothing at all save the whirls and eddies in an enveloping gray. Balance was a matter of feel. He climbed.

Presently a bright spot appeared in the gray bank and he climbed towards that, like a coming to the surface of the water after a deep dive. The gray walls began to recede. That bright spot was a shaft of light, and then suddenly he was free, free in a lofty world of beauty where the spotless heaven was four shades bluer and the sunlight was filtered gold and below were those snow white mountains, those stupendous peaks and abysmal canyons which were formed, obliterated, formed again in the top side of the clouds.

At twelve hundred meters Tom Boone leveled off and circled wide to the right. Another Spad appeared behind him, another, a third. He recognized Lieutenant Bleeker in number fourteen, and soon Phil Blanchard's number ten dropped into position. All seven planes were formed in a tight V when he took up the trail of Captain Baldwin's flight, which had formed five hundred meters below and already begun the steady climb towards the lines.

Down below, the clouds were burning away under the sun, and the dark green of the Argonne and the mist filled valleys of air and the Meuse stretched away to the north. They had mounted thirty-five hundred meters before they were half way. The Captain was forcing, climbing fast.

Presently red gashes began to tear at those vales of mist down there and huge smoke rings floated aloft, the line of the heavy guns. They passed over a row of strangely absurd looking captive balloons, seeming from their own steadily mounting height to be no more than a few yards off the ground. They passed another row of balloons, German balloons. Tom Boone's altimeter registered fifty-five hundred meters as they sailed into the enemy's air over the north end of the Argonne.

It was a nice plan. If the Fokkers came into action from the east where their dromes were located, Captain Baldwin's wide, deep semi-circle would catch them from behind in the line of the sun. And as the two flights of Spads curved over the Bois de Bantheville, a formation of nine Fokkers flew in from the east. They were surprised, [*Turn to page 106*]

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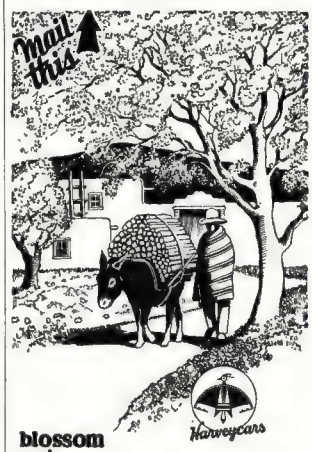

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CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 105*]

outwitted and disorganized when the Thirteenth lower patrol fell upon their backs.

Tom Boone floated five hundred meters above that fight. He saw the faint network of tracer bullets and the black columns of smoke left by two burning Fokkers in the wake of their fall. Four of them were sent spinning in the first attack. But he saw as well a Spad lurch sideways and turn over on its back and another disappear in a burst of flame. "I wonder," he murmured, "who is dead." Phil Blanchard drove down beside him, gesticulating, frantic to charge down into that tangle of circling, diving, bullet streaming planes which were fast spreading out into individual combats all over the sky.

Tom waved him back to his place. "Get back there," he said, as if the roar of motors and the rip of air were silence and Marion's "St. George" could hear. "Haven't you any eyes? Do you think those are the only Fokkers in the sky? Well then, look there—and there—and there." At least three large flights of enemy fighting planes paralleled his course back along the sector waiting only the first loss of altitude, the first unwary turn away from the blind spot of the sun, to close in upon them.

A flight of eleven of them crossed behind him and he could wait no longer. He would make a feint attack, pull up again, and in the confusion win back towards the line to meet the Spads which must be coming. But would his men pull up when he did? That was the whole point. That was the fear in his mind as he rocked his plane to signal, turned in a renversement, and led his flight back on its course and down on top of those gaudy Fokkers.

Then he zoomed and looked back anxiously. His planes were still with him, one, two, three, four, five—one was missing. Number ten was missing. His first thought was not of danger, or of "St. George's" folly, but of a girl biting her lip in a café at Souilly while she waited for someone who would never come. All in an instant. Down below in a mêlée of Fokkers, Phil Blanchard struggled in the face of death.

A glance showed him twisting, turning, first into one line of fire, then another. More and more Fokkers were coming from behind as Tom waved Lieutenant Bleeker to move forward and take the flight. He motioned them on. He couldn't kill six more men in defense of one—although he could kill one more. Tom Boone's Spad stood suddenly on its nose and he shot down, like a hawk on the dive, into the thick of it, straight at two red winged Fokkers that were pouring a bail of lead into "St. George's" Spad. He fired two bursts, the first at perhaps sixty yards, the second at thirty, so close that he could see the dark figure of the German pilot slump loosely in the seat, held in only by the belt as his plane flopped out of control. The second Fokker pulled off to avoid collision. He caught one fleet glimpse of Phil Blanchard's white face.

The rest of it was like an agonizing dream, one of those dreams in which one is helpless awaiting the stroke. A stream of tracers crossed in front of his face, taking a strip of linen from his wing. Every turn brought him into a line of fire and under the dive of a red winged Fokker. His left shoulder jolted forward. He knew he was hit, although he felt no pain. A thin spray of gasoline spurted into his face from the punctured auxiliary tank in the top wing. A streak of white fire burned close to his face—and every time he could bring a plane and pilot in front of his ring sights his own guns spat back their streaming defiance. Two Fokkers collided, crumpling, as he, Vrille, turned to escape them.

One of Tom Boone's last thoughts was that some of those planes were Spads. A line of tracers bent inescapably upon him and two spangled Fokkers appeared unnaturally large before his eyes. He tried to turn away, to avoid those converging white lines of death. But he seemed paralysed. He made a desperate effort, zoomed and fired blindly, shouting in some mad berserk challenge which brought blood into his mouth. Then came another jolting shock which made him feel—well, too tired. He leaned his head forward against the cowl pad and closed his eyes. Let them go ahead and shoot.

But how could a fellow get any rest being thrown around like that, bumping your head against the cowl and with the belt jerking your insides out? A screaming blast of air struck his face, pulled his soft leather helmet half off, and for one instant Tom Boone straightened enough to know that he was falling. He must have fallen nearly two thousand meters. "Well, I won't then," he said. He set his teeth. "I won't fall. They didn't burn me, and I'm not going to fall." He pulled the plane very slowly out of its headlong dive and into a flat glide, heading southward, concentrating every remaining resource of will to carry him through the next sixty seconds.

The bump came sooner than he expected. The wheels touched and the plane bounded again into the air, passed over a ravine, struck once more with diminished speed at the edge of a shell crater. There was a splintering crash, the limp, hurtling figure of the pilot thrown thirty feet beyond, and, back in the shell hole, the quick, roaring gush of a gasoline flame.

The parade of trucks still hammered the highway to Verdun that night. The towering searchlight still swept the sky in search of the German bomber's deep toned hum. The front still blazed with fire. In an alcove off the main room of a café at Souilly a girl in a nurse's cloak and cap sat waiting, her thoughts far away.

Through the main room, jostling the tables in his excitement, a young American aviator hurried. In the doorway he paused. "Marion! Look me over, Marion—I am ace!"

Her eyes brightened and a faint flow of color came into her cheeks. "Phil! You're safe!" She stood up and, as he came around the table, put her hands in his. "I'm so proud——"

He interrupted. "Oh, what a day! What we did to the Fokkers today was something to write home about. We were the first squadron on the front and it was pretty tough for awhile. Our squadron alone got seven Huns and I get credit for two." He sat down beside her, stopping only to call for wine in his outpouring of enthusiasm. "That makes my five Huns, Marion. That makes me an ace."

He did not notice that she had drawn slightly away from him and that an expression of puzzlement was in her dark shadowed eyes. "Yes," she said, "it's great. No wonder you're happy about it. Weren't—weren't any of your men shot down?"

"What? Of course. We lost four. That wasn't many, considering what we did and what we were up against. What's the matter with you?"

Marion was white again. "Nothing is the matter. I was thinking of the four men you lost. Who—were they?"

"Oh, we lost Ned Shepherd, Paul Jamieson, young Gardiner, and—oh yes, by the way—and your friend, Boone. They——"

Her voice hardened. "Tom Boone was killed? How was he killed? Where were you?"

"That's just it," said Phil. "He was trying a little of my stuff. Followed me right into a mob of them. Poor old Tom was a little slow on the trigger for that sort of job. You look funny, Marion. Were you drinking anything before I came?"

"No," she said. Her voice became soft and confidential, although someone else might have detected an underlying note of steel. "Listen Phil. We're the same age, aren't we? But I think you must have been raised in an incubator. St. George! They ought to call you the Trojan Horse. That was made of wood, too. I don't care if you shoot down the whole German Army. You'd be dead but for Tom. He saved your life twice before and again today—because I asked him to. And you—don't—even—know it."

She slipped from the bench and around the table, fastening [*Turn to page 107*]

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CIRCLE WIDE—WE'LL MEET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

[*Continued from page 106*]

her cloak while he watched her in amazement. "As for my loving you, Phil, I was a fool, that's all, a fool for a day and a fatal day. I let Tom Boone go to his death unaware that all I am and have or hope to ever have is his. It will always be his."

Outside, she started running blindly towards the hospital, murmuring and sobbing. Her eyes sought the star filled sky. "Lord," she said, "let them hit me with one of their bombs."

She tried to slip by the hospital orderly at the nurses' entrance but he caught her arm, teasing. "Oh Marion. Oh, my goodness Marion, you'd better hurry up to the ward if you think you're the only Marion in the world. There's an aviator guy there that the doughboys picked up in No Man's Land—or what was left of him. They shipped him here from the dressing station and you oughta hear him babble about his lady. Say, what goes on here?"

"No," she said, leaning against him, "I'm not going to faint. Just help me—help me a little up the stairs."

She stopped in the ward office for breath and to read the reports. She found it. "Lieut. Boone, Thomas R. Air Service. Bullet wounds through shoulder and lower abdomen. Fractured collar bone. Three fractured ribs. Bullet graze on throat. May recover."

It was semi-dark in the ward. She knelt beside his cot and kissed his forehead and his dry lips and whispered to him. He held her hand tightly. "They thought I was raving, Marion. I only said that I couldn't stay here because I'd promised to come to Souilly and tell you. Phil's gone, Marion. I did—all I could."

"Phil's safe, Tom," she said. "But that doesn't matter. You've got to get well—for me, Tom. I want just you."

He tried hard to smile. He didn't have to. She could see what it meant. "All right then," he said. "I'll try. Anything you say, Marion. Aren't they a little stingy with their water in this place?"

THE ART OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 24*]

you toward it—to show you where it is, and how to find it, and how to take it, so that you may live it."

That is a wise man speaking and I, in a humble way, am going to try to follow his advice. That's why in this first page we won't bother at all about any work of art. We'll consider what's behind all works of art.

Now, the marvel of the true work of art is that so much life, so deep life, is behind it. That is why it lives long, outliving its individual maker. Perhaps the work of art is the portrait of a mother. Motherhood, then, the essential truth of all motherhood will be so wondrously present in that picture that all men and women who have known what motherhood is, and who know how to look at art, will recognize and love it. The picture may be that of a particular mother. If it is merely that, those who know the woman it portrays will accept it. If they love that woman, perhaps the picture will move them. But it will be moving them merely because it suggests to their minds, memories and thoughts of an actual person. It will be moving them, that is, not because of what is really in the picture, but because of what the picture makes them think of. Such a picture is not a work of art. If it is truly art that image of an individual woman will contain, in essence, what all beholders—however strange to the woman—recognize as motherhood, as life. It will mysteriously hold a truth of life far more universal than the personal life of any single mother.

But between the work of art and the deep life which it reveals, there is another factor: the artist himself. And through the artist, we come most clearly to an understanding of art. If we know what the artist feels, what he wants to do, how life comes in to him, what its values to him are, we should know a little more of what to look for in his pictures. And now, at last, I can explain why this introductory part of art deals with a man named Alfred Stieglitz. For he is himself the very embodiment—not, of course, the only one, but a most perfect embodiment in his life, in his ways of thinking and of acting—of what goes on in the artist.

Yet I have said, that he is not an artist—at least, that he does not call himself an artist. Alfred Stieglitz is primarily what we all are: a human being. And the first thing to know about the artist—however great and strange—is that there is nothing in him that every reader of these words does not as well possess. The artist is the ordinary human being, simply more sensitized than others.

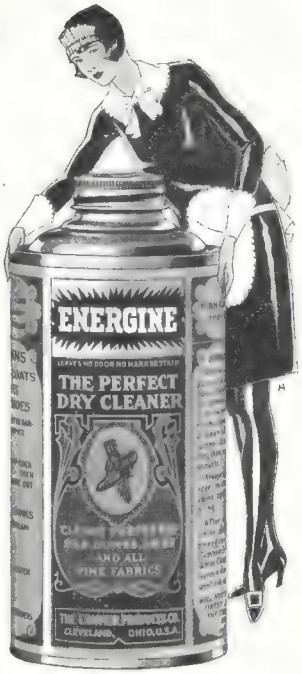
And now at last I'd better come to my subject . . .

His name is Alfred Stieglitz, and he was born in the unromantic town of Hoboken, N. J., more than sixty years ago. When he was a boy, his parents gave him games to play with and Stieglitz would irritate his methodical papa by refusing to play the games according to the rules, and by insisting on making up rules of his own. When he'd concocted his own laws—for Parchesi, for instance—he'd stick by them and play. But he would not accept what was printed on the inside of the box. Now remember that: it's a childish symbol of what you'll find in every true artist. The artist is not lawless—not by a long shot. But he insists on making, on discovering his own laws: his rules for seeing, for feeling, for understanding, for living. How does he go about this? He takes the game before him (life is its name) and he shapes it and re-shapes, not according to some conventional printed page, but in accordance with his heart's desire, with some deep dreamed vision in his very soul.

Another curious fact about this boy Alfred Stieglitz: His parents gave him what they called two kinds of books. First, there were the story books—books about imaginary people, and fairies and ogres. Then, there were the history books—books about George Washington and Jefferson and Daniel Boone. And the boy Stieglitz stubbornly declined—even when he was old enough to wear long trousers—to accept the difference between them! He insisted that there might be much truth in Jack the Giant Killer; and that the tale of the American Revolution (as he read it) was a dream—a dream not at all like the America he saw about him, as different from this America, indeed, as any tale about fairies: he insisted that this tale of loyal men battling for the truth was something better than a fact, it was a dream that might come true!

When Stieglitz grew to be a man, he proceeded to build his life on the same basic attitudes which he had shown as a child with Parchesi and with the "dream" that was called the "history" of America. The Game, now, was life itself: heroically he resolved to submit to no dead printed rules about it, but to study it humbly, to experience it deeply, to see it indeed "with the eyes of a little child," and to accept as its laws only what his heart and his mind inspired.

Now, naturally, Stieglitz looked about him for men who felt as he did. That is how, already twenty years ago, he became the friend and the protector—almost the father—of American artists. In those days, No. 291 Fifth Avenue in New York was a little house. (During the War it was torn down and a skyscraper stands in its stead). You took almost the tiniest elevator in the city and on the top floor you stepped into Stieglitz's three rooms. These rooms became a sort of home for all those who were trying to devote their lives to the quest of the truth—to seeing life without previous printed rules, and to re-shaping it in forms of beauty, according to the deep desire of their souls. Stieglitz, himself, was always there. A lean fiery man with [*Turn to page 108*]



Energine Saves Many a Dollar

MANY a blouse, scarf or collar-and-cuff set has been saved for additional wear by dipping in a basin of *Energine*.

Energine cleans easily, quickly, economically:

Suits
Hats
Spats
Silks
Rayon
Laces
Dresses
Scarfs
Neckties
Canvas
Velvet
Woolens
Overcoats
Kid Shoes
Upholstery
Leather
Sweaters
Gloves

Clothing cleaned with *Energine* can be worn immediately—*Energine* leaves *no odor*. Spots of grease and smudges of dirt dissolve and vanish under a gentle rubbing with a soft cloth saturated with *Energine*. No wonder millions of cans are used annually. A large 10-ounce can of *Energine* for 35 cents. Get your supply at the nearest Drug Store.

Clean with

ENERGINE

The Perfect Dry Cleaner

Calm Thinking

NOT so many years ago it seemed that few people were able to think calmly and deliberately in the face of sorrow or trouble.

It was so much easier to allow the emotions full sway—to permit friends to look after things we might do so much better for ourselves.

A beloved one passes on. The anguish of soul is almost unbearable. It is unthinkable that one with such a burden should consider practical matters and yet what may transpire in future years justifies calm study in those dark hours.

The funeral approaches. Is it to be merely an occasion of respect? A display of emotion?

Or is it to be the laying away of all that is mortal of that loved one in a resting place amply protected against the ruthless elements?

That people are today thinking seriously of such matters is proven by the remarkably growing demand for the protection afforded by the Clark Grave Vault.

Families that have used the Clark Vault would as soon bury a loved one without a casket as without a Clark. It is fast becoming a normal part of every interment.

Merely by asking for the Clark Grave Vault you may be certain you are providing positive and permanent protection.

This is the famous vault (sold at a very reasonable cost) that is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. It has never failed. Being made of 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco iron, with a plating of pure cadmium (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) it offers the greatest resistance to rust that is known to science.

Also, because it is made of metal, it is not porous.

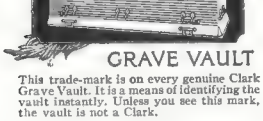
Leading funeral directors will gladly supply the Clark Grave Vault because they know it is absolutely dependable.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

ART OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 107*]

tufts of hair in his ears like a fawn, and piercing eyes hidden behind glasses, and a mouth delicate as a girl's. And about him, more and more those men and women who in the last ten years have quietly emerged as America's leading artists. They were poor then. (Most of them are still.) They were obscure. (Now, most of them are famous.) Across the way, at the old Holland House, Stieglitz had a long table each day for lunch. And there, if they were hungry, these men could eat. And if they were homeless, they could sleep on the floor of his rooms. But most important of all, if they painted pictures, the walls were there for them: here, for the first time, the humble unacknowledged American "moderns" had their public showings—and a fiercely earnest man to fight their battle. Here too, for the first time, you exhibited similar European "moderns"—the work of Rodin, Picasso Matisse, Cézanne, Rousseau: strange art for noisy, busy Philistine New York to ignore, then to howl at in derision, and finally to buy at mighty prices.

The little gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue came to be simply 291: and it grew famous. From a home and a gallery, it became a shrine. And Stieglitz the man, himself, forever questioning, forever questing, forever at the service of seeker and of worker, came to be known as 291. So he signed his letters. He liked the impersonal idea of the number. He was not interested in persons—only in the spiritual work going on, in persons.

Alfred Stieglitz is a typical American. From the beginning, he loved horses, he was a crack billiard player—and his hands hankered after all sorts of machines. His favorite machine, however, was the camera. Before he was thirty, this man had collected a drawerful of gold medals for his photographic work.

Such a photographer as Stieglitz has never been. If you say Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist who ever lived, some one may dispute you by mentioning Aeschylus or Sophocles or even the French Racine. But if you say Alfred Stieglitz is the greatest photographer who ever lived, you're on sure ground.

What makes him so unique? He has a camera like lots of others. He goes through the same process, exposing, developing, printing. The difference lies elsewhere—lies in the man. Stieglitz has never photographed anyone for money, although he has been offered thousands for a single print. When celebrities approach him, he none too politely refuses. Once, when Roosevelt was President a leading magazine begged him to make a photographic study. Stieglitz said: "What you want is a Stieglitz picture? Well, if I made a picture of Theodore Roosevelt without first knowing him for months, for years—without first knowing his spirit and his life, it would *not* be a Stieglitz photograph." Only when this man has grown deeply familiar with a friend, when for seasons he has studied a view from his city window, or the peculiar drift of clouds across the country lake where he has spent his summers since his childhood, is he ready to take what he calls a photograph. And by some marvelous process which I here shall not attempt to fathom, he then turns his machine onto his subject, and the machine *sees* and *records* what Stieglitz knows about it. So his rich, full experience of life comes to be expressed in that face, that street scene, that landscape.

If you say to Stieglitz that his photography is art, you are liable to find him angry. He doesn't even claim that his pictures are beautiful. All he insists on is, that they are true. The soul of that woman is in her face, in her hands—and he has seen it. The soul of the city is in that street—and he has seen it. God is in that configuration of cloud and sun—and he has seen Him. No tricks. No touching up of plate or print. Stieglitz is the armed foe all "art photographers," of all artiness—of the clever fussy little men who strive for beauty. He records what is *there.*

Now, what Stieglitz does with his camera, every true artist does with his brush or his pen. He is not primarily interested in beauty—in grace—in making something pleasant. *He is after the truth.* And what Stieglitz has done with his life is what every true artist in his own way is doing. He is searching the little, humble things at hand—the everyday experiences, the humdrum facts—to find in them what is true and universal. The little printed rule may say that snow is white: what does his eye tell him? The printed rule may say that this man is good, that woman bad: what does his soul tell him? To experience such truth is a joy beyond the pleasures of sense: to see such truth is to behold a beauty which is the very contrary of what we mean when we speak of a "pretty" picture. Deep down all of us hunger for such truth. It may be hard to recognize, harder to bear—but all of us crave it. Most of us must play a little game in life, according to the rules printed "on the box." Pressure of family and money forces us, and leaves us little time for more essential knowledge. That is why all men hunger after art and admire the artist. For the artist is the man who does what we want to do, and cannot: who knows what we but dimly descry; and that is why the work of the artist is the work closest to all men's hearts—outliving their laws and their kingdoms.

At the bottom of every true work of art you will find this impulse: to discover the truth about life and then to fashion it forth in visible form so that it may be known to other men. The notion of beauty—the word art itself—comes after. That is why this man Stieglitz whose entire life has been a passionate, swerveless quest of the truth seemed to me a good subject to introduce in these pages.

MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

politan on the evening of February 17th slightly nervous, but apparently in full possession of his faculties. He even thought, "Isn't it remarkable, how cool and collected I am!"

The curtain rose on the court of *Eadgar.* Conductor Serafin waved his baton, and the singers on the stage opened and closed their mouths. But they made no sound, beyond a faint and infinitely distant murmur. A, glanced over the audience apprehensively, but they seemed to notice nothing wrong. He listened again, but the act was, for him, proceeding virtually unheard. Years later, it seemed someone touched his arm and led him behind the scenes, where he met his librettist and was led, with her, out upon a vast, lonely plain, where they were bidden to bow to several million people who were making noises with their hands. He was then taken back and deposited in his seat, and watched a second act played in pantomime. Once again he was led away to bow, only this time he was handed what looked like a particularly large automobile tire made of laurel leaves and tied together with enormous quantities or red, white, and blue ribbon.

Halfway through the third act, he says, he recovered his hearing completely, and claims to have been enchanted by the music—a statement that we may discount somewhat, in view of his previous condition. We may accept more completely his account of the moving qualities of the tragic story, and of the beauty of Miss Millay's text.

As B, the critic, I can, however, conscientiously report that Mr. Serafin, (who, though he speaks no English, had made a word-for-word translation of the libretto and learned it by heart) gave a reading of the score that was extraordinarily vital and expressive; and that the large cast was uniformly excellent, that Wilhelm von Wymetal's staging was imaginative and skillful; that the chorus, trained by Giulio Setti, performed its allotted tasks (some of them extremely difficult) expressively and with perfect intonation; and that Joseph Urban's scenery was masterly in design and color.

It is too early as yet to speculate as to the enduring qualities of this newest American opera. Five New York performances are scheduled for this season, with the possibility of a sixth, and it may be included in next year's repertoire. On February 21st the management of the Metropolitan announced that the composer had been commissioned to write a second opera, to be produced during the season of 1928-1929.

Campbell Studio, N. Y.

Dorothy Dix *a mother to millions*

FORTUNATE indeed are you if you have a mother of your own—one who prays for your happiness, helps you with wise and loving counsel.

Never let her day go by without a remembrance. Picture the joy she will take in your simplest thought of her.

SUNDAY, MAY 8
IS MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is dedicated to mothers—everywhere. Many people are in the habit of sending cards on this occasion to grandmothers; to the mother of wife or husband or friend; to all kindly mothers in the family group.

Surely, a lovely custom—thus to bring joy into the hearts that never lose their love for the little ones who somehow suddenly grew up to be men and women and who are so apt to forget.

The best cards are sold by dealers who display this sign

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

GAY FROCKS FOR AFTERNOON

THE effort to feminize women's costumes results in such frocks as these: soft, gracious and reminiscent of other and gentler days. The close-fitting bodice that ends at a new waistline with a fichu framing a fanciful vest, dominates Lanvin's summer exhibition. An immense silk or straw hat goes with it to balance the skirt width. The flowered frock is as full of color as a June garden. The circular flounce with side drapery, and the loose gathered sleeves give the flowing movement which expresses femininity.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4932

4925

No. 4932. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at underarm; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3 yards of 40-inch material; collar, ½ yard of 40-inch; vest, ¼ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4925. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with gathered sleeves and circular lower section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch or 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4926
Emb. No. 1377

4934

4929

4929

4926

4934

4914

4914

JACKETS ARE ESTABLISHED

THE emphatic fashion of the season is the raised waistline and the shortness of our jackets. The leading French designers give a nip at a new waistline exactly above the bone of the hip, but not beneath the ribs. These sketches show what I mean. Bolero, cardigan and sweater are short and each has a determining line at the hip bone. Another strongly stressed feature is the use of flying ends of fabric or ribbon.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4926. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt with pleats at side front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 54-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Motif No. 1377 in satin- or outline-stitch suggested.

No. 4934. Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress; two-piece skirt; jacket with plain sleeves. Sizes 12 to 20 years. size 16, 2 yards 54-inch; waist, 1⅝ yards 40-inch; ribbon sash, 2⅛ yards 6-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4929. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; two-piece camisole skirt; slip-on blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1¾ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4914. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with circular front; novelty sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 40-inch material; collar, 1 yard 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2⅛ yards.

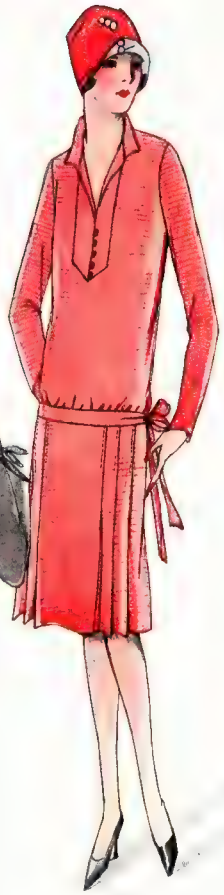
L'ECHO DE PARIS

4902 4924 4917

4919

4902

4924 4917



4919

NEW FABRICS FOR SUMMER

THIN wool, new weaves of shantung, flat crepe, and wash silks are the fabrics women will choose to go into smart Summer frocks. The new wool fabrics are claimed to have all the merits of cooler looking fabrics. They have lace stripes, open squares and basket mesh that let in the air and make them supple. French blue is the dominant color. Rose beige is admirable. Orchid, lavender and pale green are very good.

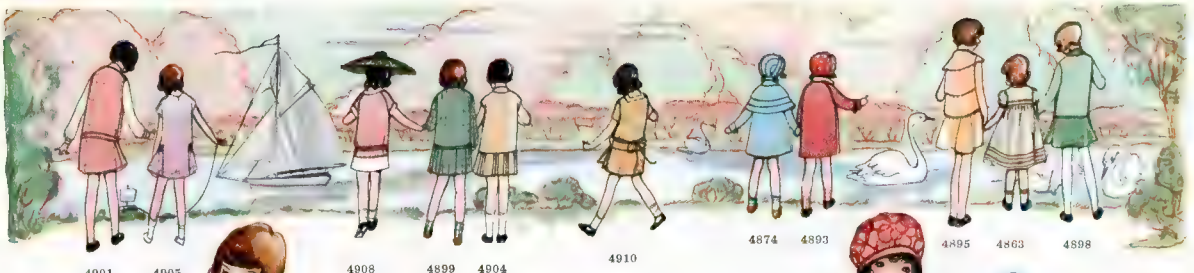
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4902. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with V front opening over vest; pleat insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; vest, ¾ yard 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4924. Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress; plain set-in sleeves; notched collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material; belt, ¼ yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4917. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; novelty sleeves; two-piece skirt with inverted pleat at center front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4919. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece skirt with yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.



4901 4905 4908 4899 4904 4910 4874 4893 4895 4863 4898

French Dresses for little Girls are brief gay and chic

No. 4904. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; pleated skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, 2 yards of 36-inch. Border in darning-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1573.

No. 4905. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1563 in daisy- and buttonhole-stitch would be smart.

Decré Soeurs
4874

Suzanne Dubin
4893

Coblentz
4905
Emb. No. 1563

Delcroix
4904
Emb. No. 1573

Mignapouf
4863

Collin
4910

Collin
4899

Brisac
4895

Suzanne Dubin
4908

Suzanne Dubin
4901

4898
Emb. No. 1575

No. 4863. Child's Slip-On Dress; straight lower edge; puff sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8, 2¼ yards of 36-inch; ribbon, 6¾ yards of each color ½ inch wide.

No. 4893. Girl's Coat; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch; lining, 1¼ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4874. Child's Coat and Hat; with three circular capes. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2⅜ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4901. Girl's Dress with Guimpe; turn-over collar. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires, dress, 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; guimpe, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4898. Girl's Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1575 in cross- and satin-stitch may be used.

No. 4910. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4899. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with four-piece skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4895. Girl's Sleeveless Dress; with underdress. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires, dress, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material; slip, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4908. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, waist, 1 yard of 36-inch material; skirt, collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4907

4907

4931

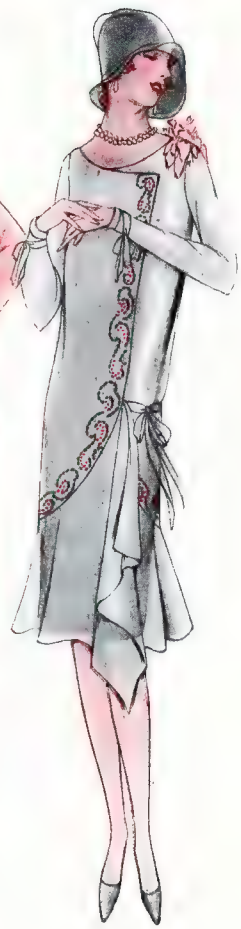
4925

SLEEVES ARE LONG NECKLINES LOW

THE fact that long sleeves may be uncomfortable in warm weather is balanced by the fashion for open necks that make any summer frock look cool. You see in these sketches the attractive combination invented by the French designers for the summer season. The neck openings are widely varied. They may be square with broad frames of fabric to accentuate the square shaping, or V-shaped with yoke or cravat. There is also a round neck in double-breasted effect that is new and very pleasing.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4931



4925
Emb. No. 1579

No. 4907. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with yoke; skirt draped at left side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4931. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with pleats at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4925. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; circular lower section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards. Embroidery No. 1579 may be used to trim.

FROCKS FOR THE STREET

ONE takes immense satisfaction in making a frock that needs no covering! Here are four suggestions for warm weather. Embroidered silk, heavy flat crepe and wash silk are the materials used. The first has a flaring skirt and an embroidered spray of field flowers; the second, a clever girdle arrangement. The third has a drop shoulder as a variation, and the popular patch pockets. The fourth frock illustrated above owes its piquancy to the applied banding of striped silk to match the skirt.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4914. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards. Embroidery No. 1563 may be worked in buttonhole- and lazy-daisy-stitch.

No. 4911. Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress; skirt with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. Motifs in buttonhole-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1553

No. 4923. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Monogram No. 1021 in satin-stitch would be smart.

No. 4915. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece skirt with yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4906
Emb. No. 1557

4909
Emb. No. 1575

4906

4909

4929

4922

FABRICS OFFER DIVERSITY

OUR summer gowns are very gay. So are the accessories that go with them. There are plain fabrics also, to give stability to our polka-dots and plaids, our flowers and bright scarfs. The first frock offers a gay scarf and embroidered girdle. A pocket motif and flower decorate the second. The third limits its plaid to its skirt, and decorates its blouse with applied bands of contrasting color. The fourth has a brief pleated flounce with the upper section of crepe printed in small figurations.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4906. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1557 in straight-stitch is suggested to trim girdle.

No. 4909. Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. An attractive pocket motif may be made with Embroidery No. 1575 in satin- and cross-stitch.

No. 4929. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 2⅜ yards of 32-inch; skirt, 1½ yards 32- or 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36- or 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4922. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with box-pleated flounce. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¼ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4924. Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress; with gathered set-in sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch; collar, ⅝ yard 40-inch; trimming, ½ yard 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4922. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1578 may be developed in chain- and seed-stitch.

No. 4907. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with yoke; with long fitted sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4931. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4934. Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2 yards of 36-inch; waist, 1⅝ yards 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1546 may be worked in cross- and varied stitches.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4917. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with yoke and two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4919. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 2¼ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4915. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; plain set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Motif No. 1267 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 4926. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; straight skirt with pleats at side front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, waist, 1¾ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4902. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with vest and pleat insets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 32-inch material; vest, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4923. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 32-inch; collar and tie, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4909. Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4857. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch; skirt, tunic and bands, 2⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4930. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; cut single breasted; with scarf. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; lining and scarf, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4912. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with shawl collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch or 2⅞ yards of 54-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

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No. 4858. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch; flounce, 1¼ yards of 36-inch; slip, 1½ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4911. Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt and bands, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4932. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 13 to 20 years. Size 16, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 4930. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; cut double breasted. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅞ yards of 36-inch or 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4912. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

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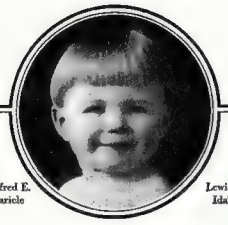

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La France

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See Column 4 Page 130

L'ECHO DE PARIS

CYNICS say there is no difference between bathing suits and street gowns. But here is a page that proves a difference. True, the tunics of the bathing suits could be worn over skirts as well as over "shorts." The attractive wrap too, may serve for the beach as well as the boudoir. The frocks are simple with bits of embroidery.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4918. Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, view A, 2 yards of 36-inch; trousers and binding, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch; collar, belt and pockets, ½ yard of 36-inch; view B, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1½ yards 40-inch.

No. 4921. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Size 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. No. 4847. Camisole Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Blouse, size 36, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Emb. No. 1563 is suggested.

No. 4900. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee; with bloused back and trimming bands of contrasting material. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material (cut crosswise); bands 1⅛ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4903. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with short kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards. Pocket motifs No. 1553 may be worked in button-hole- and lazy-daisy-stitch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

HERE you see the most discreet way of wearing knee-length trousers. They are apparent only when the skirt is unbuttoned. Another feature that arrests the attention is the variety of pleated skirts. For each skirt it is advisable to provide two jumpers. They need not match the skirt in fabric or color. The gaiety comes in the jumper.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4897
4920

4897
4920

4815
4813
4933

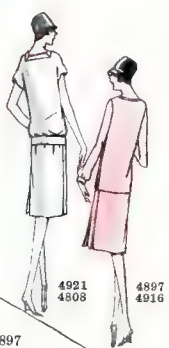
4815
4813
4933
Emb. No. 1267

No. 4897. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. No. 4920. Pleated Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt and bands, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 3½ yards.

4814
4920
Emb. No. 1565

4921
4808

4897
4916



4921
4808

4897
4916

No. 4814. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. No. 4920. Pleated Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 3½ yards. Emb. No. 1565 may be used.

No. 4921. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. No. 4808. Camisole Skirt; with pleat inset at sides. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, entire costume, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4897. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. No. 4916. Low-Waisted Skirt; with pleat insets. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Blouse, size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt, size 30, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 4815. Ladies' and Misses' Sports Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. No. 4813. Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. 4933. Skirt with Bloomers. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 36 jacket and 30 skirt, 3½ yards 54-inch; blouse, 2¼ yards 40-inch. Emb. No. 1267 suggested.

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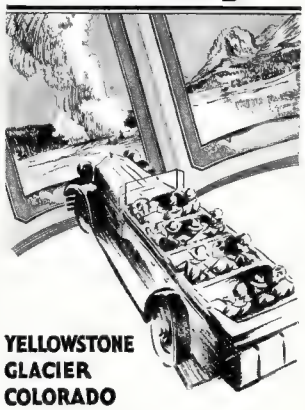

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Ten to one you are being disturbed by the mere *appearance* of maturity—not the actual pounds and years—and the *appearance* of weight is mostly due to incorrect posture.

A spine that sags at the waistline, for instance, throws the whole body out of plumb. To maintain the equilibrium, the head and abdomen are thrust forward, widening the hips, thickening the torso, and even destroying the slender lines of the neck. Not only do such injurious posture habits make you *look* older and heavier; they will actually make you old prematurely, as your doctor will tell you. The time to act is now, while your weight and age are still mere surface appearances.

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Name .....

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

4905

4904
Emb. No. 1377

4934
Emb. No. 1486

4905 4904 4934 4898 4910

4910
Emb. No. 1553

4898

No. 4905. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves; shirring at sides. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch or 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4934. Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, jacket and skirt, 3 yards of 36-inch; waist, 1¾ yards of 36-inch; sash, 1⅞ yards of 6-inch. Embroidery No. 1486 in straight-stitch suggested.

No. 4910. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¼ yards of 36-inch. Flower motifs may be made with Embroidery No. 1553.

No. 4898. Girl's Dress; circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1¼ yards of 36-inch; contrasting skirt, collar and cuffs, 1¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4904. Girl's Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch; skirt, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch. Motif No. 1377 in outline-stitch would be smart.

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No. 4910. Girl's Slip-On Dress; straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Motif No. 1377 in satin-stitch may be used to trim.

No. 4932. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at underarm; two-piece gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 3¼ yards of 32-inch material; vest, ¼ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4904. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; pleated camisole skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¼ yards of 40-inch. Pocket trimming in single-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1525.

No. 4901. Girl's Dress with guimpe; inverted pleat at front. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires, dress, 1½ yards of 40-inch material; guimpe, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4899. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with four-piece skirt; long sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1½ yards of 36-inch.

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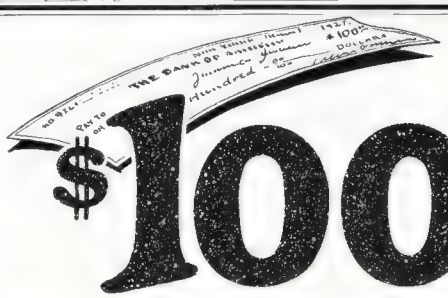

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No. 4783. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with two-piece skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires, waist, 1 yard of 36-inch; skirt, collar and cuffs, ⅞ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4679. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with pleat insets at sides. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting collar, ¼ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4848. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; straight pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material; collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4731. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at center back. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1576 in daisy- and outline-stitch would be smart.

No. 4714. Child's Slip-On Dress; raglan sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, 1⅝ yards of 32-inch. Embroidery in eyelets and satin-stitch may be added using Embroidery No. 1338.

No. 4784. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting yoke and bands, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

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No. 4908. Girl's Slip-On Dress; raglan sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8, 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1522 in rambler- and lazy-daisy-stitch may be used.

No. 4836. Child's Slip-On Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, 2⅝ yards of 32-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1540 suggested to trim pocket.

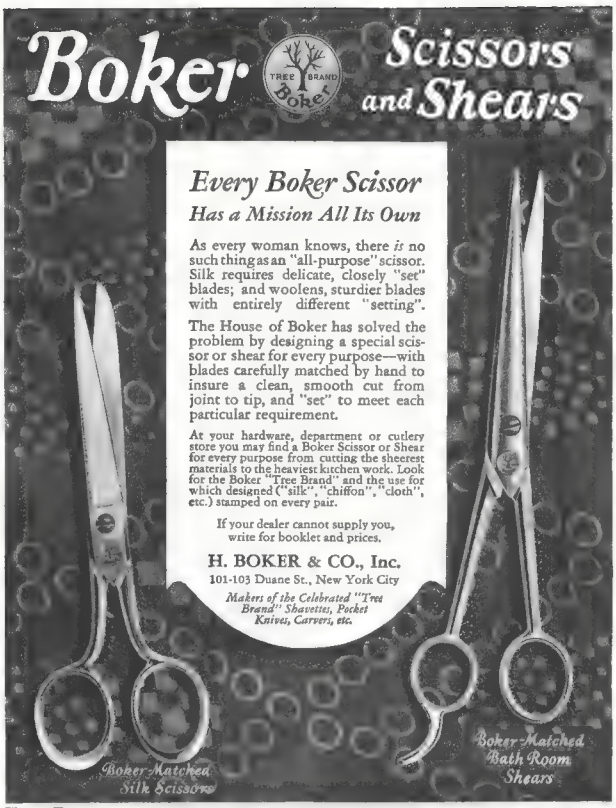
No. 4756. Child's Dress; kimono sleeves; center front closing. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting collar and cuffs, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4747. Girl's Slip-On Dress; circular flounces; set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1574 suggested in chain- and lazy-daisy-stitch.

No. 4726. Child's Dress; with bloomers; short set-in sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4728. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at shoulder; gathered side panels. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch or 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.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TREE BRAND Boker
Scissors and Shears
Every Boker Scissor
Has a Mission All Its Own
As every woman knows, there is no such thing as an "all-purpose" scissor. Silk requires delicate, closely "set" blades; and woolens, sturdier blades with entirely different "setting".
The House of Boker has solved the problem by designing a special scissor or shear for every purpose—with blades carefully matched by hand to insure a clean, smooth cut from joint to tip, and "set" to meet each particular requirement.
At your hardware, department or cutlery store you may find a Boker Scissor or Shear for every purpose from cutting the sheerest materials to the heaviest kitchen work. Look for the Boker "Tree Brand" and the use for which designed ("silk", "chiffon", "cloth", etc.) stamped on every pair.
If your dealer cannot supply you, write for booklet and prices.
H. BOKER & CO., Inc.
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Makers of the Celebrated "Tree Brand" Shavettes, Pocket Knives, Carvers, etc.
Boker Matched Silk Scissors
Boker Matched Bath Room Shears

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

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Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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QUIETING relief comes as Absorbine, Jr. penetrates the congested area and stimulates circulation. With frequent applications Absorbine, Jr. has in many instances restored the former smoothness of the skin. Keep it handy—use it freely—it has many other uses.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
Sample bottle sent on request
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

MOTHER DOESN'T WANT GRAY HAIR

Why should she have it?

Does your **gray hair** increase your daughter's popularity with the younger set? Are you invited where she is invited or are you classed as "old"? Gray hair is a barrier between you and your daughter. You may not know it—she doesn't realize it, but it is a fact—a deplorable fact. Young folks consider people old who have gray hair.

With Q-ban you can darken your gray hair at home

You have heard of this preparation for years and years. It has been made and sold since you were a girl. Many of your friends are using Q-ban Hair Color Restorer and you do not even suspect. It is a clear, dainty liquid which does its work so gradually and naturally that you, yourself, can hardly determine the day your hair became dark—your friends never notice the change.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer
Makes Gray Hair DARK

Another feature of Q-ban is its low cost. Instead of an expensive "tinting treatment," which, by the way, advertises itself to your friends, you apply Q-ban Hair Color Restorer yourself at home. A bottle costs only 75 cents and lasts a long, long time.

75 cents per bottle; sold by your druggist under positive guarantee

Owing to the fact that Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually, a sample would prove nothing. Sometimes several bottles are required to obtain the desired results. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money if you are not entirely pleased—you to be the sole judge.

Hessig-Ellis, Chemists, Dept. P-6, Memphis, Tenn.

BOURJOIS
Paris · 28, Rue de la Paix · France
JAVA*
The Wonderful French Face Powder

To achieve for the skin a youthful petal-like softness and to protect it exquisitely against dirt and impurities—incomparable Java!

A TINT FOR EVERY TYPE
Also eight handmade French Rouges by Bourjois suiting every complexion.

Paris -- BOURJOIS, Inc. -- *New York*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

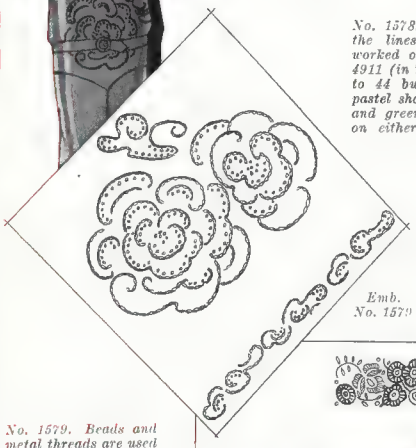
Embroidery Makes A Frock Look Smartly Different

by Elisabeth May Blondel

Emb. No. 1579
Dress 4917

Emb. No. 1578
Dress 4911

No. 1578. Chain-stitching follows the lines of this smart design worked on a youthful model No. 4911 (in 7 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust). Strand cottons in pastel shades of blue, rose, yellow and green produce a lovely effect on either silk or cotton fabrics.



Emb. No. 1579

No. 1579. Beads and metal threads are used to develop the new floral design adapted to Slip-On Dress No. 4917 (in 6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). The chain-stitched outlines are also effective in fine embroidered wools.

Emb. No. 1553
Dress 4915

No. 1553. Sleeves worked in bright peasant colors and mixed stitches strike the style note of this Two-Piece Dress No. 4915 (in 6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Assorted motifs have smart uses.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

A whole day's daintiness in *one* application

One minute in the morning to apply Creme Odorono—and you've a whole day's assurance of complete daintiness, of absolute freedom from that treacherous underarm odor which soap and water can't keep off.

Although it does not check moisture, Creme Odorono gives what is new in creme deodorants—scientific, effective and *lasting* protection from odor. Instantly vanishing. Soft, smooth, fragrant. A joy to use! At all toilet counters, 25c, large tube.

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Please send me free sample tube of Creme Odorono.

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Address .....

BUNIONS
Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure.
At all drug and shoe stores—35c
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER
PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHMENT, PRICE $1.00

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention is known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in hemstitches one hemstitched hem. Hemstitches as beautiful as done by $75.00 machine. Pay postman $1.00. Five days free trial. Money back if not satisfied.
Hemstitcher Co., Dept 12, Fort Worth Texas

$5 For You

Would an extra $5.00 be welcome now? Surely it would, and you can have it easily. A little spare time to look after McCall subscriptions in your neighborhood, is all that is needed. No experience or investment is required. Write for details to **Department 5Y, McCall's Magazine, 250 West 37th Street, New York.**

ITALIAN HEMSTITCHING
quickly, easily done!

IT is not difficult to duplicate the lovely Italian hemstitching found on smart linens today. With Barbour's Book No. 2 the stitches are easily learned and the use of Barbour's Linen Thread insures the same beauty of finish.

Barbour's Art Needlework Book No. 2 gives simple directions and illustrations for various forms of hemstitching. Send coupon below (with a dime).

Barbour's Linen Thread comes in one-ounce balls of white, ecru and natural, sizes 12 to 50, at 35c; and in 21 1-8 yd. skeins of twelve fast colors (medium size only), at 6c.

At leading art needlework shops and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and address. The Linen Thread Co., Dept. M-6, 96 Franklin St., New York.

This book gives easily followed directions for cutwork, crochet, fancy stitches, monograms, etc.

BARBOUR'S *Linen Thread*

FOR ART NEEDLEWORK

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My dealer is . . . . . .

Soothing
and Refreshing to Eyes after Motoring

When you return from a dusty ride with red, strained, irritated eyes, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as strong and fresh as they look.

Murine is invaluable for refreshing eyes wearied by reading, sewing, business or movies. Women use it before going out in the evening to make their eyes more lustrous. Positively contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Begin its use today!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 92, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Milady's Lingerie Follows The Embroidered Mode

by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 4310. Strand cottons in pink, blue, lavender and green work dainty sprays for the lavender silk chemise. Adapted to small size (34 to 36), medium (38 to 40) and large (42 to 44).

Chemise 4310 With Emb. Design

No. 4311. Flesh color silk worked in pastel color cottons. Small (34 to 36), medium (38 to 40), large (42 to 44).

(Right) Chemise 4311 With Emb. Design

Nightgown 4928 With Emb. Design

No. 4928. Alluring in soft contrasts, pale yellow with lavender binding tape and flower motifs made of the same. For women in sizes small (14 to 16 years), medium (36 to 38), large (40 to 42).

Pajamas 4927 With Emb. Design

No. 4927. Smart pajamas have scalloped edges bound to match the appliqué V-neck; blue on pink, or lavender on yellow give a charming effect. Small (14 to 16 years), medium (36 to 38), large (40 to 42).

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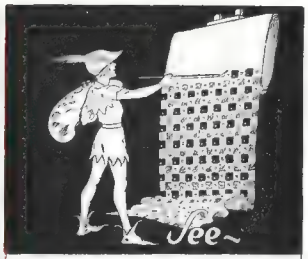

The New Lovely Patterns
—*Test the Absolutely Fast Colors*
—*You can do it with these 30 FREE Samples of Genuine*

Peter Pan
Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

Fast Color Wash Fabrics

Colors and patterns originated by famous French designers to delight any woman's eye—fabrics to make up into lovely dresses that soaking and rubbing only make brighter and fresher—are assured you in the

PRINTS, PLAINS, VOILES, WOVEN CHECKS, WOVEN STRIPES, SHANTUNGS, SUITINGS

—with the Peter Pan name on the selvage.

Their moderate cost will encourage you to make many charming dresses—each protected by the absolute guarantee of satisfaction shown in the coupon below.

We will be glad to send you, free, "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 beautiful samples which show you representative patterns and which you can test all you want to for color fastness. Send your name and address or mail the coupon, and be sure to give your dealer's name and say if he sells Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics.

HENRY GLASS & CO.
42-D WHITE STREET, NEW YORK

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free of all charge.
Name.....
Street Address or P. O. Box.....
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Does he sell Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?.....

"We will replace any garment made of Genuine Peter Pan if it fades.—Henry Glass & Co."

For Youthful Skin

Try this New Method

Use The Coupon

For 7-Day Supply

SOFT, lovely skin in one short week! That's why we urge you to try *Sem-Pray*. The youth-giving effect of this exquisite creme in cake form will amaze you, delight you!

Send now for your 7-day supply! Follow Mme. La Nore's Directions. Learn how thoroughly but gently it cleanses, how marvelously it blends powder and rouge!

Sem-Pray contains costly imported beautifiers which cannot be combined into jar creams. Banishes wrinkles—nourishes delicate underlying skin tissues. Use regularly! At all good stores. Or send 60c for full sized package if dealer can't supply.

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Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Co.,
Dept. 675, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send me a 7-day supply of Sem-Pray and sample of your powder. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

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Address.....

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. *Try at your dealer's or* direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Be Sure His Soups Are Right

When he gets married and the honeymoon is over—when life settles down to the inevitable routine basis, he is going to be fussy about his food. Give him lots and plenty of good soups. You may buy them in tins. Season them, just before serving, with one teaspoonful of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

to each can. Some varieties need more. No other way will so surely woo his kindly attitude toward his meals. Lea & Perrins' Sauce is the world's favorite seasoning for meats, fish, fowl, vegetables, gravies and dressings. Send postal for free booklet.

Make a dressing of 3 parts hot melted butter and 1 part Lea & Perrins' Sauce for fish.

LEA & PERRINS
238 West St., N. Y.

Stop Rubbing

Let La France do your rubbing! It soaks clothes clean—snowy-white. Blues as it cleans. *Use it with soap.*

La France

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Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 27 years.

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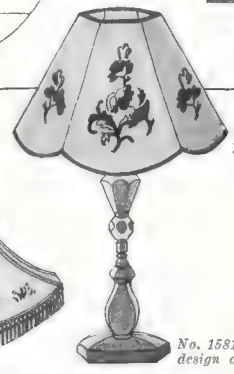
Comitape Laboratory, Dept. 350 Burlington, Vt.

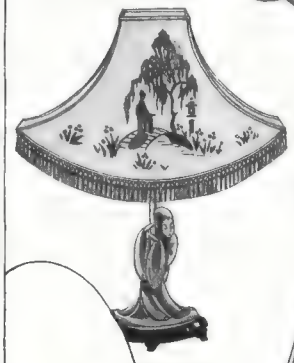
Painted Silk Lampshades You Can Easily Make

by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1581. First the outlines, then the solid portions.



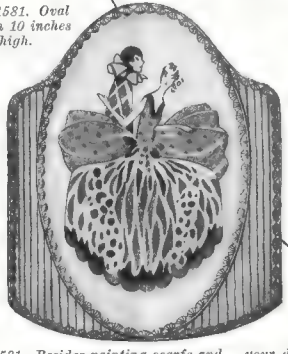
No. 1581. Painting design 6½ inches high.



No. 1581. Painting design of poppies.

No. 1581. Japanese painting design.

No. 1581. Oval design 10 inches high.



No. 1581. Flower motif in lovely colors.

No. 1581. Besides painting scarfs and kerchiefs to complete a smart costume, women are carrying this art still further into home decoration, and are painting their own lampshades, telephone screens, etc. The materials they use are silk, handkerchief linen, thin sateen and georgette. The newest painted shades also have a lovely translucent finish given to them by the use of sealing wax or shellac. To begin with, the making of the shade itself is quite simple. You take the wire frame and wind all the wires with silk binding. Then you stamp your designs on the silk or linen sections and whip the sections on with close stitches. Now begins the painting—with a color chart for a guide and the paints themselves which come in all colors, it is not difficult to do. The large pleated shade shown above was made of lavender taffeta silk lined with pink, the small square one of pale tan linen, the six-panel one of pale pink crêpe de Chine, the fringed one of pale yellow sateen. The dainty telephone screen is of flesh color georgette exquisitely painted in pastel shades and bound with braid.

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Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Removes Freckles, Whitens The Skin 50¢

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Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

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"Mum" is the word!

To be always "at your best", it is *essential* to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

"Mum" is the word! "Mum" is the personal deodorant cream that neutralizes every body odor and assures complete personal daintiness *throughout the whole day and evening.*

So effective is "Mum", and so safe, that it is used regularly with the sanitary napkin.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores. Or from us postpaid. Also special size of "Mum"—10c postpaid.

Mum Mfg. Co. 1112 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Mum" prevents all body odors

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1046 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

See How Smooth

skin becomes when unwanted hair is removed with Neet

Entirely unlike shaving. This method called Neet dissolves hair at the roots. It leaves the tiny hair ends softly tapered—not sharply cut so they prick and show as after use of the razor. And Neet positively discourages regrowth of hair. By test, learn why millions now will use no other method. Apply Neet to hair blemished surfaces—then with clear, cool water simply rinse away all trace of offending hair. See how white and satiny smooth skin becomes—how thorough and quick is this easy method of hair removal. Get a tube of the ready-to-use hair dissolving cream Neet at any drug or department store. Learn all of the advantages of dissolving hair.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS

Very Special

Further insure personal daintiness by using IMMAC—the dainty white cream that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor. Your NEET dealer has IMMAC.

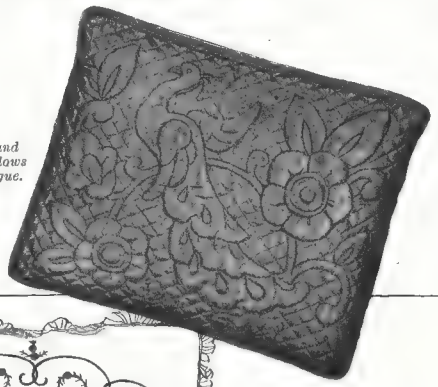
Corns

Lift Off – No Pain!

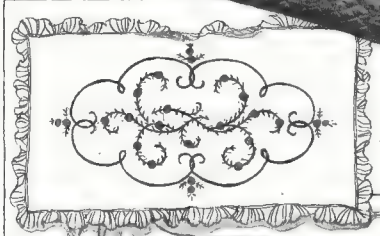
Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Lovely Colors Give Charm To Modern Handwork

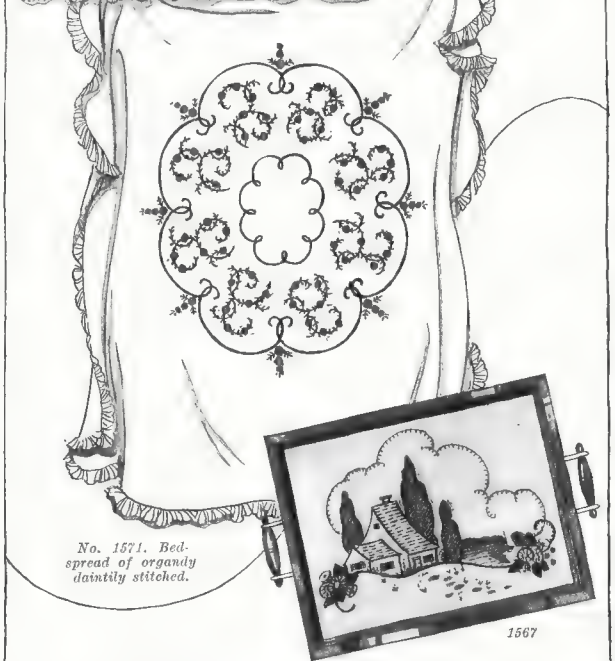
by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1580. Hand quilted silk pillows are all the vogue.



No. 1572. The companion bolster.



No. 1571. Bedspread of organdy daintily stitched.

1567

No. 1571. The spread of sheer material requires this design of exquisite daintiness to complete its charms. Pastel shades of strand cottons, rose, blue and green, are used to work the rambler-roses, outlines and leaves. Oval measures 31½ x 36 inches.

No. 1572. Above the spread is its matching bolster with elongated oval design 30 inches long and 15½ inches deep. Made, like the spread, of soft voile or organdie, the pleated ruffles add their chic to the embroidery in pastel colors.

No. 1567. A picturesque design rendered in colorful cottons on natural linen is charmingly fitted to a glass tea-tray. Clouds in white buttonholing overshadow the red-roofed house, green poplars and lavender waters, all worked in simple darning-stitch.

No. 1580. The lordly peacock perched on a flowering branch is clearly drawn in quilted stitches on this smart pillow. Simple running- or back-stitch worked through the silk and two layers of lamb's wool, is all that's required. Design 16 x 20 inches.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

Sent to your home FREE

Newest Spring 50 Colors and Prints in A.B.C. Fabrics

50 Samples of the latest, fashionable shades and patterns created by the leading designers of Paris and New York in

A. B. C. Fabrics

favored and demanded by critical women everywhere.

For Every Use

Morning wear	Children's wear	Lingerie
Afternoon wear	Sport wear	Linings
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Where Richness, Beauty, Silky Sheen And Dependability Earn Preference

A. B. C. PLAIN
(full name on selvage every yard)

A. B. C. RAYSLIP
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A. B. C. WASHABLE PRINTS
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Look, and Feel Like Silk Wear Twice as Long at Half the Price

Real silk from silk worms, combined with an almost invisible filament from the cotton boll by the famous A. B. C. Method, giving double wear without losing the lasting softness, richness, sheen and drape of the silk.

Accept No Substitute

The *full name* is on the *selvage* of *every yard* of genuine A. B. C. Ask your retailer to show you the full name on the selvage. The A. B. C. Method is *ours*. It cannot be duplicated. If he cannot supply you, we will make it easy for you to get the genuine if you

Mail Coupon for 50 Free Samples

Mail to ARTHUR BEIR & CO., Inc.
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Be sure to PRINT *complete* information

My Name: .....
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City: ..... *State:* .....
My Retailer is: .....
His Address: .....
Does he sell A. B. C. Materials? .....

Trade Mark

Corticelli Silks

Spool Silk, Dress Silks, Women's fine Silk Hosiery. Brainerd & Armstrong Spool Silk.

Made of famous Corticelli Silk

Style booklet sent free on request

The Corticelli Silk Co., Florence, Mass.

"The Best Dressed Girl In Town"

"My friends are constantly admiring my clothes and wondering how I manage to dress so well on a small income. They just can't believe that I do my own sewing, for my clothes never have a home-made look. It's really fun making dresses now that the Woman's Institute has shown me all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing." No matter where you live, you too can learn how to make all your own clothes in the very latest styles, for a half of store prices. The Woman's Institute will teach you right at home in spare time just as it has taught 240,000 other women and girls.

FREE Mail coupon for FreeBook-let which tells all about the Woman's Institute and explains how you can have more and prettier clothes and earn $30 to $40 a week as a dressmaker or milliner.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 3-S, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes" and tell me how I can learn at home the subject I have marked below.

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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made of
Brass
Finished in Nickel, Gold *and* Black
Rust Proof!
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TINTING
Sheer Silk Hosiery
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Fashion is strict about hosiery colors. Newest shades can be obtained with Putnam. Use like bluing—a few drops in the rinsing water.

Putnam No-Kolor Bleach removes old color from fabrics—enables re-dyeing or tinting lighter shades with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Send 10 cents for Booklet, *"199 Ways of Beautifying the Home and Wardrobe"—with dyeing, tinting and bleaching. FREE sample package of dye included. Specify color desired.*

Address Dept. E
Putnam Fadeless Dyes, Quincy, Ill.

PUTNAM
FADELESS
DYES
for Tinting *or* Dyeing

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 24*]

foreign policy. By one vote, let us say by that of Mr. Newberry of Michigan, the Republicans were able to reorganize the Senate.

The news of the elections was heralded abroad as a check on President Wilson. It was contended that he no longer held a free hand. Those in charge of the affairs of other governments saw in it an opportunity successfully to oppose his altruistic views.

When the Peace Conference had adjourned and the League of Nations had sprung into being, Europe waited many weary months upon the decision of our Senate regarding its disposition of the Versailles Treaty. When the Treaty finally failed of ratification by six votes of a two thirds majority, with twenty odd Democrats voting against it because of the so-called Lodge Reservations, Europe was fairly stunned.

Our failure to ratify the Treaty soon began to have an economic as well as a political effect. As the economic strain grew, the United States was blamed with equal impartiality. As Europe's financial and economic condition became worse, that of the United States grew better by leaps and bounds. When our wealth and prosperity reached fabulous proportions and when the fortunes of our former allies were at their lowest ebb we made demands for payment of the sums we had advanced them during the war.

The story, as Europe sees it ten years after our declaration of war, is that we made a noble entry and an ignoble exit.

What will the judgments of history be? Did we serve a great cause in a great way, or did we fail at the critical moment? Have we justified ourselves as an idealistic republic bent on the betterment of man, or have we proven that we are only as others that have gone before—merely common clay?

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

disgust: it handles characters and situations not in the manner of a historian, but of a novelist.

There is, however, one historian of the present day who is equally at home in the present and in the past, and whose work does cast a searchlight of illumination upon the present day as measured by the standard of the past. Guglielmo Ferrero was fortunate in that he began his life-work with a series of studies in Roman history. His *Greatness and Decline of Rome* is a crowded panorama of living beings, readable and stimulating.

But it is not by his work in Roman history that Ferrero can best command the attention of our day. He has also written four books which deal with what is perhaps the greatest problem of our time; the relation between America and the world at large. His four most recent books all deal with this problem. These are *Ancient Rome and Modern America*, *Between the Old World and the New*, and the more recently appearing *Words to the Deaf* and *Between the Past and the Future*, still untranslated. In these he puts out a body of thought which is of great importance if we wish to understand our epoch.

At first sight, we in America are living through an experiment that has no parallel. But if we look far back into history, it is easy to see that something of the same sort happened before. Ancient Rome provides a parallel to modern America; here, too, the officers of the state, from the lowest to the highest, were elected; here, too, the past was ransacked to beautify a form of life originally stern and simple; here, too, the idea of universal peace to be extended to all nations grew and developed. The United States are nothing but the Roman Republic transplanted into virgin territory, and better equipped with the resources of science and nature to maintain themselves. And it is Ferrero who first drew this startling parallel.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

What They Wanted and *Ned McCobb's Daughter* consist in? Partly in the characters but more in the plot and the theme.

At *Mrs. Phelps'* house her younger son's fiancée is staying for a few days; the other son, who has been absent in Europe studying architecture and has married there, returns with his wife, a biologist with a good appointment at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. The devotion of the mother to this son appears at once, she almost forgets in fact to notice the two newcomers in the family.

The mother worms her way further into the sons' moods, persuades one of them at length to break off his engagement; the girl has hysterics, the daughter-in-law takes her part against the mother. We have a scene then in the son's room where his mother has put him in his old bed near her own door while the wife is packed into a room at the far end of the passage. The mother comes and with her tender words and plausible methods gets her son all back again. The wife comes too, she tries in vain to save the situation by some plain speaking. The hysterical girl, in her desire to leave the hated house, gets out of bed and starts off across the treacherous ice pond toward town. The curtain falls on the mother calling to the sons as they rush out to save the girl from drowning.

In the last act we have the conclusion of the struggle between the two women for the young man, the mother on one side trying to keep him for herself, the wife trying to give him his own life. For a moment after the two young women have gone out the mother seems to have won the battle; then the husband follows his wife, and the curtain falls on the weaker of her sons huddled at the mother's feet.

How far *The Silver Cord* is true, and how deep is its comment on maternal love and on the relation of mothers to their children, everyone in the audience must decide for himself. But that by no means hurts the absorbing interest of the play.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

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4679..35	4808..35	4863..30	4881..45	4889..30	4897..35	4905..35	4913..30	4921..35	4929..50
4714..30	4813..35	4874..30	4882..40	4890..30	4898..35	4906..50	4914..45	4922..45	4930..45
4726..30	4814..35	4875..35	4883..35	4891..35	4899..35	4907..45	4915..45	4923..45	4931..45
4728..35	4815..35	4876..50	4884..45	4892..35	4900..35	4908..35	4916..35	4924..45	4932..45
4731..35	4836..30	4877..45	4885..45	4893..35	4901..35	4909..45	4917..45	4925..50	4933..35
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THESE LETTERS WIN PRIZES IN McCALL'S RADIO FAIRY CONTEST

[*Continued from page 67*]

It happened that the king, not being in a mood for hunting, returned, and Elizabeth met the cavalcade. Knowing that her husband would be angry she tried to avoid him, but in vain.

Then the king, smiling on his wife said, "What have you there?" "Roses," she replied on an impulse.

"Let me see," said her husband firmly. Trembling, she opened her apron, knowing that her husband would be angry if he saw the loaves. But, to her amazement, her apron contained, not loaves, but beautiful roses. "Go your way, dear," he replied and rode on to the castle, leaving Elizabeth staring at the roses.

It was wrong of her, of course, to have told a lie, but she was so good and kind that God would not allow her to be shamed before her husband and these people, so He made her falsehood true.

Jean Spears.

TEN DOLLAR PRIZES

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Oakfield, New York

HELEN D. NEWETT
Cicero, Illinois

IN A BLUE AND PURPLE GARDEN

[*Continued from page 104*]

There are not so many as at the Villa d'Este, and I have no cypress trees, but Italy dwells for a week in that corner every Spring—dwells and passes—and comes again.

In the garden of my remembrance the blue flowers are legion. Acres of blue bells in the beech wood at Kew when it was May in England. A carpet of aubretia—mauve, and violet and purple masking the stones of a Long Island rock garden; the breath-taking loveliness of plumbago as I saw it first in a mossy, walled garden of the Vieux Carré of New Orleans; drooping fronds of buddleia weighted down with a host of yellow and black butterflies; larkspurs—six feet tall, and in every shade of azure, blue and wine-red purple—all in the garden of remembrance.

In the garden of my daily care they bloom again. Here, by the well curb grow myrtles, violets and spikes of dusty leaved stachys lanata, a treasured gift from the garden of the dean of women gardeners in America, Mrs. Francis King. Petunias riot through the borders; a wistaria—sentimental gesture—entwines the arbor; my larkspurs are still of the famous Wrexham strain. The bees seek them out as avidly, and their petals hold for me the memory of sun-filled skies, and June and the magic of blue and purple gardens.

The Sins of Price

PRICE cutting sins against quality. Price cutting sacrifices serviceability—because low prices are often made by "skimping," by adulteration and substitution.

The United States Pure Food Law made the sins of price a crime. But this law protects you only on the things you eat.

In many other lines, the "manipulation" of merchandise to make price "baits" is not illegal—

For example, cutlery may be stamped and not hand forged. Aluminum ware may be made of light weight metal. Enamel ware may have two coats instead of the standard three. A price a few cents lower is always a tempting price.

In clothing, a cheaper lining saves 25 cents per coat; a cheaper sleeve lining alone saves 15 cents; composition buttons save 5 cents; cheaper pocket material 5 cents; a belt *not* interlined saves 5 cents.

A "skimped" pattern saves material. A leather lined coat can be made two inches shorter, with wide cloth facings—saving 50 cents per coat.

These are the sins of price.

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This shoe has a second sole as good as the outer sole. Similar appearing shoes are sold at 25 cents less—by making the second sole of leather costing 20 cents instead of 45 cents. Such shoes are worn out when the first sole wears through. The saving in cash is 25 cents—the loss in serviceability at least $2.00.

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LITTLE ART SHOP, 426 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 24*]

Uncle Remus, yet her philosophy and her craftsmanship somehow is akin to that of the great Russian masters of the novel. *Black April* is a novel for anyone who has ever been deeply moved by the singing of Negroes. It is a book for those who have been caught up by the swinging low of a sweet chariot, or by that darker song of how the blood came twinkling down, and *He never said a mumbling word!* It, too, has the quality of faint laughter, and of tears.

* * *

Black April is a man six foot four with the head of a Senegalese chief and the heart of a lion. There are no whites in the novel. *April* is the factor for an absentee landlord. There is no court but *April's* opinion, and no laws except his commands. But the things at *Blue Brook* that he cannot control are the intangible mysteries of the savage breast.

Mrs. Peterkin's work is great with the mystery of *signs.* These are things brought over from Africa and engrafted sometimes upon the primitive Christianity of the plantation blacks. The book writhes with them. It is this undertow of mystery set against the tide of the story that makes *Black April* one of the really distinguished books about the American Negro.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

Dr. McCall holds that our young folk of today are sound and true of heart. Still, Dr. McCall admits that there has been "a widespread decay of delicacy"; if the mid-Victorians were priggishly modest, we have swung too far toward immodesty.

"Too great refinement," he continues, "may be false delicacy; but true delicacy is solid refinement. To be ostracized by a set of moral morons is an honor. Youth must lead youth, and it is to the leaders of youth that I make my appeal."

"Oh, the majority, the majority! Do the majority find fault with things as they are? Never. Of course; they do not think. But it is not the thoughtless majority who set standards and lead. Since the world began it is the few who lead and the many tag after them.

"Make friends with the Young Man from Jerusalem, and you will know vice when you see it and realize its stupidity. In the days of Jesus the majority were wrong. Oh, youth, take up the challenge; make the new America holy and happy."

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

brigade. The old grandfather is in service as captain of the only station in which a horse-drawn fire engine is still used; his son has sacrificed his life to the honorable cause; his son's sons—three of them—are all in uniform.

During the course of the picture, two of the young *O'Neills* follow their father to the Roll of Honor; the third, and youngest decides to quit the service in disgust when he discovers that his brothers have been killed by political graft and blundering inefficiency rather than by fire.

Then the city's orphan asylum bursts into flame. Old grandfather *O'Neill* charges out with his gallant, gray horses, and his grandson swings aboard the aged engine.

As the old man drives, forcing his way through the congested traffic, at his shoulders appear the shadowy faces of the two grandsons who have been killed in action. They are cheering him, urging him on.

Anyone who can refrain from hysteria through this scene deserves, in my opinion, to be put away and examined. It is without any question of doubt the most thrilling, heart-rending and emotionally inspiring episode that I have ever seen, in any play or any movie.

Also recommended—*Tell it to the Marines, The Better 'Ole, Ben Hur, What Price Glory?, The Scarlet Letter, Old Ironsides, Beau Geste* and *The Big Parade.*

THIS IS NO. 2 OF A SERIES

How Shall One Keep Youth?

How shall one keep the charm of youth—the light heart and the singing spirit? There's no sure formula, but clothes can do their part.

Clothes can give both the *feeling* and the *appearance* of youth. The first is more important. The exciting feeling that anything can happen and that something surely will! This is the *feeling* of youth and one may sometimes attain it by so slight a matter as the dream of an extravagant new hat. Clothes make the mood and the right clothes make the insouciant mood that is youth.

The *appearance* of youth, too! Colors and lines combined to show blue eyes still blue, a skin still clear and soft, a figure still straight and graceful. Gowns that so suavely emphasize what is best in one's appearance that the rest is unnoticed.

Clothes will do all this. They can prolong both the *feeling* and *appearance* of youth so that it lingers long into the magic middle years.

Give clothes their due—a careful appraisal and considered choice. There's no better way to do this than by studying the McCall Quarterly of Styles with its pages upon pages of the season's smartest fashions.

Review the new styles at your leisure, considering each garment in relation to its accessories, your mood, the occasions on which it will be worn. Then choose with the knowledge that you, your frocks and youth are inalienable allies.

SUMMER ISSUE

McCALL QUARTERLY

Now on Sale—McCall Pattern Departments and All Newsstands

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Takes 10 minutes—
Safe Way to End
GRAY HAIR

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This clear, colorless liquid restores youthful shade in a way no crude dye could possibly do. No mess. No risk to hair. Nothing to wash off.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way gives color that takes its place. 3,000,000 women have used it. This proves its safety. Takes only a few minutes.

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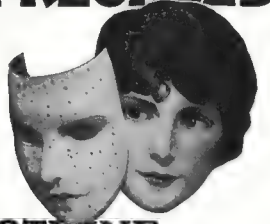

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WAR OR PEACE OR BOTH?

[*Continued from page 5*]

American has to pay on an average of about seventy-five dollars a year in taxes for Federal, State and local purposes together. England is poorer than the United States and much poorer than she was before the war; and yet every Englishman has to pay for national and local purposes on an average of ninety-three dollars a year. America pays eleven percent, Englishmen nearly twenty-two percent of their national income, in taxation.

At the Washington Conference the United States and Britain agreed to have equality in battleships. Japan agreed to have only three fifths of the battleships of either Britain or America. No finer peace move was ever made than when our two big peoples agreed on a fifty-fifty basis in battleships. A nation requires only superiority over another country to contemplate war with it. On the same hypothesis our two countries should extend this principle and agree to a maximum based on equality for the other types of warships, that is cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

But then a further step surely becomes inevitable. If the two countries base their naval policy on the conviction that war between them must be ruled out then both must agree to refer all differences and misunderstandings that may arise between them to some form of arbitration.

The people of the United States and Canada may disagree, but they have an unwritten understanding to refer their differences to peaceful settlement. There are only two ways of settling disputes—by fighting or by arbitrament. Canada, a nation within the British Empire, and the United States have rejected the former.

Let us straightway face the fact that the idea of international arbitration runs counter to old tradition. Are great nations to permit points of honor to be decided by arbitration? Why not? Have we not established the rule of law for that of force between individuals in civil life in civilized countries?

The British Empire is simply a large League of Nations. The Imperial Conference of its representatives held in London last year should prove to the world that there is a way in which equal nations can unite and work together. I do not know what you who read this article have read about the Imperial Conference—perhaps very little—possibly nothing. But you should study it, for the sake of world peace. It was an inspiring thing to find representatives of 450 million people—one quarter of the inhabitants of the globe—meeting as co-equals for the sole purpose of finding out how they could work together, how they could remove friction, what they could do to improve the conditions of the people they represented. They came, too, with a deep desire to promote good-will, and they found that personal contact brought greater light and greater understanding.

That is what the world needs most just now, an understanding heart. Solomon, one of the wisest and most prosperous of rulers, asked for it thousands of years ago. Let the women of Britain and of America demand an understanding contract between the greatest commonwealth of nations and the greatest federation of states that the world has ever known—a contract that will through conciliation and arbitration assure peace, and rule out the possibility of the crime of war. And if ever there is a war between English-speaking nations, women should be declared the criminals.

NANCY ASTOR

❖❖❖

Ethel Kelley, author of Home James, which was published in the March issue of McCall's, has been confused with other women authors who possess similar names. Miss Kelley's name, due to a typographical error, was misspelled in this magazine.

❖❖❖

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WINONA WILCOX

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. The women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it. If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

DOUBTLESS there is balm in ignorance. In the years when there was no open season for stalking sex subjects, doubtless women were less discontented than they are now. They didn't hear much about sex as life's sole source of satisfaction; they were not entirely absorbed in its possibilities for creating happiness; if unmarried, they did not decide that all was lost and that fate had cheated them.

Certainly time hasn't proved that the sophisticated, conversational bachelor girl of today is happier than the innocent, ignorant, silent maid who was her grandmother's spinster sister. The latter didn't lament; the former does.

Now I am out of sympathy with any of the women whose letters are quoted below. I know my psychology too well to underestimate the agony some of them endure. Unfortunately this space is too small to be devoted to words of consolation. Moreover, some good straight truth, though unpleasant, is about what most persons wish when they suggest a subject to be talked over.

Among the secrets of this page which will interest readers is the frequency with which certain questions recur. What query is most common?

"How can I meet the right man?" That's first. "How can I win him back?" That's second. The first appears in many forms. Here is a sincere and dignified presentation:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Why not give the spinsters a turn? There are so many of us who look with envious eyes and marvel at the wives who find home ties and children an irksome job when we, the unwed, feel that it is the one worthwhile job for a woman.

I am in my forties although thanks to a joyous nature people consider me much younger. In my youth I lived in a village with a maiden aunt who never permitted me to mingle with young people, and so I grew up without ever the thrill of having a boy friend. Later I earned my living in a position where I never met men. And now? I have many friends, mostly spinsters like myself. The only men I ever see are elderly and married.

It's all I can do not to stop and kiss every baby I see in the street. I can only just manage to overcome bitterness in my heart as I give my contribution for the "poor" mothers burdened with large families.

Dear Winona Wilcox, I know there are thousands of women like myself who never have had an opportunity to meet men, whose yearning for motherhood passes all other desires. "Let's talk it over!"

I dislike anonymous letters but for very shame I cannot possibly sign myself other than—Aching Heart.

Here is another interesting secret: most of the women who ask how to get acquainted with the right kind of men are teachers. That is inevitable because teaching is a conventional occupation—but let a teacher of the finest type outline the situation:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Here is a problem with no solution. I am a college graduate, a teacher. I have greater success in my profession than almost any of my college friends.

In our school there are fifty teachers. Of this number two-thirds are women, most of them comparatively young. Yet if history repeats itself, another generation will find these same "young" women still in the classroom.

What is to be done? I like my specialty, Home Economics, but I would prefer to put my preaching into practice.

Owing to my subject, I have no boys in my classes. I work with women, live with them, eat with them, have my recreation with them, until I am getting pretty well fed up on women, particularly teachers. I never have an opportunity to become acquainted with men.

In the five years since I left college, I have not been out with young men five times. But, Mrs. Wilcox, I want some men friends. Where does one go to meet men?

This situation is not peculiar to any one town. Wherever I have taught, teachers always have been expected to furnish their own good time.

So what advice can you give us teachers? We cannot go out and just pick up men on the street; and yet our lives are monotonous and growing worse daily. It isn't that I am so anxious to marry but I would like men friends to go out with occasionally and have a good time—Sally.

Then there is the romantic maid who—kills the thing she loves:

Dear Winona Wilcox: All my life I have dreamed of a charming home, a model husband and beautiful children. But at the age of 25, my dream shows no promise of coming true.

I've a fine figure and a taste for dress. My family name is old in American history. My father is one of the best known citizens of our town. But I do not get married.

I have men friends. The first date with a new man thrills me but too soon I perceive that I do not interest him. The first thing I know, I have refused an invitation from him! I find myself terribly sorry, especially when I see him with another girl.

But I can't say I've ever cared for a man. I am an idealist and have hoped to marry a man who would be a great help to me socially and in other ways. However, when I meet such a man, my style is cramped. Lately I went with a man who has several degrees but it ended like all previous cases. He actually told me I never would marry! I was furious! Still I think I must be the victim of an inferiority complex—Polly R.

On this page we have been given the rare opportunity of speaking the truth about sex, whether it be pleasant or painful. Unhappily, some of the truths connected with woman's desire for the company of man are quite distressing.

Not all which follow apply to each of the above letters. I hope I can make that clear. Coming back to the original question, how CAN these girls meet the right man? I do not know. Eligible bachelors are scarce and shy. Prince Charming is so busy evading his ardent pursuers that he has no time to observe in passing the modest violet. If anybody has an answer to the above question, I wish he or she would send it to me.

Certainly the girls must change their present methods. If they are in a social rut, it is the part of prudence not to stall there. For example, there's the teacher who boards with a very old lady who has no young acquaintances. Why should anyone have to tell her to leave that place at once and move to the largest home for paying guests in the town?

In connection with the teachers, we have a sad fact: there are men who ought to make excellent husbands who are somewhat afraid of teachers for wives.

But nothing limits a girl's chances of getting married so much as the flaunting of her ideals in the face of men. Sad but true. One of the disagreeable truths I am obliged to record. Not infrequently these plaintiffs confess that they possess an inferiority complex. Maybe they do but if so, it functions precisely like an exalted ego which is a characteristic no sane man will stand. It simply scares suitors away.

Often a girl will not heed the men of her class, the men on her own social plane who are interested in her. She refuses their invitations because she feels superior by reason of other contacts. She discovers her ideal of the perfect gentleman in a downtown office and she undervalues the possible husband who moves in her own orbit.

I find nothing in the first letter for which the writer need feel ashamed but the same idea, as it is sometimes presented, doesn't seem sincere. Not once in a thousand times does a girl who prates about wanting her babies realize what she means. Almost invariably the girl wants her lover and that's all there is to her chatter, no matter how she disguises her motive to herself. In snipping away false romanticism, we cannot omit this disagreeable fact.

Important in this discussion is something called charm which not all women possess. Perhaps it is a chemical mystery. It may be that human beings are chemical dynamos.

Sometimes an ultra-modern cries, "I want to live!" And advertises his (or her) enormous zest for life. Which being interpreted means that she (or he) is out after erotic adventure. No matter how many kinds of experience he seeks, all end in the inevitable embrace of the movie fade-out.

Well, perhaps they can't help it.

"It is interesting to note," writes a contributor, "how quickly the public accepts, appreciates and utilizes anything science produces which will benefit the physical and mental man and at the same time refuse to apply any of the discoveries of science to love affairs."

For example, that concerning the ductless glands. Perhaps they explain woman's unquiet heart. Perhaps woman never can be happy without the love of man. Perhaps we have got to admit that we are chemical laboratories controlled by the endocrine system, which runs us as steam runs an engine, which speeds up our emotions, which produces our greatest happiness, but also our unrest, our grief, our jealousy, our self-pity; our despair if they run down.

Possibly women can't help being slaves to love. As long as a woman has any value of beauty, youth, or service, she is a slave. She yearns to be "less than the dust" before her master—and calls it love. So long as there is a man in her immediate world, she is his servant.

And if there isn't any man? Instead of rejoicing in her glorious liberty, she seeks a captor. Human beings almost invariably express loneliness.

Romance glorifies life but also it works most of its miseries. Sentiment solaces the woes of woman but also it produces the greater part of them. No new discovery. Long ago Hamerton said that if the sex instinct remains tranquil, there is more happiness in single than in married life. Marriage opens so many doors through which trouble enters.

"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"

Everywhere tired, nervous, despondent people have found thrilling health again . . . *easily, naturally*

"My painting *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

"This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.

"While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do me *any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it regularly every day.*

"The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years."

Lattanzio di Firmian, New York City

HOW simple and easy it proved to be!—for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

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A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your sleeplessness will disappear, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-40, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Count Lattanzio Firmian, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens.*

"I BECAME a regular hermit: I was so ashamed of the pimples on my face that I gave up dancing and sports. I used practically every known article to try to cure myself but instead of getting better my face got worse. One day I happened to glance at an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast. I sent for a booklet and read it through and through. Four months have passed now and my face is entirely free of boils and pimples. But I am still taking Yeast, and always will. I eat it plain, one cake before every meal. It has the same effect as candy on a child—I always want it."

David H. Safer, Jacksonville, Fla.

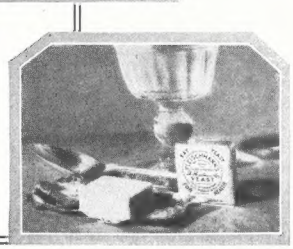
BELOW

MISS LEONA ERRICO of St. Louis sends us the snap-shot below, taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. Miss Errico writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day. Within a very short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that this simple remedy has toned up my entire system. I have now been eating Yeast for many months and I have recommended it highly to many of my friends."

Leona Errico, St. Louis, Mo.

Do this—to regain the joy of radiant health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."

Doris White, San Jose, Calif.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

THOMAS CARLYLE FOUND THE GREATEST JOY IN SEEING HIS THOUGHTS IN PRINT

The DISADVANTAGES *of* AUTHORSHIP

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

Do you believe that each of us was put upon the earth to fulfill a definite purpose, as Gene Stratton-Porter declares in this, one of the last things to come from her pen?

ARE there disadvantages in being an author? Thomas Carlyle found the greatest joy in seeing his thoughts in print. I too believe this is one of the deepest delights and privileges of authorship. Naturally, any author is pleased if he feels that his work is having an influence in an outstanding way for those things that are educative, moral, and uplifting. It is a pleasure as well as a compensation for the hard work an author must do if his work sells to such an extent that he can live, and help his less fortunate friends on the returns from it.

If one tried to be an author, and could not produce work acceptable to editors, he most certainly would be laboring under a great disadvantage. The road to success lies along unknown trails, and includes many climbs over devious paths; it is a long, difficult struggle at best, and requires unfailing patience and will-power. But if you cannot make a success at one thing, I do not believe in allowing it to spoil your life. Give writing a fair trial, and if success does not come in a reasonable time, try a different kind of writing, or give it up entirely, and try something else.

If your work does not sell to such an extent that you can live comfortably on the returns from it, then you are not a successful author. If you can write pleasing stuff, you will create a demand for it, and editors will be glad to accept more of it. If you do not create a demand for it, then your work is at fault, and editors are not to blame. They buy what they think the public wants, and if they find themselves mistaken, they buy no more of it. If a reasonable amount of your work is accepted, you need have no fear of not earning a good living, for never have higher prices been paid for literary endeavor than are being paid now. It all depends upon *you*—if you can produce acceptable work, then the work will undoubtedly take care of itself.

One thing that may be considered a disadvantage is the high price an author pays in the loss of personal liberty. Literary effort demands your time and thought at any and all times of the day and night. It means that you must give up seeing so much of your friends; you must be in bed in good time every night in order to be fit for work the next day; you cannot be either mentally or physically tired. Whenever, or wherever the inspiration comes, you must set it down, otherwise it may slip from you, and you will not be able to think of it again. There are still many authors who cannot dictate; they cannot think aloud, which is really what dictating means. I know one very popular author, a man whose books sell by the thousands, who still writes all his manuscripts laboriously in long-hand; and he sometimes writes the manuscript for a book as many as three times! His study is equipped with desks and chairs especially built, so that he may often change his position while writing, one desk being high enough to allow him to stand as he works.

Authorship entails unwarranted intrusions upon your home life in the way of congested mail of no importance. Of course, there will be much mail that is tremendously interesting, and much that is a help and an inspiration; but there will also be a great deal that is silly and inconsequential.

In your mail, and otherwise, will come continual demands for financial assistance for people who have experienced hard luck, or who want to go to school or travel. I recall one week in which the aggregate demands on my purse from individuals whom I had never seen or heard of, totalled twenty thousand dollars, each letter being pathetic, each case seeming worthy. These requests it is impossible to grant, for still others come from charities, schools, libraries and hospitals. You are also asked to give hours of your time to write articles for symposiums on every subject under the sun, articles for club women to read, to write reviews of books, to give opinions on various subjects, to write histories and biographies of yourself for school children and others. All these seem legitimate requests, but it is an absolute impossibility to grant them, if you expect to have any time left to devote to your work, or any funds left for yourself and your family.

The most unjust and unfair situation which confronts an author in a business way, is the fact that although he has practically no "overhead," and nothing which the Government recognizes as "capital," he must still pay the same taxes on the income earned by his brain (which production ceases with his death) as his neighbor pays who earns his income with a piece of machinery that can be replaced, repaired, inherited, and bequeathed. There is nothing tangible on which to place a value of the product of one's brain; in making estimates you can tell what your work has been worth in the past, but the present and the future are not so easy.

Yet I think that writing provides the same advantages and disadvantages as any other business; and that the author has the same experiences as the average business man.

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"It makes no difference whether your floors are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile, marble or composition. Nor how they are finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. *All floors* respond wonderfully to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

"Try it on those annoying 'traffic spots' that appear in doorways and at-the-foot of-the-stairs. And on dull looking 'edges' around the rugs. The instantaneous transformation will delight you—and it will be permanent.

"Yes, we rent out this Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day which is very little when you consider how much it will save you in time and work and how greatly it will add to the beauty of your home. I know if you rent it from us for a day and use it with Johnson's Liquid Wax that you will become one of our many enthusiastic Rental customers."

Rent it for $2.00 a Day

Thousands of progressive merchants, neighborhood stores and painters all over the world are furnishing their customers Rental Service on Johnson Electric Floor Polishers at $2.00 a day. Take advantage of this new, easy, modern way to wax-polish ALL *your floors in the same time it formerly took to do a* SINGLE *room by the old-fashioned hand method.*

Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to RENT this wonderful machine for any day you wish.

Or, you can buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. It will save you many hours of work, a lot of money for floor refinishing and its use will increase and protect your home investment.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"*The Floor Finishing Authorities*"
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Decide now to get rid of shabby floor-coverings. You can so easily afford these attractive ones—these new, labor-saving *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs which lighten cleaning duties so wonderfully.

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